10 RED LETTER STORIES COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. LI. NO. 29 CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1923. 5 CENTS A COPY.

A SPECIAL POSE BY PARAMOUNT PLAYERS ILLUSTRATING "INTERLUDE" SEE PAGE 3

The DEBT PAYER

by J. C. Kofoed

◆

A HE-MAN STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

SEE PAGE 7

"The Man-Napper," By Richard E. Thompson

Full of Unexpected Thrills and Flavored With Pleasing Humor

Begins Next Week—Watch For It!

Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief
BELL-ANS
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1923, by W. D. Boyce Co.]
VOL. LI. JULY 21, 1923. NO. 29.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.10 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.
Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against reprinting them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors of the Ledger do not consider handwritten manuscripts. They purchase jokes, drawings and poems only by special arrangement with professional writers and artists. It is assumed by the Editors that manuscripts unaccompanied by stamped addressed envelope are not desired returned by their writers.
No articles are purchased; only fiction in all lengths. Payment is made on acceptance.

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER
by VICTORIA GREY

DEAR MISS GREY: I am a weekly reader of the Chicago Ledger and I always read your letters of advice to boys and girls first. Would you please give another little blue-eyed girl some advice which is needed very badly? I am 17 years old. My dear mother died two years ago last July, so I have no mother as most girls have, to take my troubles to. Believe me, if I did, I would take them to her, for there seem to be so many girls who are afraid to. There are just two things I cannot make up my mind about. I am 17 and have been going with a young man thirty-two years older than I for a year and over. Miss Grey, this boy has learned to love me. I cannot return his love, tho I think a lot of him. We talked it over one night and I told him just where he stood in my life. He said he would rather take chances on my learning to love him than give me up for good, as long as I would just keep on going with him. There is no one around here I would rather go with than him. I wouldn't marry for four or five years yet, but would hate to keep on going with him and then decide I couldn't love him. Here's the other problem: I finish high school this year. I have been keeping house for dad and a brother 11 years old who goes to school. It has been a pretty tough job, but then I made out all right and have so far. I have a 15-year-old sister, but she lives with one of dad's sisters and has since mother died. I lived there till then and then I thought my place ought to be home, as I was the oldest. So, she went there, as they insisted on having one of us. Now that I'm mostly thru high school I cannot make up my mind, for I took a business course thru high and I should like that sort of work. Most of my friends tell me to go and let my sister come home. But I couldn't do that. She is as old now as I was when I first started housekeeping for my family, but I'd hate to think that she would have to put up with what I did. And she has gotten used to better things where she is now. I hate to see her give it up. She doesn't like school, and I'm afraid she would quit if she had to come home to work, and I don't want her to. She says she is willing to, but I guess I won't let her. Yours very truly.
BLUE EYES.

Didn't you mean the man was two instead of thirty-two years older than you? If so, I am sure you would learn to love him. You have never been infatuated with him and of course you miss that and think that therefore you cannot possibly love him. But of course love is not infatuation and is a quiet, slow growing little plant that blossoms after the infatuation is all over and dead, or sprouts when there hasn't been any infatuation, and doesn't always come after infatuation at all—and the last is where we have terribly unhappy marriages. You cannot be infatuated and sleep soundly at night, but you can be in love and sleep nights just the same. If he's a young man, continue going with him. If he's in his 50s, break with him. As for your other problem, if you have the best interests of your little sister in mind, have her come home and be housekeeper. For the kindest thing you could do for her would be to teach her to be generous. She will then always be loved, and I am sure you want your sister loved and not hated as a selfish little beast. Have her come and be housekeeper, and you try your hand in a business way, there's a dear!

—

Dear Miss Grey: I notice in one of your replies that you wonder what any man knows about raising girls. Well, my wife left me for a handsomer man—and me a farmer with two girls, aged 10 and 12. Four years later I married again. The girls went to shift for themselves and married and are doing well. Wife died and left me with a 2½-year-old baby girl. I have raised baby myself and she is 6 years old and am still caring for her. The baby and I get along splendid, so why worry. Can you suggest any improvement? DADDY.

The baby is only 6 years old yet, you know. And your first daughters were only without a mother four years. And you let them shift for themselves at the very tender ages of 14 and 16 years old! Why that is JUST WHEN a girl needs the most from those who rear her! No, I don't think you are any exception to the rule. A girl needs a woman to rear her—even if she merely wants to be "raised."

—

Dear Miss Grey: Your column is of much interest to me and as you have solved so many problems for other folks, perhaps you will be so kind as to help me? Peroxide, when used to bleach the hair—does it injure the hair? How can I make my arms fleshier without having them look muscular?

I am engaged to be married and I am going to school. I have one more year before I graduate. Would you advise me to go thru or to quit and go to work this extra time? Would shaving the hair off the back of my neck make it grow in thicker? It's very nice to have some one to go to with your problem and if you don't mind, I'll come again. AL'O.

Thank you, dear, for the nice things you say. 'Eth ma'am, peroxide injures the hair. It will shrivel it and dry it all up and take the beautiful gloss all out of it. Run a cake of ice over your arms for ten minutes every night before retiring. Hold the ice in a napkin so as not to hurt your hand, but let the ice itself come in contact with the flesh. This makes hard, rounded fat, but not muscles. Keep on in school and get your diploma and you will be glad you did. Shaving hair makes it grow in more thickly. And it's very nice to have some one bring a problem to me, and I'll mind if you don't come again.

—

Dear Miss Grey: I think you are the dearest lady alive, taking so heart all those young girls' troubles as you do! And actually answering when they only give you such a few facts! Well, I am a kid 15 years of age. And I am in REAL trouble. My mother, sister and I were living most peacefully in a certain town in Georgia when my mother got to taking to a man. Now you see my father is not dead or divorced from mother, but they are separated and live in different towns. But mother cannot marry without a divorce. My sister is 12 and we were living so happily when mother actually started living with this other gentleman as a wife and there is no marriage. Please tell me what you would do if you were in my place. It will cause mother and all of us to be disrespected, and respect is what I want more than anything else. And thank you. A GEORGIAN IN TROUBLE.

My dear little child! I was about to say you have stumped Victoria—but no. I know a way. Of course I understand that you wouldn't for the world give your dear mama away in this iniquity of hers. Too, that would bring you more certain disrespect. BUT—you can threaten to let the authorities know. But you'll have to be a good little actress and make her think you really meant it. For it is against the law to do as your mother is doing and she and this "gentleman" could be sent to jail for it. But plead with her first to give this man up. My heart goes out to you.

The Great Investment

By Arthur Talmage Abernethy

HE WHO is to share the homage and immortality of being the hero of these lines was never designed to be a menace to the monopoly of the great Solomon in wisdom.

In fact, it was more than frequently whispered by the irreverent in the community (little dreaming that the humble Jesse would one day be thus immortalized) that as an apostle of Socrates Jesse had proved himself to be a midwinter frost.

Yet, Jesse, whom the villagers had only known under the abbreviated appellation of Jess, was no ordinary or inconsequential fool. He felt his superiority in many ways, and it required but the bi-weekly change of his uncollared shirt and an infrequent polish to his footwear, to persuade Jess, at least in his own eyes, that he was the official paralyzer of the heart-throbs of the ladies of the town.

Jess had disdained to acquire even the fundamentals of a school education, and as for knowing the alphabet, Jess had put it in the same class with the names of the long-buried and forgotten Egyptian kings.

His father had been a successful chemist, in his way, and it was openly whispered that as a creator of the popular mountain beverage the old man stood high and alone in his class. But a cold unsympathetic minion of the Federal Government had grievously interrupted the elder in his favorite pastime, and he was at the time of this story, devoting an indefinite sojourn in the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta.

There was little in the parental name which Jess had acquired, to add to his glory. If he were ever referred to with unusual formality, he was known as Jesse Poteat.

True enough, certain scions of the family tree had enrolled themselves conspicuously on the galaxy of fame as university presidents and distinguished clergymen, but these traced not their relationship within many furlongs of the redoubtable Jesses, sire or junior.

Jess had grown up with, and in the country, essaying but the once to the county courthouse, where, out of curiosity, Jess had ventured to listen in on the disputations of the sage attorneys as to a certain exchange of fireworks between his father and a despised minion of the law. Jess had spent but that one day and night far from his natal heath, and yet his sense of his own superiority was so developed, that on returning home next afternoon, he had ventured to remark:

"The old place don't seem to have changed so much."

Tiring of the ennui of the territory of his birth, Jess made bold to become a world-traveler, and had now settled in the unpretentious town of Glen Alpine, in the mountainous section of Burke county.

There Jess proceeded to make an impression on the village belles, who, being of a humorous turn of mind, found great amusement in leading the unsuspecting but susceptible Jesse to the belief that he was the ultimate fromage.

This greatly pleased Jess, and he determined to dress the part. He inveigled a philanthropic-souled general merchant to credit him with sufficient cloth in the rough to make up a highly artistic, home-upholstered garment which, for the lack of a French haberdasher, we must denominate as plain overalls.

Clad thus, Jess, had his knowledge encompassed the classics of the New Testament, would have regarded himself as being better off than the ornate lilies, for even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like he.

But Jess discovered a sense of utter lackness. His paraphernalia failed, somehow, to make the expectant hit.

It was about this time that a native of this unpretentious town, Ed. Simpson by name, for persistent and untiring energies and the display of a remarkable amount of common sense and ability, had been elevated to the exalted station of general manager of the Southern Railway Lines.

Simpson's dizzy heights had not turned his head, and to the humblest section man, no less than to every habitant of the native heath, he was still known and called, just plain "Ed." When his arduous duties would permit, Simpson would take a run up to the native heath in his palatial private car, and it was on one of these occasional tours that Jess became possessed of an unyielding and overweening ambition to traverse the globe as far distant as Charlotte, then the chief city of the State. It so happened in the ways of an all-kindly Providence, Simpson had made the State metropolis his headquarters, and Jess made bold to acquaint the efficient general manager of his desire to accompany him on his return. Whereupon Simpson, needing a little recreation at Jess's expense, tendered him a job sitting on the rear platform of his private car and watching the retreating tracks to see that none of them went together on the way down the road.

Jess was true to his trust, and arrived in the city of Charlotte with the proud announcement to the general manager that the tracks had held their own. He disembarked from Simpson's car with an air of one who has traversed the globe and made his way to Charlotte's chief thoroughfare.

It so happened that it was the twentieth day of May, and all Charlotte was in gala attire in commemoration of the illustrious actions of their forebears in signing the immortal Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, but Jess lost none of his individuality in the crowd. One would have demarked him amid a million, for his home-upholstered attire sent a thrill even to the affable President of the United States, who had come down from Washington to make the chief address.

Jess in his wanderings fell in line behind an enormous brass band, at the time playing "Dixie," an air Jess had heard from youth on the homely cat-gut of his father's fiddle. Jess fervently believed the band had assembled in his welcome, and none was so heartless as to disenchant him. He swaggered up the city's main thoroughfare, his head high in air, only the once lowering his proud and haughty gaze when he observed that a cockleburr, no doubt the which he had imported from his far-off hills in Burke, perched on an all too conspicuous place on his gay apparel.

Jess flicked the flaw from his attire and was again on his way in high, when, from the curb he espied one invoking him to halt his gait and come gaze on the wares he had for sale.

It was the usual street fakir dispensing brilliant specimens of cut glass, set in the synonym of diamonds.

Jess was touched with a new infirmity, for he had a weakness for jewelry, tho he had not possessed himself of anything quite so elaborate since the days of his birth.

He detoured from the triumphant march behind the band, stepped speedily to the curb, and was soon in conversation with the vender of the scintillating brilliants.

The selfsame gentleman was all the way from Chicago, and a Chicagoan can scent a veritable Reuben notwithstanding upholstered overalls and a tour of the State in a private car.

"My man!" fairly beamed the Chicago vendor, "how immaculately you are arrayed."

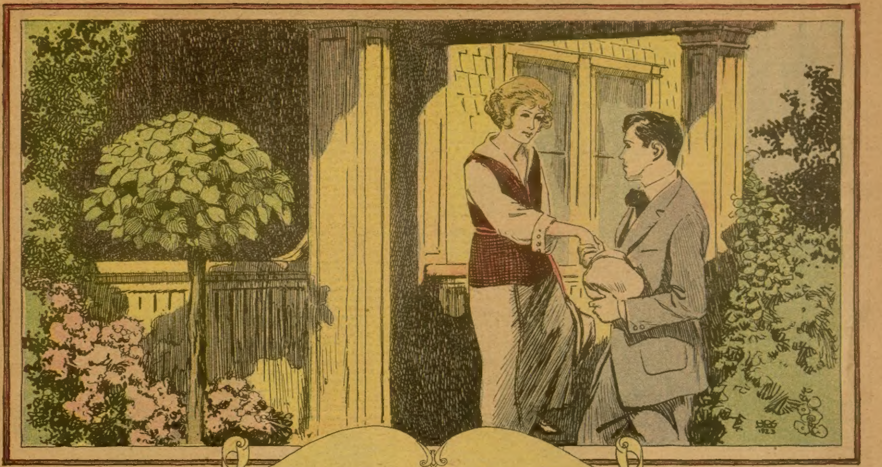
This Shakespearean thrust was all lost on our friend Jess, for he was absorbed eyes and soul and heart in the glittering display of diamonds that blazed and burned before him. Had Jess been a less demonstrative customer, there is a probability that he might have made his purchase at a less exorbitant sum.

But the yearning desire of the mountaineer was too remarked in his distended optics, and the man from Chicago heartlessly dispensed to him a five-carat stick-pin for a price so out of all reason that the writer tearfully withholds it to be announced solely by the proud possessor of the brilliant stone.

The sole ownership of the stick-pin made a transformation in all Jesse's plans. He was no longer intent on the stupendous city and its gala programme that lay spread out before him. Jess must hie him instanter back home. For all he knew, the consuming fires that shone in his newly acquired neck adornment might, like his own passion for dress, some day expend itself. He craved to share the lustre with the home folk. So Jess beat an immediate retreat to the Southern depot.

Again Providence, with a kindly consideration of Jess's kind, was instant to afford him a way of return. For Mr.

(Continued on Page 24)



He Caught Her Hand to Detain Her. "I Am Not Going to Work Today. I Just Want to Roam and Talk. It Is Such a Glorious Day and I Waited for You on Purpose."

INTERLUDE

by WINIFRED H. CULLEM

IT WAS Saturday afternoon, Blanche's half holiday. She closed up her typewriter deliberately, pushed a small sailor hat over her dark, wavy hair, refusing to smile at the reflected image of her dancing gray eyes in the piece of cracked glass that served as a mirror, said good-afternoon demurely to her employer, and softly closed the office door.

Outside, in the dingy little hall, her expression relaxed and broadened until its enveloping smile was unmistakable. Traces of it still lingered in her eyes and the rebellious corners of her mouth as she hurried down Main street. It threatened to break forth again when she turned into the side street where her aunt lived and saw a familiar figure in tweeds on the stiff little entrance porch that supposedly decorated its brown shingled bungalow front.

Her progress was halted by a friendly country voice from the doorway of a grocery shop, where Tom Milton had hovered for the last half hour hoping against hope that he would not miss her.

"Hello, Blanche. You look as if you was going to a picnic." His freckled face flushed scarlet to the roots of his up-standing red hair as she turned startled eyes upon him. Evidently her thoughts were elsewhere today!

"Nothing like that," she responded gaily, recovering herself, as she walked on with a friendly smile over her shoulder. In her new awareness to the world about her she detected the wistfulness under Tom's raillery but she did not want to be disturbed by it. He had liked her since she was a little girl. She had let him take her to all the village festivities because she appreciated the kind heart that beat under his grocer's apron. There had been no one else she liked better—until Peter.

She was at the steps now and the smile came out in its full glory for the man waiting eagerly above.

"Can we start right away? I've found a new place where I sketched all morning." His brown eyes held hers seriously until she nodded, then crinkled into a responsive glow that made fine little lines radiate from their corners.

"Wait until I get a book."

He caught her hand to detain her. "I am not going to work today. I just want to roam and talk. It is such a glorious day and I waited for you on purpose."

"All right."

They were soon outside the town walking along the river road. It was early October, a beautiful, sunshiny day. The trees a riot of color; the black oaks with their brown and yellow leaves, the red maples, and here and there scarlet scrub oaks and the pretty reddish brown chestnut trees. Blanche's cup of happiness was full. Peter was the first real man friend she had ever had. He listened with complete attention to whatever she had to say, in turn talking as freely about his own thoughts and reactions. Nothing concerned him but the underlying truth as nearly as he could see and comprehend it.

Before they had gone very far they were launched upon their favorite pastime, an argument, Blanche as usual taking the obvious, common sense view, Peter by every way known to him trying to convince her that the most extraordinary idea that happened to occur to him at the moment was completely plausibly and sane.

Today the subject happened to be marriage.

"The trouble with marriage is that those who perpetrate it are too young, usually. They haven't any experience of life. They haven't adjusted themselves to the workings of the universe, how can they hope to know enough to live together successfully in the most subtle relationship known to man?" Peter inquired earnestly.

"The answer is that all these young persons you refer to are not as subtle as you think!" She laughed up at him mischievously. "They all have their simple moments when they can love each other and be happy, regardless that the universe waits and wonders how they can possibly imagine that they can afford it!"

"You always stand up for the proletariat," he objected.

"Well, I am one of them," she replied simply, then fell silent as she thought of the boys and girls she had gone to school with. Many had married early. She admitted to herself that she did not envy them. Most of the boys were earning so little that they were almost swamped in the eternal struggle to make ends meet. Perhaps they were happy at first—her cynicism was totally unconscious—but somehow it seemed to her as if life had cheated them of their birthright, as if the burden of responsibility might have been less heavy.

Peter began again. He never liked an argument to stop unless he had said all he could think of on the subject.

"I intend to marry, about ten years from now, but I am going to travel all over the world first and learn a great deal." He turned Blanche into a bridle path that led to the top of a hill. "I'll race you."

They ran like children up the steep incline. Blanche's hat blew off and her hair escaped in every direction. She did not care. The excitement of the chase gave wings to her feet. She passed Peter and flung herself breathless upon the grass.

"I didn't know you could run like that. I started slow so we'd keep together," he protested amiably, as he dropped down beside her.

"It's gorgeous up here. Did you sketch that?" She waved an arm toward the valley below them, with Willow creek winding in and out among the trees.

Peter nodded. "Let's play a game," he suggested.

"What?" Blanche languidly inquired, as she tilted her head sideways to keep the sun out of her eyes.

"We'll play that we are gypsies and that you are going with me in all my travels. I'll show you some of the garden spots of the world. You've no idea how beautiful the world can be."

She returned his ardent glance with a confident, smiling bravado. "I'll follow you to the end of the earth if you want me enough," she responded, then caught her lower lip as if to take back the unpremeditated declaration—a prescience of the fascination such a life, with Peter, might hold shadowing the bewilderment in her honest gray eyes.

Peter had ceased to smile, too, arrested by Blanche's changing expression. He felt as if he were sliding fathoms deep into he knew not what. Without any preceptible movement on the part of either their lips found each other's and clung for a brief intoxicating moment.

"We mustn't," Blanche tried to struggle from the edge of the abyss that she felt was widening beneath her, tried to get back on the firm foundation of a few minutes before. But she could not help gazing with that new wonder in her eyes at Peter who was lost again, drowned, as it were, in the delicious gray depth of her luminous, steady gaze.

"I am going to kiss you again," he asserted, unable to go beyond the simple statement of his desire.

"No," Blanche shook her head violently. "Not today," she amended, after a side-long glance at Peter's cast-down air.

"Tonight?" he suggested hopefully.

Her eyes sparkled with surprised merriment, as she rose to go, then she pretended severity. "You should have brought your sketching things, it's such a heavenly day."

"I wanted to forget about everything else—except you."

"That's very pretty" she scoffed as they turned down the path, "but you didn't know that just I was going to seem so, so——" She flushed, at a loss for words to express her thought.

"So perfectly irresistible that I would go totally mad about you," he finished for her. "I have you know, quite."

"Of course I didn't mean to say that! I meant, seem as important as your work," she protested, really embarrassed.

"Do you remember what Allan Seegar says on the subject?" He stopped to watch the effect of his words as he recited simply and expressively:

" 'Love!—tis the payment of the debt we owe
The beauty of the world,'

And again:

'You cannot fail to think, as I have done,
Some of life's ends attained, so you be one
Who measures life's attainment by the hours
That joy has rescued from oblivion.' "

"It must have kept you busy," Blanche murmured in spite of herself, knowing that Peter often quoted poetry to express a thought he was too lazy to find his own words for, and that he did not expect frivolous responses.

"Don't you ever take anything seriously?" he demanded.

"Nothing except you, Peter," she answered penitently, with a reassuring glance at his frowning countenance. Even then he was not quite sure that she was not still laughing at him.

THEY loitered along the river road until there was no further excuse for lingering if they would be home in time for supper.

Mrs. Marshall, Blanche's aunt, had for many years been in the habit of taking in a college student every term. After the new dormitory was built and there was no further need for it, she became lonely. Her husband, John, spent all of his time and thought in his flourishing furniture business, so she sent for Blanche, her dead sister's child, to come in from the farm and go to school. After she graduated and and went into Mr. Long's law office, Blanche stayed on, sure of her welcome in the childless home.

When Peter Farrington arrived in September he had been recommended to Mrs. Marshall's for a room. The one hotel, in the dreary middle-western town, he found, after a few days' trial, impossible.

He had fitted into the Marshalls' family life with the surprising ease which a man accustomed to everything displays in the simplest surroundings and, had Mrs. Marshall mothering him in the bargain.

She was a little disappointed—having more respect for learning than painting—when she found out that he was not connected with the college and had, apparently, no more serious business than drawing trees and roads and rivers as the spirit moved him, but her prejudices were soon overcome by her genuine liking for him.

She looked up from the supper table as Blanche and Peter appeared in the doorway.

"Land sakes! What makes you so late for supper? Don't you know it's after 6?" Her brown eyes, oddly youthful under her gray hair, twinkled as she saw the look of astonishment that passed between the culprits.

John, with his back to the door, thought Blanche was alone and proceeded to take her part.

"Now, Mary, young folks will be young folks, won't they, Blanche?" He held out a hand over the back of his chair which the girl took gratefully. "When you and I was keeping company, Mary, we didn't do it with one eye on the clock, did we?" he asked affectionately of his wife.

Blanche stooped ostensibly to kiss him and whispered, "Sh——"

"Have you brought Tom in?" He half turned in his chair to peer near-sightedly into the front room. "Come in, young man," he called amiably before he recognized Peter. "Oh, it's Mr. Farrington. Thought you had gone out for supper."

"Not with Aunt Mary's cooking to look forward to here," Peter replied politely as he sat down in his accustomed place.

Blanche disappeared into the hall to leave her hat. She pressed the backs of her hands against her burning cheeks and groaned inwardly over Uncle John's remarks. How terrible Peter must have thought them! As if in her world a man could not take a girl for a walk without everyone taking it for granted that he wanted to marry her—and then, to call him Tom! She'd better hurry back before anything more was said. She went into the kitchen and came into the dining room bearing two steaming cups of coffee.

"Any one want anything, while I'm up?" she volunteered cheerfully, hoping that her cheeks had paled to their normal pallor.

Uncle John had retired behind his evening paper. Aunt Mary herself was clearing off, doubtless remembering how often Blanche had protested against having everything but the kitchen stove loaded upon the table.

They finished their supper in silence, Peter having tried in vain to find out her plans for the evening. When she finally went upstairs, after helping her aunt with the dishes, Peter went out, only to return shortly with a five-pound box of candy which he presented to Aunt Mary with quite a flourish.

Uncle John eyed him over his newspaper but made no comment. Aunt Mary was as excited as a girl, and so flustered that she could scarcely untie the gay pink ribbon that decorated the box.

Blanche reappeared in a soft white crepy dress, last summer's, but very becoming.

Uncle John looked up critically. "Tom phoned about some dance or other. Did you see him?"

Blanche shook her head. "I don't want to dance, tonight. I am going to sit on the porch and watch the stars come out," she ended softly, as if half to herself.

"Hump," grunted Uncle John, returning to his paper.

"Will it bother you if I smoke a pipe outside?" Peter inquired solicitiously as he held open the door for her.

"Not very much," she smiled.

She sat down on the steps, Peter beside her. If he wanted her to talk he waited in vain. Blanche was in a wistful, dreamy mood that no words of her vocabulary fitted, so, she sat in silence and watched the stars with an intense, brooding gaze.

Presently Peter slipped a hand over hers. She did not seem particularly conscious of it. He could not know how her heart turned over at his touch, how she longed for some assurance of his love other than the evident physical attraction he felt toward her. She felt baffled, without knowing why, as if the forces of life were betraying her, as if all struggle towards the reality of her dream of love were useless. Imminent tears welled in her eyes. With averted head she spoke in a low, choked voice. "If you don't mind, I think I'll go upstairs."

Peter moved close enough to put an arm about her. "Tell your friend Peter all about it, and don't cry, please."

She found comfort against his shoulder but no words for the strange, lost feeling in her heart. The silence of the night enfolded them, and something of its infinite peace.

"I was just tired, I guess," she said at last, not wanting Peter to think that he was responsible for her mood. "I feel rested now, and I think I'll sleep."

"Pleasant dreams, dear," he whispered as his lips brushed the top of her head, just under his chin.

She went to bed very happy that night because he had not tried to kiss her. What an understanding person he was! Surely nowhere in the world was there another Peter.

THE week that ensued was for Blanche a period of alternate heartache and ecstacy. Perhaps if she had possessed Peter's ability for expressing himself she might have been able to work out the present truth of their relationship. She was conscious only that she had never known anything so wonderful as that sunshiny week of Indian summer, all out of doors a blaze of colors, as if in accord with the inner glory into which her own life was flowering day by day; days that held the promise of seeing Peter in the evenings, with never enough time to talk of all the things remembered thru the day for each other.

Saturday, Peter waited as usual for their afternoon walk.

"We must be happy today, Blanche," he said as they started off, then lapsed into silence.

She looked up at him, surprised. Peter, serious and uncommunicative, was new to her. He walked on without further explanation. She began to wonder what had happened.

After they had passed the bridle path that led up to "their hill" as Peter always called it, she ventured to ask, "Where are we going?"

Peter came out of his abstraction and smiled whimsically. "You'd never guess, so I'll tell you. We are going to a certain old country schoolhouse where a little girl named Blanche Hale used to learn her A-B-Cs, and get spanked when necessary."

"Whatever made you think of that, Peter?" Blanche asked with shining eyes.

Peter shrugged, a little uncomfortable under that trusting gaze. Hand in hand they strolled along the river road.

If Blanche had been a woman of the world—or even of Peter's world—she might not have succumbed so easily to the charm of his gaiety and always unexpected tenderness. It continually caught her unawares. She had no defense against it. She could scoff at him no more because she loved him. Then, too, she belonged to that prevailing feminine type created for the love and loyalty of one man and having that, life could hold, or withhold, nothing more. She was to learn that men, instead of being the God-like beings that one's imagination creates of one's first love, are nothing more than children who need to be shown their mistakes, and praised and encouraged into doing the things they were intended to do from the beginning.

For the present, however, Peter still sat enthroned on his pedestal, where Blanche's worshiping eyes discerned no feet of clay.

It was after 4 when they came up to the old frame schoolhouse. Peter opened the gate and they went into the playground. Blanche looked about her, suprised to find no change in the familiar spot.

Peter tried the door, and, finding it locked, finally climbed in a window. "Where was your desk?" he called out.

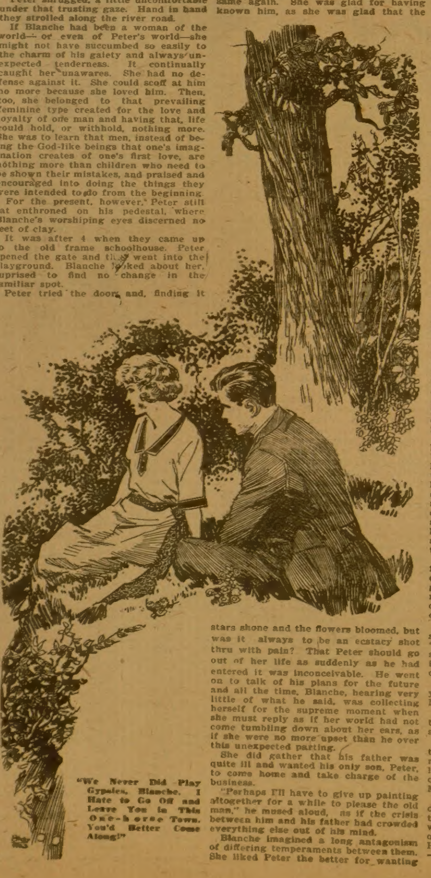
Blanche innocently leaned over the window ledge to point it out, and Peter caught a kiss before she withdrew. "I want to show you the spring," she pleaded.

He followed her, perforce, up the winding path behind the schoolhouse. It was even lovlier than she remembered it. The water sprang out from a crack in the rocks about ten feet above the spring. On the ridge above it was a great old hickory tree. How she had loved to climb it! And many a switch had been cut from its branches. They mounted by a gradual assent onto the ridge and sat down under its friendly shade. Everything was quiet and peaceful for miles, and they were together, so what else mattered?

Blanche pointed out the farm beyond the hill. "Sometimes my step-mother used to send me to school with only a soda biscuit for my lunch. If any one offered me any of theirs, pride always made me refuse." Her piquant face was serious as she recalled those early days. "How I used to long for food, just plain food! It was terrible, when I think about it now."

"Poor little kiddie!" He felt sorry for the little child she had been who had known hunger, and longed ardently to hold in his arms the grown-up child she had become. Instead, he asked abruptly, "Did you know I am going east tonight?"

Blanche could only shake her head, mute before the catastrophe she might have known would happen. Why not? Why had he come in the first place to this dull little town? she asked herself bitterly. In her heart she knew that, because of Peter, life would never be the same again. She was glad for having known him, as she was glad that the stars shone and the flowers bloomed, but was it always to be an ecstacy shot thru with pain? That Peter should go out of her life as suddenly as he had entered it was inconceivable. He went on to talk of his plans for the future and all the time, Blanche, hearing very little of what he said, was collecting herself for the supreme moment when she must reply as if her world had not come tumbling down about her ears, as if she were no more upset than he over this unexpected parting.



"We Never Did Play Gypsies, Blanche. I Hate to Go Off and Leave You in This One-horse Town. You'd Better Come Along!"

She did gather that his father was quite ill and wanted his only son, Peter, to come home and take charge of the business.

"Perhaps I'll have to give up painting altogether for a while to please the old man," he mused aloud, as if the crisis between him and his father had crowded everything else out of his mind.

Blanche imagined a long antagonism of differing temperaments between them. She liked Peter the better for wanting to please the old man because he was ill, but her own problem weighed upon her spirit—strung taut like an old violin, vibrant, at a master's touch, to every shade of feeling.

She was astonished at the rich background his few words of his previous life created in her imagination. She could not help feeling herself an interlude between a past that had been so full and a future that held such possibilities.

Again, as on their first evening together, that inexplicable sadness rushed over her, making of the sunshine, and her happiness of a moment ago, a bitter mockery. Terror gripped her, terror that she was going to cry, right there in the slanting light of the afternoon sun, with Peter to see her and think—what would he not think? She made a determined effort to recover herself. Peter, coming back to the present, tried to caress her. She drew away sharply, knowing that his touch was all that was needed to open the flood-gates. He could not believe that she meant it.

"What is it, little pal?"

"Nothing." She propped her head upon her hands and gazed over the valley below them. She was surprised at herself for turning away from Peter. Her instinctive doubt of the genuineness of his caring, measured against all that she longed to give him, was no clearer to herself than to Peter, whose complex mind was sometimes unable to interpret very simple signs.

He tried to beguile her into a happier mood. "We never did play gypsies, Blanche. I hate to go off and leave you in this one-horse town. You'd better come along."

A little bitter smile played about the corners of her sensitive mouth. She started to reply, then thought better of it.

Peter, unnoticing, went on. "Honest, dear, I wish you'd come on later. Why stay here when the world lies before you, and all the experiences of life that you will find outside?"

She looked at him quizzically, then veiled the expression of her eyes, her mind made up to assume compliance. The rest of the afternoon was as gay as Peter could wish. A new Blanche blossomed before him, a girl of a dozen moods, always outdoing his own poor invention, continually poking fun at him, and as light-hearted as he wished he could feel over his departure.

That it was to her their last afternoon together, that she was determined to leave him a memory he would not soon forget, he did not suspect. He had never considered Blanche subtle, thinking that all the intricacies their relationship involved were on his side.

At the station, several hours later, Peter's last glimpse of Blanche's face with its enveloping smile that did not falter, until his train was out of sight, revealed to him no heartache. His last words, "I'll see you soon!" had been answered by a bright nod of acquiesence.

SIX months later Peter sat at his office and drummed nervously with an ivory letter opener on its mahogany surface. The business of his father had prospered under his efforts. The old man had at last admitted that he preferred to have his son take over full responsibility. Peter, himself, did not care either way. The strain of learning his job had kept him occupied at first but now that he had settled into a definite routine he became increasingly restless. He had grown much thinner. His air of care-free irresponsibility had gone forever. Its disappearance marked his growth to the full stature of a man.

The memory of Blanche and their brief happiness together haunted him until he began to suspect that he had fallen in love with her. From the time he had waved good-by from the train he had heard no word, tho he had written several times. As his letters had not been returned he assumed that she had received them. It began to dawn on him, as he had leisure to think it over, that he must have hurt her in some way or she surely would have answered his letters. They had been such good pals!

A slow flush mounted to his white forehead as he recalled, for the hundredth time, their last afternoon together. He had not known himself, how much he cared, then. She, with her quick sensitiveness, must have been more conscious of his state of mind than he.

He rose to his feet with sudden decision, mentally cursing himself for a fool. "Tell my father," he said briskly to his stenographer, "that I have gone west to inspect those oil interests that I looked over last fall."

"Very well, sir. When shall I tell him you'll be back?" inquired the meticulous Miss Black.

"God knows, I don't. Fool!" he muttered under his breath, again overcome at his stupidity.

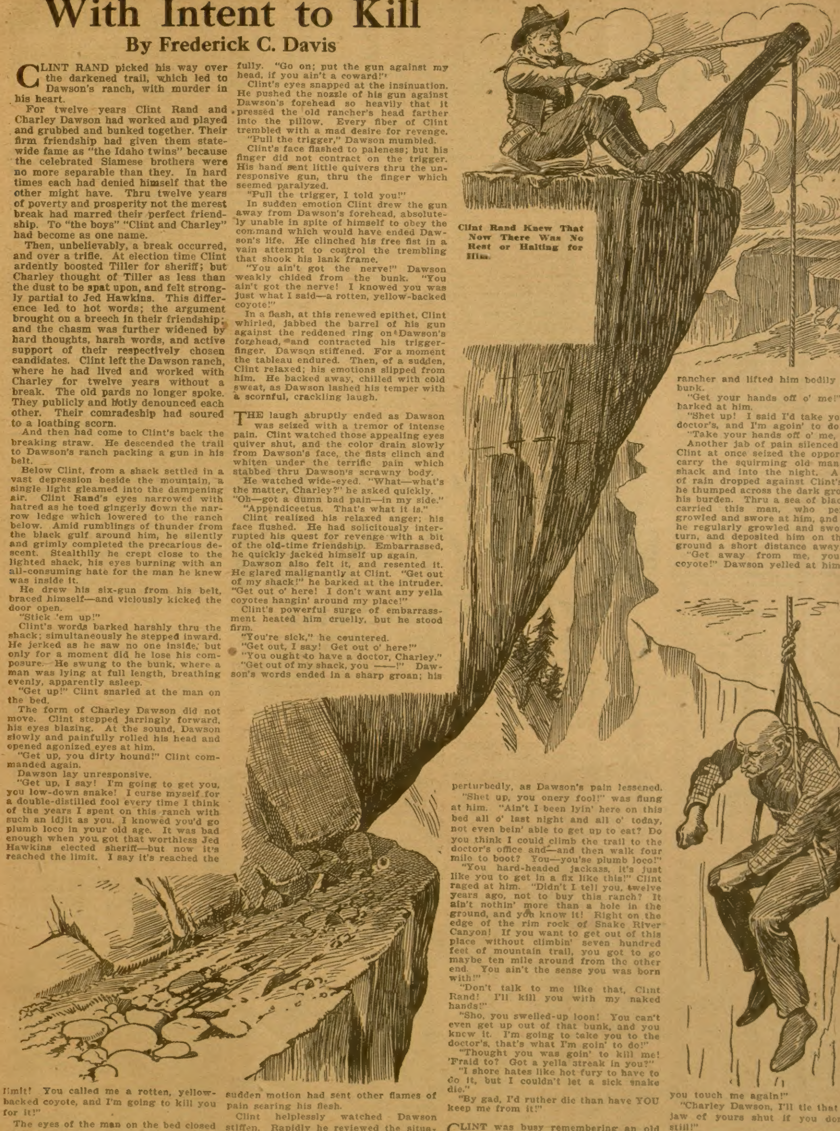
Miss Black blinked with astonishment, then decided to ignore the lapse. He did not seem to be referring to her particularly. But she did not see how she could quote that reply verbatim to stern old Mr. Farrington.

For the first time in months a feeling of content possessed Peter as the train took him steadily nearer Blanche. He would find out whether she was the cause of his present dissatisfaction with life. He began to feel as definitely as if she

(Concluded on Page 25.

With Intent to Kill

By Frederick C. Davis



Clint Rand Knew That Now There Was No Rest or Halting for Him.

CLINT RAND picked his way over the darkened trail, which led to Dawson's ranch, with murder in his heart.

For twelve years Clint Rand and Charley Dawson had worked and played and grubbed and bunked together. Their firm friendship had given them statewide fame as "the Idaho twins" because the celebrated Siamese brothers were no more separable than they. In hard times each had denied himself that the other might have. Thru twelve years of poverty and prosperity not the merest break had marred their perfect friendship. To "the boys" "Clint and Charley" had become as one name.

Then, unbelievably, a break occurred, and over a trifle. At election time Clint ardently boosted Tiller for sheriff; but Charley thought of Tiller as less than the dust to be spat upon, and felt strongly partial to Jed Hawkins. This difference led to hot words; the argument brought on a breech in their friendship; and the chasm was further widened by hard thoughts, harsh words, and active support of their respectively chosen candidates. Clint left the Dawson ranch, where he had lived and worked with Charley for twelve years without a break. The old pards no longer spoke. They publicly and hotly denounced each other. Their comradeship had soured to a loathing scorn.

And then had come to Clint's back the breaking straw. He descended the trail to Dawson's ranch packing a gun in his belt.

Below Clint, from a shack settled in a vast depression beside the mountain, a single light gleamed into the dampening air. Clint Rand's eyes narrowed with hatred as he toed gingerly down the narrow ledge which lowered to the ranch below. Amid rumblings of thunder from the black gulf around him, he silently and grimly completed the precarious descent. Stealthily he crept close to the lighted shack, his eyes burning with an all-consuming hate for the man he knew was inside it.

He drew his six-gun from his belt, braced himself—and viciously kicked the door open.

"Stick 'em up!"

Clint's words barked harshly thru the shack; simultaneously he stepped inward. He jerked as he saw no one inside; but only for a moment did he lose his composure. He swung to the bunk, where a man was lying at full length, breathing evenly, apparently asleep.

"Get up!" Clint snarled at the man on the bed.

The form of Charley Dawson did not move. Clint stepped jarringly forward, his eyes blazing. At the sound, Dawson slowly and painfully rolled his head and opened agonized eyes at him.

"Get up, you dirty hound!" Clint commanded again.

Dawson lay unresponsive.

"Get up, I say! I'm going to get you, you low-down snake! I curse myself for a double-distilled fool every time I think of the years I spent on this ranch with such an idjit as you. I knowed you'd go plumb loco in your old age. It was bad enough when you got that worthless Jed Hawkins elected sheriff—but now it's reached the limit. I say it's reached the limit! You called me a rotten, yellow-backed coyote, and I'm going to kill you for it!"

The eyes of the man on the bed closed slowly. "All right," he said slowly. "You got my permission to kill me."

Clint stared inarticulate at the other. What had come over Charley? In a burst of anger which swept away his wonderment he stepped forward, with the bore of his six-gun unwaveringly leveled at the prostrate man's chest.

"Go on and kill me," Dawson murmured. "I'd like it better bein' dead than bein' like this any longer."

Metal clicked sharply as Clint raised the trigger of his gun.

"Put the gun against my head." The man on the bed spoke slowly and painfully. "Go on; put the gun against my head, if you ain't a coward!"

Clint's eyes snapped at the insinuation. He pushed the nozzle of his gun against Dawson's forehead so heavily that it pressed the old rancher's head farther into the pillow. Every fiber of Clint trembled with a mad desire for revenge.

"Pull the trigger," Dawson mumbled.

Clint's face flashed to paleness; but his finger did not contract on the trigger. His hand sent little quivers thru the unresponsive gun, thru the finger which seemed paralyzed.

"Pull the trigger, I told you!"

In sudden emotion Clint drew the gun away from Dawson's forehead, absolutely unable in spite of himself to obey the command which would have ended Dawson's life. He clinched his free fist in a vain attempt to control the trembling that shook his lank frame.

"You ain't got the nerve!" Dawson weakly chided from the bunk. "You ain't got the nerve! I knowed you was just what I said—a rotten, yellow-backed coyote!"

In a flash, at this renewed epithet, Clint whirled, jabbed the barrel of his gun against the reddened ring on Dawson's forehead, and contracted his trigger-finger. Dawson stiffened. For a moment the tableau endured. Then, of a sudden, Clint relaxed; his emotions slipped from him. He backed away, chilled with cold sweat, as Dawson lashed his temper with a scornful, crackling laugh.

THE laugh abruptly ended as Dawson was seized with a tremor of intense pain. Clint watched those appealing eyes quiver shut, and the color drain slowly from Dawson's face, the fists clinch and whiten under the terrific pain which stabbed thru Dawson's scrawny body.

He watched wide-eyed. "What—what's the matter, Charley?" he asked quickly.

"Oh—got a dumn bad pain—in my side."

"Appendiceetus. That's what it is."

Clint realized his relaxed anger; his face flushed. He had solicitously interrupted his quest for revenge with a bit of the old-time friendship. Embarrassed, he quickly jacked himself up again.

Dawson also felt it, and resented it. He glared malignantly at Clint. "Get out of my shack!" he barked at the intruder. "Get out o' here! I don't want any yella coyotes hangin' around my place!"

Clint's powerful surge of embarrassment heated him cruelly, but he stood firm.

"You're sick," he countered.

"Get out, I say! Get out o' here!"

"You ought to have a doctor, Charley."

"Get out of my shack, you ——!" Dawson's words ended in a sharp groan; his sudden motion had sent other flames of pain searing his flesh.

Clint helplessly watched Dawson stiffen. Rapidly he reviewed the situation as he knew it. The office of the only doctor near the ranch was in Curry, four miles south. But the doctor was not in his office; he had been called that day, Clint knew, to another ranch on the other side of the town, some eight miles farther on. A fifth addition to the Smithers family had come, and the doctor had left word that he couldn't be back before some time after dark.

And Clint Rand realized clearly that Dawson's only chance to live was to undergo an immediate operation!

"You got to get to the doctor right away, Charley Dawson," he stated imperturbedly, as Dawson's pain lessened.

"Shet up, you onery fool!" was flung at him. "Ain't I been lyin' here on this bed all o' last night and all o' today, not even bein' able to get up to eat? Do you think I could climb the trail to the doctor's office and—and then walk four mile to boot? You—you'se plumb loco!"

"You hard-headed jackass, it's just like you to get in a fix like this!" Clint raged at him. "Didn't I tell you, twelve years ago, not to buy this ranch? It ain't nothin' more than a hole in the ground, and you know it! Right on the edge of the rim rock of Snake River Canyon! If you want to get out of this place without climbin' seven hundred feet of mountain trail, you got to go maybe ten mile around from the other end. You ain't the sense you was born with!"

"Don't talk to me like that, Clint Rand! I'll kill you with my naked hands!"

"Sho, you swelled-up loon! You can't even get up out of that bunk, and you know it. I'm going to take you to the doctor's, that's what I'm goin' to do!"

"Thought you was goin' to kill me! 'Fraid to? Got a yella streak in you?"

"I shore hates like hot fury to have to do it, but I couldn't let a sick snake die."

"By gad, I'd ruther die than have YOU keep me from it!"

CLINT was busy remembering an old device, which, several years after the purchase of the ranch, he and Dawson had fashioned together as a means of escaping many hard trips up and down the narrow and difficult trail which formed the approach to the ranch. The rising ledge, used as a path to and from Dawson's, was no more than wide enough to carry a load of provisions in the arms; so they had rigged a tackle and rope, from a point far above, by which they lowered and hoisted heavy articles into and out of the great depression in which Dawson's ranch lay.

Unceremoniously, Clint slipped his arms under the frail body of the old rancher and lifted him bodily from the bunk.

"Get your hands off o' me!" Dawson barked at him.

"Shet up! I said I'd take you to that doctor's, and I'm agoin' to do it."

"Take your hands off o' me, I say!"

Another jab of pain silenced Dawson; Clint at once seized the opportunity to carry the squirming old man out the shack and into the night. A sprinkle of rain dropped against Clint's face as he thumped across the dark ground with his burden. Thru a sea of blackness he carried this man, who periodically growled and swore at him, and at whom he regularly growled and swore in return, and deposited him on the muddy ground a short distance away.

"Get away from me, you blasted coyote!" Dawson yelled at him. "Don't you touch me again!"

"Charley Dawson, I'll tie that dumbed jaw of yours shut if you don't keep still!"

Clint grasped the stout rope which hung beside him: It rose a wavering line into a great gulf of black above them. Three hundred feet of rope dangled in the air over their heads; but Clint did not pause to consider that. He stooped, whipped the loose end of the rope around Dawson's shoulders, then under his knees, and made a rope cradle for the sick man. This done, he straightened and turned to go.

"Where're you goin'?" Dawson shot at him. "Goin' to leave me tied like this, out in the rain, where I'll catch my death o' pneumonia?"

"Keep still, you old fossil. You never

did have more than one brain cell, and you been eatin' loco weed to boot."

Clint turned, found the low edge of the trail, and began a laborious climb thru blackness and an increasing pour of rain. Great gashes of light pierced the darkness as lightning flashed; deafening rolls of thunder boomed reverberatingly from the sides of the mountains around him. Clint toiled and swore his way slowly and carefully up the precarious route, his mind occupied with thoughts of the old man below, trussed in that rope chair, with the rain beating against him. He found the thoughts singularly disconcerting.

Panting, Clint found the top of the trail, and looked down into a sea of blackness three hundred feet deep. Somewhere in those inky depths lay Dawson, racked with pain. Clint felt his way along the very edge of the precipice, groping blindly for the great pulley over which curled the end of the rope to which Dawson was tied. He passed uncertain minutes in hunting for it; finally struck the supporting post; fumbled at the knot which held the rope fast, and finally, breathing more quietly, unfastened it.

He pulled up the slack, braced himself for the ordeal, and slowly heaved backwards. Somewhere, six hundred feet below him, Dawson was lifted from the ground toward a point lost in the infinity of that black sky. Clint Rand knew that now there was no rest or halting for him. He heaved himself backward again and kept the gain he had made. He pulled again and his hands heated. The rain fell now in a sluicing downpour, lashing against his face, blinding him and making breathing difficult. His chest swelled convulsively under the intense, muscle-straining effort. Higher and higher from the ground below, thru three hundred feet of intervening space, he lifted the helpless man who had once been his friend.

"I'm a fool for doin' this!" he snarled at himself. "The senseless old coyote! I ought to let him die, like he deserves."

But he heaved backward again and again, while the hemp cut thru his fingers. He found each tendon of his hands aching and stone-hard from the torturous effort necessary. The dripping rain wetted the rope and caused it to slip thru his fingers; he clutched it madly for the dear life of the man he hated, putting the bottom ounce of his strength into lifting Dawson to a place where medical aid might save his life.

WITH Dawson dangling two hundred feet above ground, beside a sheer precipice, lost in the agony of other searing flashes of pain, Clint ceased pulling because his last drop of strength had gone from him. He slipped to his knees with clouds of red flaring before his eyes, tugging vainly to raise higher his terribly heavy burden. He straightened out, flat on his back in a swirling world of pain, while his heels caught holds and kept them. He lay stiff and motionless, chest heaving, ears ringing, hands bleeding over the clinched rope, eyes seeing flashes of light which were not the lightning above, while a rapidly increasing weight strove to pull his arms from their sockets. He lay and fought to recover his strength, while the slippery rope slid against his will slowly thru the paralyzed fingers of his hands. If he should let go! But he did not let go.

For ages he lay prone on his back, with the rain pouring in his face, and claimed back sufficient strength to hoist Dawson the remaining distance. As he felt power flowing thru his veins again, he struggled to his knees, to his feet, and lurched blindly backward. Wildly, like a man not knowing his own actions, he threw himself back again and again, madly scrambling to keep his gains, until, vaguely, he knew that he could pull no longer—that an obstacle prevented further coiling of the rope.

Hand over hand he drew himself to the great pully, reached out one groping hand and closed it on dripping cloth. He smothered a wild impulse to laugh for sheer joy as he heard, from close at hand: "You crazy fool, it's a wonder you didn't drop me!" The ingratious sneer of the words was lost in the realization that he had won.

CLINT lugged his human bundle far back over the ledge; then, in the darkness, bent and untied the ropes around Dawson. Dawson was silent again, in the grip of another spasm of pain. For ecstatic moments of luxurious inaction and relaxation Clint Rand lay and rested, with the rain drenching him. After an interval which enabled him to reclaim his strength, he struggled up.

He lifted Dawson again.

"Put me down!" he snapped at him.

"Shet up, Charley Dawson! I'll drop you over that cliff!"

"Drop me! Go on! drop me! You ain't man enough to try it!"

With the sick man carefully stretched across his bowed back, Clint Rand began a second, bigger ordeal. Four miles of muddy road stretched between him and the doctor's office in Curry. Rain lashed down upon Clint and dribbled from his chin and nose and a thousand other parts of his body. With his boots smashing thru sucking mud he resolutely trudged onward.

He walked steadily, doggedly, with the fixed purpose of a man with the one aim of his life before him. He counted not miles or minutes, for he reckoned with neither. He knew only that he must get Dawson to the doctor's office quickly, or Dawson might die. He even forgot his hatred for Dawson in the extreme fixity of his purpose and the growing pain of his effort. He tramped onward like a man in a dream, over a road without end, thru a night without termination. He struggled thru what seemed years to him, over continents and mountains. His muscles ached and protested and cried aloud in their agony, but they were vague discomforts subordinated to the grim determination in his mind.

Like Sinbad shouldering the old man of the sea, Clint covered those four torturous miles, and stopped only twice, when his back seemed at the point of breaking, to shift his limp burden to the ground and revel in a drenching, chilling rest.

Finally, like sights in a dream, lights swam before his bleared eyes. He knew only automatically that he was in Curry, that the doctor's office was the second building to the right. He clambered onto the porch, smashed the door open with one great kick of his mud-clotted foot and stumbled inside as an eye-glassed man came running from a rear room and regarded him with astonishment. Unknowingly, Clint slipped Dawson to a davenport, straightened, and in a voice that sounded like another person's, told the doctor of Dawson's ailment.

Then he sank into a chair, slumped down and knew only vaguely as tho his dream were merely continued, that the doctor had examined Dawson, had seen that an immediate operation was necessary, and was bustling about, making preparations. Dawson lay across from Clint, eyes closed, breathing shallowly, wrapped in a blanket the doctor had thrown around him.

"Just like an old fool like you to go down in that hole and get so sick you couldn't get out!" Clint barked suddenly at the rancher.

"Shut up, Clint Rand!" Dawson replied without opening his eyes. "I take no such talk——"

Again his words became a groan, and Dawson's body cringed from intense inner pain.

"I'm a dumbed fool to save somebody from dyin' who's so bloomin' loco and senseless as you are, Charley Dawson!"

"Shet up, I tell you! I got yella stains all over me from where you touched me!"

Another paroxysm of pain limped Dawson's body for a moment of excrutiation. He straightened again, finally, and opened regretful eyes to Clint Rand.

"Clint," he mumbled slowly, "I reckon I'm a ungrateful jackass. I'm shore mighty obliged to you, Clint—honest, I am. I'd 've never got out of that house if you hadn't a-done this. Clint, old-timer, you ain't a yellow-backed coyote. You're a man."

"Don't flatter yourself none. I wouldn't let a sick man die."

Clint rose abruptly and laid hand to the door-knob.

"Might be," Dawson breathed, "I'll never come out of the ether alive, Clint. Ain't you goin' to stay and see what happens to me?"

"Don't care if you do die, you hard-headed old fool. It'll save me the trouble of killin' you afterwards."

He turned the door-knob, allowed it to snap back to rest, stared at it reflectively, then turned and came back to Dawson's side.

"Is it as bad as that, Charley?"

"Can't never tell, Clint."

Clint again caught himself becoming silly and sentimental. He backed away. "Aw," growling savagely, "what'd I care? Good-night!"

Suddenly he stuck his hand out, awkwardly. Dawson smiled feebly as he placed his palm to Clint's and gripped the hand with a fervor born of a recollection of the good old times. And Clint backed away again.

He opened the door and stared unseeingly out into the rain. Then he turned and looked at Dawson. He closed the door. He stepped aside and sank into a chair.

"I—I've felt mighty lonesome without you, Charley," he mumbled, staring at his hat-band thru the dew in his eyes. "I'd be plumb lost if you'd die. Guess—guess I'll just hang around here a little while, anyway."

PEGGY

By A.L.Brainard

"OH, YOU 'ram'-scallion!' If I only had my gun," and she stamped her foot wrathfully.

She had been rock-bound for two hours, by a horned sheep, and only a short distance from liberty.

The gate, through which she had entered the field, was but ten feet away, but the sheep stood an invincible barrier to escape.

Peggy Payson was a country visitant, and wholly unacquainted with the ways of horned sheep.

The onslaught had been sudden and furious, and in scrambling to the rock, she had left a liberal portion of her dress flying from the horns of the sheep, like a wind-torn banner.

After two hours of restraint, she was intemperately enraged, besides night was near at hand.

She began to feel the need of her detached raiment and that did not tend to unruffle her anger.

"This is a devil of a fix to be in!" she muttered, with no prospect for relief.

"I solemnly swear, both hands to heaven, I'll never be caught again without my gun," and she raised her face and hands to heaven.

"Oh, you infernal creature!" and she shook her fist at the ram.

"What's the matter, sis?" asked a laughing voice.

"Matter? Can't you see? Is that your horned desperado?"

"No. He belongs to farmer Allen. I'll go get him."

"Does he live near?"

"About one mile I reckon."

"Can't you take him away?"

"Oh, no! The last time we met he took nearly everything I had. I won't be gone more than an hour, if I find Mr. Allen at home."

"An hour? I'll go insane if I have to wait an hour!"

"I don't think so, sis. I lived thru a hand-to-horn fight, and you are beyond reach."

"My name is Miss Payson if you please not sis. You country bumpkins get too fresh!"

"Just for that I have a mind to leave you where you are. You'd make a picturesque photograph. I think I'll go for my kodak."

"Kodak? You are a brute, and I hate, hate you."

"Oh, well, you'll get over that s—or Miss Payson. If you stop ranting and calling names, and making faces, I'll try to help you. Is it a bargain? Look pleasant and nod your head."

"I didn't make faces!"

"Well, your features were badly wrinkled and don't show tranquillity of mind."

Notwithstanding her awkward predicament, she smiled and nodded her head.

"That's better. You look pretty good now, nice enough to rescue. Pull this plank to the rock when I shove it over. There, now walk the plank, as pirates say. Jump! I'll catch you."

"I won't do any such thing."

"Then I'll pull the plank from the rock and let you fall inside the fence. Nod your head and jump. Are you coming?"

"Look out! I'm going to jump."

"That wasn't so difficult was it?"

"No. But there was no call to squeeze so hard."

"I wanted to know if you were real or a phantom."

"Are you satisfied?"

"For the present, yes. Come, let's go. Where are you staying Miss Payson?"

"At the Sheldons."

"Have you no curiosity to know my name?"

"I'm not inquisitive."

"Then you should have been a man."

"Don't get impertinent, young man."

"Is it rude to tell the truth?"

"Pertness reflects bringing up."

"Calling names is good breeding I suppose."

"Who said so?"

"You did."

"I did not."

"Didn't you say I was a brute?"

"Oh, I was angry then!"

"And you didn't mean it?"

"No, Mr. Bumpkin."

"There you go! I am Mr. Bumpkin; but you are Miss Payson. You can be flippant, but I must keep strictly formal."

"Don't get disagreeable, Mr.——"

"Bumpkin, Miss Payson."

"Now you are sarcastic."

"And you are amiable."

"Who's making faces now, Mr.—Mr.——?"

"The salvager I suppose."

"That's not a correct word, sir. I'm not goods."

"Not whole—ly, Miss Payson."

"That's a coarse allusion. The darned old sheep is to blame."

"Tut, tut, don't swear. It's not refined. Even a bumpkin knows that."

"Darn isn't swearing."

"No, and bumpkin isn't pie, but suggestive."

"Is it a crime to think swear? if so I am a criminal."

"Think deeply, and when in your room swear profoundly, make it blue it won't disturb me. I know most girls swear, smoke, and chew gum, and make faces, and call names and let ma do the work. Go ahead and be in the emancipated class!

"Well, here is the Sheldon abode. My advice is keep clear of Allen's sheep. I won't always be at hand to save you. My! your dress is a fright. I will speak to Allen about it, and he will probably buy you a new one."

"I thought you were a reporter. I suppose our adventure will be in the Rural Gossip tomorrow. I thank you for your assistance, and bid you good-night."

"Good-by, Miss Payson."

"I said good-night."

"Good heavens! Do I have to play parrot?"

"No. You—do—not—have—to—play—at—all!" And she entered the house with a flounce.

As she closed the door she heard him whistling, "Good-by, my lover, good-by."

That brought a smile to her face and thoughts to her mind. He is not so slow. I called him bumpkin and he threatened me with a kodak. He wouldn't say good-night, didn't have to be a parrot. He is some fellow, original and independent. Meditatively she wished she knew his name. He wanted me to ask, but I did not satisfy his wish. One can be so stubborn and stupid at times. Ah, well, we all have another try for sense.

She told the Sheldons how her dress became torn, but mentioned nothing else. The rest was her concern, and she knew how to keep a close mouth. The sheep couldn't talk, and she didn't believe he would. That was intuitive assurance, and wholly satisfying. She reasoned the episode was safe from gossip.

As he walked homeward his whistle became silent, and his mind centered on the events of the afternoon.

"A funny meeting and comic parting," he soliloquized. "She obstinately refused to ask my name and I humored her pertinacity. She closed the door in a temper, but that was a mere incident. She is worth while. I will keep her in mind. Gee! She was a mirthful sight on that St. Helena rock. The watchful eyes of Sir Ramsy were like shotted guns, but when she raised her hands and eyes to Heaven, she was a picture of surpassing beauty. She knew I had the best of the situation, and accepted it without acknowledging my advantage by argument, and what a fearless jump, when the necessity came! She is a diplomat, and I favor her way."

The next day he overtook her, sauntering her way, and stopped his car, and asked her if she would have a lift. She smiled and replied:

"Am I expected to nod my head?"

"It's the better way, Miss Payson. I'm a desperate bumpkin."

"With your kodak mostly, I conjecture."

"Don't be too sure. Once a bumpkin, most everlastingly a clumsy rustic. Watch out!"

As they rolled smoothly along he noticed Sir Ramsy with the dress flag still draping his horns, unconcernedly nipping the grass, the incident of yesterday seemingly forgotten.

"I see the banner is still flying from the aggressive end of the embattler, Miss Payson."

"Let it fly! I have no interest in it whatsoever, but would like to shoot the bearer."

"You are vindictive. I opine you felt a bit that way toward me yesterday."

"I did not want to kill you, but it would have been a satisfaction to slap your face."

"Didn't you ever read the Commandments, especially the one which says, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself'? Am I not thy neighbor?"

"I don't know that you are my neighbor, but I suspicion you are a nagger."

"Say, Miss Payson, what is your front name?"

"Peggy. I have no reason to be ashamed of it. Now what are your lineal gifts?"

"Billy Grant. I think I am as consistently entitled to an abridgement as you."

"There is not dissenting voice, so far as I know."

"How old are you, Peggy?"

"A little easy on the pedal, Billy. A—little—easy!"

"Once more and the last call. Peggy, your age, please."

"Nineteen summers, Bill. What does Billy say about his years?"

"Twenty lonely winters, Peggy."

"If I hadn't told you my age would you have kidnaped me, Billy?"

"You are already kidnaped. Didn't you realize that?"

"I knew something unusual had or was about to take place. Kidnaping or murder, I did not know which, but I have my gun today."

"You do not intend to shoot me, Peggy?"

"No. You haven't horns."

"So you don't think I'm the devil?"

"You are a bumpkin, dear Billy."

"Then I won't need a kodak picture?"

"Not if you want the original, Billy."

When Mrs. Sheldon heard of their engagement she said, "Frivolity, versus frivolity," and that "Haste often makes a devil of a mess."

* * *

The Tell-tale Bird.

I KNOW the "bird with yellow bill"
That "hopped upon the windowsill;"
But one I'd like as well to know
Is that small bird
I've often heard
Ma say can tell her where I go.

The DEBT PAYER

by J. C. Kofoed

PART I.

THE race-track is in the Southwest. Location matters little. For the sake of convenience let us call the town from which it draws its name Solano.

The morning sun was hot. Al Stebler basked contentedly in its heat, puffing solemnly on a pipe, and approving or disapproving of the way the stable boys rode their mounts. In a mumbling, half audible whisper he cast up the odds. He religiously "clocked" each morning work-out, for Stebler was a bookmaker, albeit an honest one, who believed in his judgment and a good stop-watch. Occasionally he broke his monotonous jumble of observation to say a word to the young man who sat beside him.

Phil Ferrier was worth more than a casual glance. His habiliments were sufficiently picturesque to attract attention. Chaps of silky white angora, trousers of whipcord and boots, scroll stitched at mid-leg and sporting silver spurs were thrust out before him. The light blue shirt he wore was of silk, and the band of his forty dollar Stetson was studded with brilliant tourmalines.

His horse, hitched close at hand, bore accoutrements as dazzling as its owner's. The saddle was of hand-stamped leather, with a Visalia tree, and the bit was of Spanish jade. Head-stall and cheek-straps were as gaudily ornamented as Ferrier's filigree hatband.

Ferrier was a young man, on the bright side of 30, with a still compelling beauty of feature that was not spoiled by a scar that ran from the wing of his nostril to his jaw. He was a shade over six feet tall, and his powerful shoulders strained at the fabric of his shirt. For the rest, his hair was black and his eyes a cold sort of blue that could warm up with dancing lights.

Compared with the fat, dew-lapped old man beside him the effect of Ferrier's amazing youth and vitality was redoubled.

"You know, Phil," said Stebler, "I cain't quite figger you out. With your education and ability you could cut a wide swath in the world if you was inclined that-a-way. Yet, you stick down in this part o' the world with no more ambition than one o' Pop Wheeler's fence- riders. You're a college man an a' engineer. Why don't you hit up into Canada? They tell me there's lot o' oil that ain't been discovered yet up in them parts. Maybe you'd have a' chance to make a million."

Ferrier yawned, and then laughed. "What would I do with it? Life should be an expression of a man's nature, and I'd rather ride across the prairie on a good horse than clip the coupons off a lot of bonds."

"But a'—" the old bookmaker stopped. He was not apt at argument, and he did not quite know how to refute Phil Ferrier's attitude, wrong as he felt it to be. "There was that moving picture feller who wanted you to come out to California wth the Tom Hix company. You might ha' got famous that-a-way, and mostfolks like fame if they don't like money."

"That's the bunk," Ferrier grinned. "I know what you want, and it's not a desire for me to gain either fame or fortune. You'd like to see me married, and settled down somewhere with a nice, steady business, and no excitement. Lord! Al, I couldn't get along without it."

Stebler shook his head. That was what he really wanted, for both Phil and himself, but he felt rather foolish and sentimental when he spoke of it.

"You've had all the excitement you need, kid," said Al. "They don't call you the 'debt payer' for nothing. That scar there. How did you come by it?"

"In paying a debt," returned Ferrier carelessly. "I was in France, you know, during the late unpleasantness—a motorcycle dispatch rider with headquarters of the 100th Division. We weren't particularly good insurance risks even under the best of conditions, but there was a chap named Brusel with us who tried to make me an even less attractive risk. He was a spy—so probably you won't be interested. Spy stories are melodramatic and out of date."

"Go ahead," spluttered Al Stebler quickly.

"I was assigned to carry an important dispatch from H. Q. to the front line. Brusel wanted it, and he waited for me. I left at dawn, riding without lights thru the gray obscurity, trailing a comet's tail of dust behind me. Coming head-on at top seep I caught sight of four men by the roadside—Brusel didn't work alone unless he had to. I flattened out over the handlebars, and gave the old wagon all the gas she'd stand, for I had a hunch that they weren't there for any particularly good purpose. Four revolvers spat fire. One of the bullets took me in the arm. My machine swerved into the ditch, and I went flying over the handlebars. If there hadn't been a nice, oozy patch of mud there I would have broken my neck. As it was I was pretty well stunned for a bit."

"My, my!" said Al, looking at him with wide eyes.

"Brusel thought I was dead, but when he came to search me he carried his trench knife. He always was a cautious fellow, but a bit too slow. When he bent over me I shot him thru the shoulder, and he fell over clawing and slashing like a wild cat. One of his blind jabs caught me on the face, and laid it open from nose to jaw. He wasn't much to handle, tho. I took him back to headquarters—and that was the end of Brusel. The debt I owed him for his gun and knife was squared well enough to suit any one."

"And then they started calling you the debt payer?"

Ferrier nodded.

A COUPLE crossed the infield toward where they sat. The girl was slim and tawny maned, and had dancing violet eyes. She wore breeches and boots, and carried a riding crop. Her escort was short, compact, swarthy of skin, unquestionably Gallic.

"That's Rita Lafitte," said Stebler to Phil, "who owns the Blue Star Stables. The feller with her is the Frenchman, Auvergne, who's been tryin' to marry her for the last six months. They tell me he's asked her twenty times, and that she's turned him down as many because he hasn't any money."

"He looks like a hard man to shave!" Ferrier observed laconically. "If what I hear is true he's just a fortune hunter, and it's Miss Lafitte's bank account that attracts him."

"Oh, I don't know. He seems like a pretty decent sort o' chap."

The girl waved her crop to Al. "Good morning," she greeted. "Are you clocking the dashing ponies?"

"Something like that, Miss Lafitte. I was just watching that horse of yours—Fair Phantom. He looks as if he ought to be a winner, but he never seems to come thru; just curls up an' quits if any one gives him a brush, like a lot of men I know. He ain't got the guts, I guess, if you'll pardon the expression. If he could go on the track alone he'd probably set a record."

"What are the odds on him?"

"Well," Al knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the heel of his shoes, and squinted earnestly at the cloudless sky, "most people could write their own ticket, but, off hand, I'd say about twenty to one."

Rita shrugged her shoulders, and turned to her companion.

"What did I tell you?"

Auvergne reached into his pocket and took out a fat wallet. "If you would make a bet now, monsieur, I would like to place a sum on Mademoisselle's horse."

Al Stebler measured him appraisingly from the edge of his trousers to his hat brim. "How much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

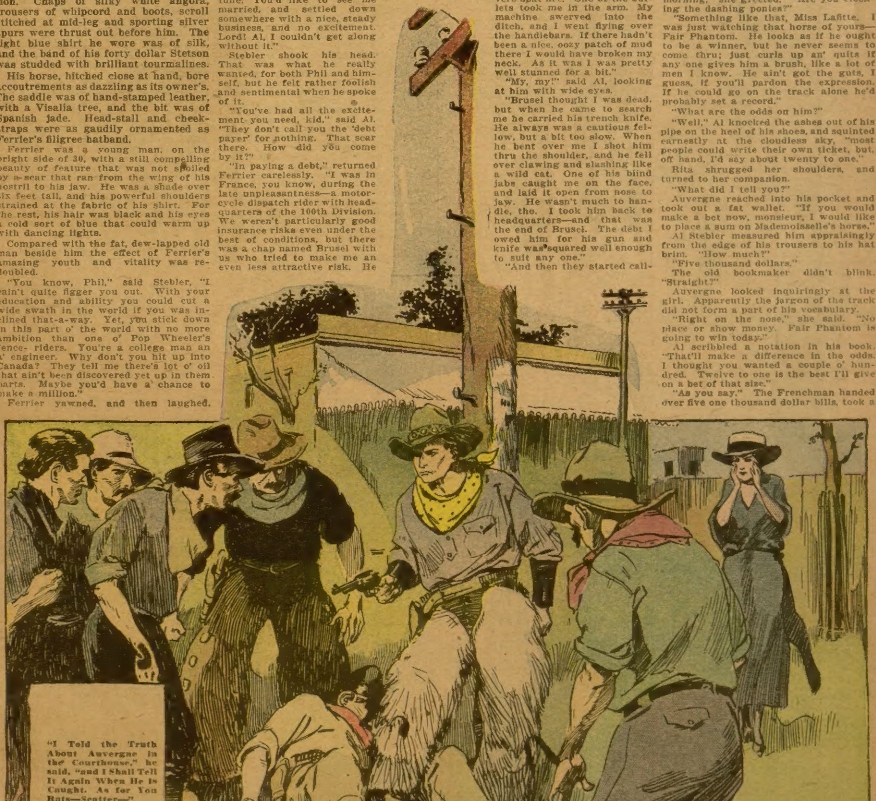
The old bookmaker didn't blink. "Straight?"

Auvergne looked inquiringly at the girl. Apparently the jargon of the track did not form a part of his vocabulary.

"Right on the nose," she said. "No place or show money. Fair Phantom is going to win today."

Al scribbled a notation in his book. "That'll make a difference in the odds. I thought you wanted a couple o' hundred. Twelve to one is the best I'll give on a bet of that size."

"As you say." The Frenchman handed over five one thousand dollar bills, took a



"I Told the Truth About Auvergne in the Courthouse," he said, "and I Shall Tell It Again When He Is Caught. As for You Rats—Scatter—"

scribbled notation in exchange, and strolled toward the paddock, Rita Lafitte's hand in the crook of his elbow.

The old man followed them with mild eyes. He knew the track, and he knew most of the people of the track—but he could not quite diagnose Rita Lafitte, who owned Fair Phantom and a couple of other dogs that could not win a race in a two-horse claiming event. Was it possible that she was "framing" the Frenchman—seeking to strip him of what money he had so that he could no longer bother her with his attention? No, it couldn't be that. There was nothing of deceit or treachery in her clear eyes.

"There's something funny in this," he said. "Why is that young feller, who ain't got any too much money to speak of, layin' five thousand berries on a nag like Fair Phantom? I know many a long shot has come thru, but in this case——"

"I don't like his face," said Ferrier suddenly. "There's something crooked about him."

"Why, I think he's a right nice lookin' young feller. . . . You ain't goin', are you? Well, I'll see you tonight, Phil."

"Sure," said Ferrier.

When the younger man had gone Stebler yawned, stretched, and looked gravely at the expanse of empty grand stand. Its vacuity brought a sudden touch of loneliness. He started to walk toward the stables, shrugged his heavy shoulders, and turned into town.

The bet he had made bothered him. Rita Lafitte could afford to lose whatever she might chose to wager on her gelding, but Auvergne couldn't. The old bookmaker was a bit sentimental. He considered the bet already won at the expense of a man whom he had taken a rather sudden fancy to, and he felt uneasy.

Several hours later he found Auvergne in one of the Solano restaurants. The Frenchman greeted him cordially, but a glint of suspicion flashed into his little eyes. Al dropped into a chair opposite, wiping the perspiration from his fat, good natured face.

"I don't want you to think I'm butting in, or anything like that, he started, groping for words, "but that was a pretty heavy bet you gave me—an' I took o' took to your looks. Miss Lafitte probably wants to do you a kindness, but Fair Phantom never won a race, and the jockey who'll be up on him couldn't make a good ride on a subway train."

"Well?" asked Auvergne, palpably amused at the thought of some one taking care of him. "What would you do?"

"I thought mebbe you just wanted to make a flash in front of the lady. If you want to call off the bet now it'll be all right with me, an' I won't say a word about it."

The Frenchman grinned across the table. He was a rather good looking man, but there was something shifty in his smile; something that seemed to say, "Look out. Unless you watch me carefully I will make you sorry—oh, so very sorry—that we ever met."

But he only said, "No, merci, we'll let the wager stand, if you please, monsieur."

AL STEBLER wandered away.

It was very hot. His grey hair rumpled back from his damp forehead; he pulled the sleeves of his black alpaca coat to the elbow, and occasionally mopped his face with a damp handkerchief. He was a sentimental old fool, he kept telling himself. After all, it was his business to take the money other people lost, but the bet worried him just the same. Auvergne could not afford to lose that money—and he was going to.

The race could not be crooked. Every one was won on its merits at Solano, for the Jockey Club officials were keen, and their judgments were never tinctured with mercy. Besides, Scheuttle, who was "up" on Fair Phantom, was the most stupid jockey on the track. He couldn't do anything crooked without falling over his own feet.

Al would have liked to talk the matter over with Phil Ferrier, but Phil didn't like the Frenchman, so his judgment might be tinged with prejudice. No, it wouldn't help much.

There was not a chance in a million of the Lafitte entry winning in a field like the one then going to the barrier. And the weazened faced little jockey who bestrode him, Scheuttle hadn't won a race since the year of the big wind in Ireland! A fine combination that, for a man to squander his money on—a heartless horse and a stupid jockey. Still, it was that sort of optimism that made bookmaking a profitable business.

The starter had some little trouble in lining up the field, but a moment later the barrier went up, and a strangled shout, "They're off!" welled up from the crowd.

Al caught a glimpse of half a dozen horses through the combed up dust; of a kaleidoscopic jumble of colors—the jockies' silks—and then the field, closely packed, went tearing around the turn. He focused his glasses on the speeding animals. Each rider crouched far up on his mount's shoulders seeming almost to carry it forward with the swing of his small but muscular body.

The bookmaker watched Scheuttle particularly. The latter's black shirt was a conspicuous mark in the close woven pack of scarlet and purple and gold. He caught the jockey's face and body and the surging shoulders of Fair Phantom squarely in the center of his powerful glasses, and held them there as the horses careened along the far side of the track.

Scheuttle's peaked face betrayed not an iota of expression. He rode easily, with one hand flat on his mount's sweating neck. So powerful were the glasses that Stebler could see his lips move, but whether he was talking to his horse or to the rider of "Dreaming Hour," who was nose to nose with Fair Phantom, Al could not tell. He was inclined to the latter theory, for he was distrustful of what might happen.

The two led the field, which stretched out raggedly for fifty yards. Had the bookmaker been blind he could have guessed the trend of the race by the babel going on about him.

Dreaming Hour was the favorite, and carried most of the money. Everywhere in the grandstand and along the rail people were standing on tip-toe, shrieking and screaming for Dreaming Hour to come on; praying for the extra ounce of strength that he would need so badly in the stretch. The "regulars" were confident. Fair Phantom would crack when the final brush came. He always did.

At the half way mark the horses were neck and neck. Then gradually, and with what seemed a certain relentless slowness, the favorite crept into the lead. Mechanically Al Stebler dabbed one side of his face with his balled-up handkerchief. Curious, w a v e r i n g thoughts crept through his mind. He wondered where Rita Lafitte was, and what her emotions were. He thought of Auvergne, and visualized the desperation in his beady eyes. He would have liked to know if Phil Ferrier was in the grandstand.

The crowd drew a half breath of relief. Fair Phantom was slipping back just a trifle, it is true, but he was slipping back, and Dreaming Hour's greatest strength lay in the fact that he was such an excellent finisher. Give the Lafitte horse a good lead, and he would never be headed. Push him, and the gelding would lose heart. And he was being pushed to his limit now, heaven knows. Wait, and see him wilt when the last gruelling dash was needed.

Into the stretch came Fair Phantom and Dreaming Hour, like tornadoes gone mad. Bennett, on the favorite, was using his whip savagely; Scheuttle his not at all.

And the gelding hadn't quit yet!

On! Two hundred yards to go! One hundred! Dreaming Hour still led, but only by a nose.

Then something happened. Apparently beaten, the gelding developed a sudden flaming burst of speed. He drew up, his foam-flecked nostril jutting out past Dreaming Hour's. His sweaty neck stretched out as tho he were groping for victory.

Just a few yards more to go. Then Fair Phantom stumbled, and went to his knees, hurling Scheuttle into the cloud dust.

PANDEMONIUM ended in a high pitched wail. Al Stebler lowered his glass as, suddenly conscious that he was covered with cold sweat. He, the veteran of a thousand races, was as trembly as a novice who had wagered his first dollar on the speedy bangtails.

A man beside him cursed. "I had ten dollars on Sweepstakes," he snarled, "and look where the dog is."

"I know a man who had five thousand on Fair Phantom," said Stebler, mechanically.

He turned, hesitated, and walked quietly down the steps of the grand stand. His mind was suddenly made up. If Auvergne would take the money he would hand it back to him. He was suddenly sick and tired of his profession—this business of taking money that was stained with tears and the aches of broken hearts.

With that idea in mind he returned to his room in the Solano House, and sent a boy to look for Auvergne. Fair Phantom's fall at the moment when he had the race won would present a crushing argument if the Frenchman had any stubborn ideas regarding "debts of honor."

The very thought showed that Al Stebler did not know Auvergne very well. Honor was not a part of the Frenchman's makeup.

It was close to 9 o'clock when someone knocked on the door. Al, who had alternately been drinking lemonade and mopping his fat wrists, rose and opened it.

Auvergne stood there. His swarthy face was dark with a sullen frown, and his narrow slitted eyes were dangerous. There was a reek of alcohol on his breath, and he seemed a bit unsteady on his feet.

Stebler opened his mouth to greet the younger man—and Auvergne shot him thru the body!

THE car was grubby and the air rancid with swirling clouds of cheap tobacco smoke. One woman and some twenty or more soiled looking men in corduroy trousers and mackinaws occupied it. The men chewed tobacco and spat recklessly, but when they unloosened a string of lurid oaths they lowered their voices guardedly. That much they conceded to the sex of the pretty passenger.

She was Old Man Morgan's daughter, and the Old Man, as owner of the Morgan Oil Company, was siegneur of the Barren Lake country. Louise had spent a month or two in the Southwest, and was returning to her Canadian home. So the men told each other in whispers. A peach, that was what Louise Morgan was—the kind they couldn't make back East—but God help the man who got gay with her. The Old Man was still an unfettered tiger in spite of his age.

The train dawdled on its way toward the end of steel. Louise looked out across the darkened landscape, but her thoughts were far from Canada. She was back in Solano—with Phil Ferrier.

Solano, with its heated days and the excitement of the nearby track; bronzed cowboys and lithe vanqueros; well dressed men from the cities, blanketed Indians and flashy gamblers—a conglomeration of races and types that she had never seen before. Solano, with its purple night skies and enormous stars. Solano, and Phil Ferrier!

Louise had gone there to spend a vacation with Nella Hutton, who had been her chum and room-mate at the University. She had expected to find a dreaming village, drowned in drab placidity. Instead she found excitement, and romance.

A Frenchman, Auvergne, had shot a bookmaker named Stebler, and robbed him of five thousand dollars. Or that, at least, was the crime with which he had been charged.

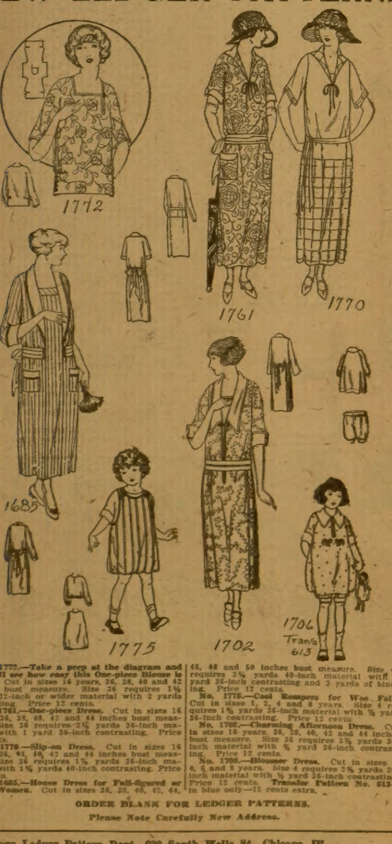
Auvergne had been caught and delivered into the hands of the law by Phil Ferrier. The latter was known thereabouts as Cossack Phil, partly as tribute to his horsemanship and partly because of a ruthlessness that was supposed to be a salient part of his nature.

All of Solano, it appeared, was not convinced of Auvergne's guilt. A large and dangerous clique declared vehemently that he was the victim of a frame-up, and added that if Phil Ferrier testified against him he would be lucky to escape town alive.

Riding there in the Barren Lake train, her nose pressed against the window glass, Louise Morgan remembered her curiosity concerning the man. And she knew that she would never forget her first sight of him.

He was lounging outside the Solano House, dressed in his picturesque chaps and sombrero, and with equally pictur-

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



No. 1772.—Take a peep at the diagram and you will see how easy this One-piece Blouse is made. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards 32-inch or wider material with 2 yards of binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 1761.—One-piece Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 1770.—Slip-on Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch material with 1⅝ yards 40-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 1685.—House Dress for Full-figured or Stout Women. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 40 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch material with 1 yard 36-inch contrasting and 3 yards of binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 1775.—Cool Rompers for Wee Folk. Cut in sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch material with ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 1702.—Charming Afternoon Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 1706.—Bloomer Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents. **Transfer Pattern No. 613**—in blue only—15 cents extra.

ORDER BLANK FOR LEDGER PATTERNS.

Please Note Carefully New Address.

Chicago Ledger Pattern Dept., 230 South Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed find.......... Send me the Patterns listed below:

Pattern number .... Size .... Price 12 cents.

Pattern number .... Size .... Price 12 cents.

Name ....

Street or P. O. Box..

Town.............................. **State**....................

Inclose stamps or coin (each pattern is 12 cents). Wrap coins carefully.

esque horse hitched to the rail at the sidewalk's edge.

Louise had sniffed at this display. Phil Ferrier, for all his reputation, must be a moving picture cowboy. Men—serious men—did not deck themselves out in such melodramatic fashion.

Neila Hutton smiled across at him. "Do you want to meet Phil?" she whispered to her chum.

Naturally Louise did. The man of action always has a strong fascination for womankind. Ferrier wasn't a "bad man," but he was known for quick and decisive action. Beside, he was too handsome not to make an impression.

They crossed, and Phil sprang to his feet, bowing gracefully as Neila named him to Louise. Miss Morgan sought an excuse to linger. She wanted to know more about this man—this good-looking, soft-voiced chap who was known thruout the Southwest. Was he merely a poseur who had never had his bluff called, or was he——?

The Auvergne trial was going on at that very moment. In the morning Ferrier had gone into the witness box, and given damning evidence against the Frenchman. There had been something of a demonstration against him, but Phil walked disdainfully out of court without a hand being lifted to stop him. The whole town buzzed with the story.

So Louise asked him about it—and about himself.

"There really isn't much to tell," said Ferrier. He told her about the bet Auvergne had placed with Stebler. "You would have to know Al to appreciate what I am going to relate. He is the kindest, most gentle old soul that ever lived, in spite of his business. It will be worth your while to meet him when he is sufficiently recovered to be on his feet again.

"For some reason or other he took a fancy to Auvergne, and it bothered him to think that the fellow would be cleaned out by losing his bet. He was afraid that there was something crooked in the race, tho he did not suspect Miss Lafitte of any wrongdoing.

"In spite of the fact that Auvergne had been shown up as a fortune hunter, Rita actually wanted to help him. Fair Phantom had been secretly primed for this race, and would have taken it but for the accident of slipping when he had won it. Al Stebler didn't know that, of course, but he sent for him with the intention of giving him back his five thousand dollars. The Frenchman, desperate at his loss, shot Al as soon as he entered the room—fortunately not with a deadly aim—and stole the money. I—well, I happened to be near, and I nabbed him. That's all there is to it."

"And you?" asked Louise softly.

"There is even less to talk about there. I," said Phil, his fine eyes a little wistful, "am not as bad as folks have probably told you. I have a reputation for always paying my debts; of paying them regardless of the consequences to myself or any one else. Some of those debts are not exactly pleasant ones, and so they began to say that I was a dangerous man. Will you believe me when I tell you that I have never sought any kind of trouble, even tho I have never taken pains to evade it?"

Louise nodded. "I do believe you. But tell me about this trial today. Auvergne has friends who have sworn to kill you. Aren't you at all afraid?"

Ferrier's smile was bland.

"Not exactly. I intend staying in Solano until I am quite ready to leave."

There was no boastfulness in his tone. There was something offensively cocksure. He was simply confident of his ability to take care of himself, and he saw nothing remarkable in that.

"They call me the 'debt payer,'" he added, "and nothing has struck me quite so keenly as this attack by Auvergne on poor old Al Stebler. If I take care to clean up all other debts do you imagine that I would overlook this one?"

SOLANO was the county seat, and consequently Auvergne's trial was held in the very town where he had committed his crime. As a matter of fact, the courthouse was some five hundred yards down the main street. Louise could see it quite clearly from where she stood conversing with the man who was called the debt payer.

A crowd of curious folk milled about before it, unable to force their way into the already crowded hall of justice.

A hatless man appeared suddenly on the steps, and said something. From the pack of Solanoites came a sudden jumbled roar—a mixture of approval and resentment. Just what their mood was Louise found it hard to determine.

"Guilty," said Ferrier quietly. "They've found him guilty."

The door of the courthouse opened. A burly man, with a star pinned to his flannel shirt, appeared. There was a heavy cartridge belt around his waist, and the holstered pistol was swung around to the front, flat against his thigh. Beside him, and tightly gripped around his wrist by the sheriff's fingers, was a lark faced man in a dusty sack suit.

A battered flivver, with a deputy at the wheel, stood in the street. The sheriff shouldered his way toward it.

"They're going to take him out of town," Ferrier explained. "Afraid to leave him here for fear his friends might raise enough courage to attack the jail."

Louise did not answer. She was staring intently at Auvergne.

The sheriff reached the rattly little automobile, placed a hand on the door, and half turned to urge his captive into it. Then some one in the crowd tripped him. Another whisked Auvergne out of his grip, and propelled him across the street. There were horses hitched to the rack, and the Frenchman ran for them. Apparently the plot had been worked out in detail.

Several men rolled the sheriff on his face in the dust. The deputy, cursing like a fiend, scrambled out from behind the wheel, groping for his gun, but some one knocked it from his hand before he could use it.

Auvergne was in the saddle instantly, riding for dear life down the street. The few decent folk in the crowd were overcome before they could interfere.

Thruout all the excitement Phil Ferrier had not moved. Now he smiled.

"It's quite like a moving picture, isn't it, Miss Morgan? Now, if I were you I'd go away from here. Those thugs will realize that, after this bit of work, they won't be able to stay in town. Before they go they will want to discuss some matters with me—and the discussion will hardly be pleasant."

Louise remembered the distinct thrill of fear that shot thru her; not for herself, but for this tall, black-haired young man who lounged so negligently before her. She wanted to stay—and yet she had to admit to herself that the idea was ridiculous. Why should she jeopardize herself for a man she had known only a few minutes, and whom she would probably never see again? It was nonsense.

Yet, as she turned away, she laid her hand impulsively on Ferrier's arm.

"Come with me, then. There is nothing to be gained by staying and facing them. Come."

"Thank you, but I can't."

"Why not? There is nothing to gain, I tell you."

"But there is something to lose."

"What is that?"

"My self respect. I have never yet turned my back on trouble, and I am afraid that it is a trifle late in the day to start." He flashed her a smile that lit up his handsome, confident face. "But I am glad that you—— Well, that you don't want to see me—hurt."

Louise had known that she was foolish to talk so; that after all, it could not matter greatly in her life if this man lived or died, but she said in a voice that was slightly choked with the excitement and emotion of the moment, "And you won't come—even for me?"

"No," said Ferrier, and a trace of the implacable hardness came into his voice. "I'm afraid I can't—even for you!"

Then Louise went, but she stayed on the other side of the street to watch.

They came surging down toward the Solano House, those friends who had freed Auvergne from the toils of the law; a score of tanned, bearded men with burly bodies and menacing faces. They were headed by a man named Ferguson, a dour Scot with the bitter drop in him.

Phil still slouched in his place as they swarmed up before him. He made no motion toward his revolver, and a careless smile was stamped on his lips.

Ferguson planted himself before Ferrier. He was a huge, raw boned fellow with a mop of blazing red hair, and a wild glare in his eyes.

"Ma name," he said with a grand Scotch burr, "in case ye dinna know it, is Aleck-sander Fairguson. Ye'r no juist to ma likin', Mister Ferrier—an' never ha' ben. Ye tried to send puir Auvergne to his end, for end it would be in the jail for heem. A-weel, yon is a game two can be playin', I'm a-thinkin'."

"He was guilty as the devil," responded Ferrier. "I told the truth about him, and that's the end of the matter. You and your friends had better keep moving or you'll find yourselves occupying places in the same State boarding house where Auvergne will be in a few days."

A hot flush blazed into Ferguson's face, and his eyes went suddenly mad.

Then Phil Ferrier acted.

All Louise had heard of the man's quickness and skill fell far short of what she saw then.

Auvergne's friend went after his gun, and he was no sluggard when it came to the draw. But Ferrier covered the distance between them in one leap and his pistol seemed to flash into his hand while he was still in the air. Ferguson had not gotten his revolver clear of its holster before the barrel of Ferrier's weapon crashed against his temple.

The instant the Scot slipped unconscious to the ground Phil spun about like a cat, and the black barrel of his colt menaced the others. They swayed back like reeds before the wind, for there was a savage look on Ferrier's face, and his finger curled around the trigger.

But, when he spoke, there was the same drawling softness in his tone as when he had talked with Louise.

"I told the truth about Auvergne in the courthouse," he said, "and I shall tell it again when he is caught. As for you rats—scatter—." A note of sharpness flamed into his voice, and the mob broke away.

That was all. Returning home, there in the smoky, grimy railway coach, Louise Morgan had reconstructed that thrilling day in Texas. She had only seen Phil Ferrier once again, and then he had shaken the dust of Solano from his boots.

She wondered where he was now.

The train began to hiccough on its brakes. Here and there a man rose and began to button his jacket.

A moment later she descended to the shabby station at Barren River into her father's arms.

OLD MAN MORGAN and his daughter rode together along the broken and rugged road that led from town to the wooded ridges of Shadow Mountain, where he had built his home. They rode in silence. There was a companionable understanding in their quiet; an understanding accorded few fathers and daughters in any land!

The owner of the vastly valuable Morgan Oil Company was a man who had made his fortune far from Barren Lake. His early life had been spent there and he had come back to it, determined to put his money and energy into the upbuilding of the land he loved. With the luck of a man who has always had luck ride with him, Morgan struck oil where oil had never been known to be, and his fortune tripled and tripled again.

With him to Barren Lake he had brought Louise, and for her greater comfort had built a home such as that country had never seen. It perched on the flank of Shadow Mountain and was a seven-day wonder to all the folk thereabout.

The pumps, machinery and bunkhouse all lay in the bottoms, a splash of yellow light, discernible to the riders on the road.

The windows of the bunk-house were open, and a warm wind danced thru them pleasantly, giving no hint of the deadly bite they would carry in a few short weeks. Within the men were sprawled about, taking their ease, or preparing for bed. There was a noisy clatter, the pungent odor of strong tobacco.

One of them sat near the fire-place, strumming on a guitar and humming, beneath his breath, an unintelligible tune.

He was a trap-jawed young man, with a wide mouth and very white teeth, and his name was Shipman. Occasionally he shot a glance at a stocky fellow in a flannel nightshirt, who lay moodily on a cot, but principally he seemed absorbed in his strumming.

"Say, why did Boyd traipse out to Seattle?" asked young Fairbairn over in the corner. "I hear tell he's goin' to marry Louise Morgan, an' it don't look to me as if a' engaged man ought to be trusted that far away from his little sweetie."

Shipman looked up. "He inherited some money. There was a legal tangle, and his presence was necessary. I reckon the Morgan Oil Company won't go to smash just because the chief engineer is away for awhile."

"Gee, but you're touchy," said Fairbairn. "Nobody said you didn't make a good boss, Ship. I was talkin' about Boyd an' Miss Morgan. Mighty sweet girl, she is, an' Boyd's pretty lucky to get her."

"He hasn't got her yet," said the man in the nightshirt.

"What do you mean, Auvergne?" somebody asked.

"I mean that Monsieur Shipman has brought the one man into the camp who will keep your Boyd from getting the

(Continued on Page 16.)

THE NEWEST AND MOST STYLISH
Slenderizing VOILE
Dress
For Stout
Women
Sizes 43 to 53
Now Only
$2.98
SENT C. O. D.
You cannot fully appreciate the marvelous change this long panel effect will make until you see it on yourself. Exceptionally well made and true fitting in the newest straight line style that is so new and becoming.
Colors: Navy Blue Lavender Black or Tan
Regular $8.00 Value
Send No Money
Made of dainty excellent quality figured voile—cut in comfortable low neck design with vestee and sash of same material. Stylish flaring sleeves. Dress charmingly trimmed with beautiful white expensive lace.
Money Back If Not Satisfactory
Just Send Your Name, size and color wanted and pay postman $2.98 plus postage on arrival. Order by No. A .D. 139.
Lee Thomas Co., Dept. 407 Chicago

PUBLIC NOTICE!!
GOVERNMENT
MERCHANDISE $6,000,000 SALE—
You are hereby offered $6,000,000 Government Army & Navy surplus stock 30c to 40c on the dollar. Consisting of wearing apparel, clothing, underwear, gloves, shoes, hardware, house furnishings, implements, harness, camping outfits, saddles, dry goods, blankets, guns, revolvers, everything for FARM, HOME, CAMP, FACTORY.
Examples of values: GOVERNMENT (CLASS B) O. D. OVERCOATS (COST $24.00) SALE PRICE $3.95.
GOVERNMENT ARMY & NAVY SURPLUS MDSE. ASS'N
1540 Broadway, Desk 87 NEW YORK
FREE ILLUSTRATED SCHEDULE Listing Everything MAILED ON REQUEST

FREE!
EMBROIDERY
CATALOG AND INSTRUCTION BOOK
Write to-day to L. STOCKMAN & SON,
214 Wyckoff Avenue, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
New York City's Leading Art Needlework Shop.

WATCH FREE
This fine American made Watch, new style, stem wind and set, GUARANTEED to keep time; Given for selling only 8 boxes of ROSEBUD Salve at 25c each and returning the $2.00. EASY TO SELL. We TRUST YOU. Order today.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO.
Box 132. Woodsboro. Md.

Amazing New Fuel!
3 Times Heat of Coal!
Don't burn coal and wood! A new kind of fuel has been discovered which gives 3 times the heat of coal! Now you can banish dirt and drudgery! No wood chopping, no coal to carry, no ashes, no smoke, no soot, no worry about coal shortages, exhorbitant prices or strikes.
New Invention Fits Any Stove or Furnace
Agents and Distributors
Oliver representatives make big money—$500 and more a month. Thousands of spare time workers, agents, salesmen are needed. $75 a week easy.
Exclusive territory—real cooperation. Write at once for Free Sample Case Offer, interesting literature and full details. No obligation. Write R. M. Oliver, President, at address below.
An amazing new invention—The Oliver Oil-Gas Burner—burns 95 per cent air and 5 per cent oil, the cheapest fuel there is. Already over 150,000 stoves and furnaces have been equipped with the Oliver. With an Oliver installed in one minute your old range will heat, cook and bake twice as well. Your heating stove will give much or little heat when and as you want it. Your furnace will automatically furnish steady even heat to suit the weather—by simply turning a valve. The Oliver is cheap, simple, fool-proof, absolutely safe and will last a lifetime. Perfect heating guaranteed. It is made in 16 different models to fit any type of stove or furnace. Just turn a valve and you have much or little heat, when and as you want it. No more fires to build or rebuild. No more shaking of ashes and tending fires, no more frozen pipes, no bills for hauling ashes or janitor service.
Low Introductory Price
Send the coupon for interesting Free Book, "New Kind of Heat" and Special Low Price Introductory Offer. Mail the coupon now—don't go through the Winter drudging with dirty expensive coal and wood. Clip and mail coupon now.
Oliver Oil-Gas Burner Co., 2027G Oliver Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Send me your FREE book, "New Kind of Heat" and special low price introductory offer. I am interested in the burner for a
☐ Coal Range ☐ Heating Stove ☐ (Steam) (Hot Water) (Hot Air) Furnace
Name...
Address...
City..............................State............
OLIVER OIL GAS BURNER
OLIVER OIL-GAS BURNER COMPANY
2027G Oliver Building St. Louis, Mo.
Canadian Distributors, 2027G Oliver Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

The Concluding Installment of

The Power of Appearances

By
Alvah Milton Kerr

PART TWO.

THE forces of most human dramas lie wide, pushing toward central action slowly or suddenly from obscure and unexpected sources. It was so at Low Midway. With the Blossom family static, two men had been approaching, one from the far Pacific, the other from a neighboring State, and the first having telegraphed Jason Blossom and the last having beheld his youngest daughter, the Blossom family became dynamic.

The last mentioned man, young Dick Hallet, alias Homer Jones, like Colonel Ben Blossom, had qualities of rareness, but of a different sort. The one was seeking money the other fleeing from it. To an occulist tracing the Akashic record of Dick Hallet, now Homer Jones, the mystic memory of nature would have revealed him entering a law office in Cleveland two weeks before, a look of worry in his handsome eyes.

"Well, Mr. Langdon, I received your letter. Am I to be owned and oppressed by this—by the whole of Dad's—Has the court——" he began stumblingly.

"Yes, my boy, here are the court papers turning over to you the entire estate," had been the attorney's reply. "I congratulate you. You are now a very rich young man. As an old friend of your deceased father I would like to express the hope that you will exercise care in preserving his accumulated wealth. I advise you to marry."

The young man looked disconsolate. "Yes, with this load of dough it's a fat chance I'll have of marrying a girl that really cares for me! It's been hard enough for me with this stuff only a prospect, now—well, the skirts!" He flung up his hands despairingly.

"Surely you can discriminate, you know if the regard of the opposite sex is genuine?"

"Not when one is plastered with kale. I'm going to slip away to some small town and work as a poor chap and see if some honest-to-goodness girl won't fall in love with me. There is no other way."

"Good! I again congratulate you. I think your father's money is safe," and the gray lawyer shook the young man's hand enthusiastically.

Later this Dick Hallet, as one fleeing great peril, leaped from a limousine at a sumptuous dwelling out Lakeside way, and ran into the house. He passed a waxen butler and fled up a splendid stair three steps at a clip and entered his chambers. Packing a worn bag and donning his most modest suit of clothes, he descended, again three steps at a time, and said to the butler:

"John, here's a check. I'll send you one the first of every month. Keep things ship-shape. I am going to the country. I may be gone a month, I may be gone a year. When I return I'll bring a wife with me."

The butler looked vivid, then blank. "Congratulations, Mr. Richard," he said. "May I inquire who the lucky lady may be, sir?"

"I don't know, John, haven't the slightest idea, never saw her in my life, but she will be a hum-dinger, and she won't know until she gets here that I've got money. Good-by," and four days later "Homer Jones" began working in the candy factory at the Low Midway.

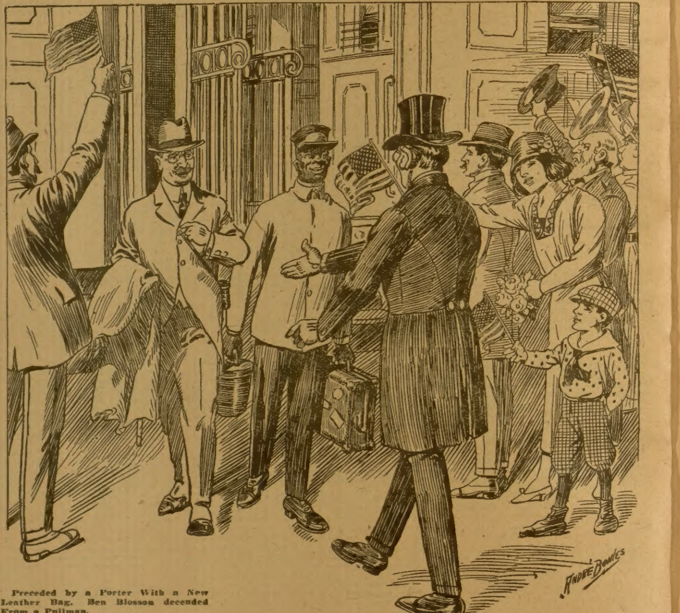
It was Homer Jones, subduing his native pulchritude with modest raiment, who came to call upon June Blossom. He seemed, indeed, a very charming candymaker. Sarah was delighted with him, Margy watched him admiringly but suspiciously, while June became in his presence a fluttering wild rose.

IN THE afternoon of the following day, which was Saturday, he came up the long slope to the old gray house again, bearing a box of caramels. Perceiving June racing up and down the back yard with a collie dog, he sprang over the low vine-covered wall and presented her with the candy. They sat down in the old arbor and had a very sweet and sticky time, for the caramels were curiously soft and shapeless.

"I made them myself," explained Homer rather apologetically. "Most too much glucose and not quite enough sugar cane in the sugar, I think, and I spilled the flavoring when I was pouring it in. Got it a little strong, don't you think?"

"Oh, not at all," mumbled June, licking the adhering stuff from her fingers. "I like it this way. It is just too sweet for anything." Which was near the naked truth. "I think it just wonderful the way you can make candy."

"Oh—hardly that. I enjoy the work, but am sorry their glucose and cane proportions are different here from what they use in larger factories, where I've worked. I came near spoiling this batch, but I'll make you something fine next time. I hope I can afford—hope I have the price, next payday to hire an auto and go—I'd like fine to take you riding sometime, if your father don't care. You know, I used to be a chauffeur, and understand about machines."



Preceded by a Porter With a New Leather Bag. Ben Blossom decended From a Pullman.

"How wonderful!" Everything relating to Homer Jones seemed wonderful to June. "A man who works knows so many things. I can go, I feel sure, for sister Sarah told daddy about you. She thinks you are—are nice."

"Do you?"

"Why, of course—some—anyway, the candy you make is. Her long eyelashes fluttered and she glanced at him sidewise laughing softly. "I think if you wore your hair pampadour instead of parted on the side and combed down on your forehead like a country boy, it would—would make you lots handsomer."

He colored and fidgeted a moment. "Maybe it would, but a workman—sometimes I do, but I'm ashamed of it. Well, just for fun I will—this afternoon." He drew a comb from a pocket of his vest and roached his hair straight back. "No longer a poodle, eh?" he queried.

June clapped her sticky hands. "Why, how distinguished, how—how perfectly splendid!"

He arose and bowed low with his hand upon his heart, and after that they laughed and talked for a long time, feeling utterly and deliciously acquainted.

When he had gone June sat musing. The air seemed filled with flowers. Presently her eye was attracted by a letter, lodged among the vines where the princely candy-maker had leaped the wall. She took up the letter curiously. It had been opened and was addressed to one Richard Hallet, and in it Jacob Langdon, an attorney, apprised Mr. Hallet that large wealth had been left him by his father, and requested Mr. Hallet's attendance at Jacob Langdon's office in furtherance of the matter.

June studied the letter, biting her red nether-lip and puckering her white brow. Suddenly she laughed joyously and, glancing about her, hid the letter in her bosom. She went back to the house smiling and singing softly.

FRIDAY'S issue of the Gazette had put before the community announcement of Col. Benjamin Blossom's approaching visit to his boyhood home, and a tribute reflecting his achievements and wealth that bordered on hyperbole. Monday's issue stated that upon his arrival Wednesday the mayor and prominent citizens had arranged to welcome Colonel Blossom home in a manner appropriate to the great event.

The Blossom girls were aquiver, and their father would have been so, only that he was so frightened and amazed and busy. Also, he had begun to be vaguely apprehensive as to how he was going to spend all his money should this continue. Homer Jones, too, seeing these effulgent facts set forth in print, began to wonder if his paltry two or three millions really put him in the Blossom class.

At 3 o'clock of Wednesday afternoon, Ben Blossom's train rolled into Low Midway. A brass band, a long string of automobiles and carriages, and an impressive concourse of people, eager and expectant, awaited him. The Blossoms came down in their new car, the daughters in fine array and the doctor in a Prince Albert suit and silk hat, all of which was to the beholder as magic. How would it all end? June could hardly breathe, her father was in a perspiration. The notables of the town gathered about them. Homer Jones came and shook hands with them and stood by with uncovered head, seriously impressed. Then the train bearing the great man swept in and stopped.

Preceded by a porter with a new leather traveling-bag, Ben Blossom descended from a Pullman. Gray and tanned, but particularly well dressed, he gazed about at his boyhood town and the smiling crowd, wondering what could be going on. It must be that the Governor of the State or a United States Senator was arriving or departing, he thought, when suddenly his brother Jason was shaking both his hands and three young women were hugging him.

"These are the girls, Ben," he heard Jason saying, then a man at the head of a group of bareheaded citizens was making a speech to him, extolling his achievements and welcoming him home to his native town, and a band was playing and thousands of people, it seemed to him, were shaking hands with him, and, presently, he was riding beside the mayor in a procession headed toward the old gray house of his father.

Dazed and all but speechless, he yet noted that his brother Jason, in the second car, was lifting his hat and bowing right and left, and that his nieces were smiling and fluttering handkerchiefs to people about them, so he bowed and smiled in all directions, beginning vaguely to enjoy himself. He had seen many things in many places, but never before an acclaimed hero riding home engulfed in glory. He did not know what it was about, but it wasn't half bad.

When the ceremonial of honor and adulation had finally burned itself out, and the Blossoms were alone in their big front room with closed doors, they looked at each other and Uncle Ben eloquently.

"Jason, in the name of the great horn spoon, what does this mean?" asked the astounded hero. "Have they heard that I am a lunatic and have to be treated this way to keep me from killing somebody, or do they think I'm the Messiah?"

Jason leaned against the old square piano and fiddled uneasily with his new silk hat. "I don't know, Ben, but it's all over the country here, and has been in the papers, that you're a great man and a millionaire. I hope, I do hope, Ben, that you've come home rich. I——"

"Yes, breathed Sarah, Margy and June with dry lips, "we do hope, Uncle Ben, that you—you——"

Uncle Ben threw back his head and laughed. "Me a millionaire! I came over from Honolulu stowed away among the sugar sacks in the hold! I've got the clothes on my back and seventy cents left, that's all!"

He took two ten-cent pieces and a silver half-dollar from his pocket and looked at them ruefully.

Jason, Sarah and Margy fell upon chairs as limp as rags. June dropped full-length upon a sofa and screamed with laughter. Uncle Ben sat down and stared at them, grinning and swearing under his breath.

"Oh, Uncle Ben, let me show you!" cried June, and she brought a book from a center-table and pointed to a printed passage. "Just read that."

Uncle Ben stuck glasses upon his nose and read:

"If the world believes you rich, whether you are actually so or not, it will worship you and strew your path with gifts. Heiresses to real wealth, or those who are only fancied to be heiresses, marry with about equal ease. Nothing is so potent as appearance."

Uncle Ben stroked his big gray mustache a moment reflectively then he whistled a single long, low note. "I see! I see! And you are only the baby of the Blossom family! Well, by thunder!"

"Well, I—we've been so awful poor—and daddy, he— Anyway, Mrs. Catsby and Mrs. Bagley, they——" began June.

"Never mind, I've been looking for you! It's genius!" laughed Uncle Ben. "From now on I'm a millionaire. Let the world strew my path with gifts! I am the great god Mud plated with gold! Let them worship! And, girls, marry while the marrying is good!"

THRU nearly two weeks Col. Ben Blossom had lain in the roses and lilies of life, absorbing the land's choicest fat. Courted and feasted, he bore his honors with urbane dignity and a kind of affable profundity that was both ingratiating and impressive. Jason was worried but up to his chin in practice. Ashley Carr and Steve Latty came every third evening to the old house on the slope. Sarah began to grow plump, Margy's voice became crystalline. June grew amazingly pretty but changeable, demure, elated, anxious, mysterious. Homer Jones came to see her with appalling frequency. Upon one evening he remarked rather wistfully:

"This is corking fine weather. I'd like to lay off tomorrow and take you riding, but I'm afraid I'd lose my job. It's rotten, this being poor and having to work."

"It seems so, but it must be fine to learn how to save money and build up character," she said cheerfully.

He looked at her enviously. "It must be great to be an heiress, like you," he said

June yawned and patted her mouth. "Oh, I don't know. It isn't much when one is used to it."

On the following day Homer came timidly into Jason's office, seeking a private interview. When they were alone he mopped his flushed face and said: "Dr. Blossom, my conscience is—is—you see, I am not exactly what I seem. I am a rich man pretending to be poor, hoping to find a girl who will love me for myself and not for my money. When a young fellow is heavy with kale, you have no idea how the skirts—what I mean—what I'm trying to say is that I'm in love with your youngest daughter, and it doesn't seem decent and respectful for me not to tell the truth about myself. Of course, I can't tell her until—until—I wanted to tell you who I really am and—and ask you if I might ask her. I am not really Homer Jones, I am Dick Hallet of Cleveland. You know, the Hallets are—are——"

Jason broke out laughing and shook hands with him. "Well, for once the joke is certainly on Baby! And you are rich, not a candy-maker? Won't the child be pleasantly shocked! It's all right, my boy, I don't blame you. Romance, adventure! You and brother Ben ought to be partners."

The young man looked pleased and relieved. "I'd like to tell Colonel Blossom the truth, if you think best," he said. "I don't like to deceive him, and I may need his influence with—with——"

"Yes, do so, but tell him to keep it dark, the joke on Baby. Plague those people trying to get in! I've got to get larger offices."

Homer glanced about. "A little bit cramped, that's so. Why, I wonder if I might—might—if you happen to be short, Doctor, you know it would tickle me sick to let you have ten thousand, or so, for a while, just temporary like, you know, and to prove that——"

"Thank you, my boy. No, no, I am all right, doing fine," said Jason.

THE Gazette two mornings later contained a glittering item: "Our worthy and famous visitor, Col. Benjamin Blossom, nitrate importer and sugar operator—may he remain permanently with us!—yesterday consulted Architect Bradley relative to erecting a chapel, a gift to his native town, in our new Hilltop cemetery. It will not be large, but ample, and along Grecian lines. Also, the Colonel has been looking about with the generous thought of giving the town a public park, tho a positive site has not yet been selected. Dr. Jason Blossom and his charming daughters, the Colonel informs us, have largely prompted these beneficial evidences of his regard for his native town. A banquet and ball will be given in honor of the Colonel at the Parker Hotel by the Low Midway Woman's Club, next Saturday night. A well-earned tribute to a great and generous character."

When Jason read this he sought his brother, fairly perspiring blood. "In the name of common sense, Ben, what are you trying to do? This chapel—this park! Why, where—were is the money to come from? I—I——" He mopped his bald spot and could get no further.

"We've got the money, Old Worry," laughed the Colonel. "June's candy-man, Richard Homer Jones-Hallet, confessed to me. I borrowed fifteen thousand of him. Oh, he wanted me to have it; don't squirm. He's a succulent thing, but never mind, I'm not going to let him lose."

"But the chapel, the park! What's the object?"

"They are a gift to the gods. I've a big idea, and big ideas can't be launched without lubricating the skids. It's about the East Lifts and nitrate. Watch me. Oh, by the way, when I got the money I went straight from the bank to see your Dr. Byron Harte. The girls had told me about the mortgage. And, O, my brother, I didn't do a thing to that snake! Why, I used to know him in Vancouver, eight years ago. He was selling Herbs of Wonder and Oil of the Banyan Tree from a wagon. I bought in with him, paid him three thousand for a half interest, and he disappeared over night. And now? Well, I choked him black, and demanded your mortgage, and he canceled it and promised to get out of town. Here's the paper. Warrior, nemesis, philanthropist, that's me!"

Tears came into Jason's eyes as he took the terrible document, now harmless. "Ben, you are a wonder!" he said

"Oh, some, maybe, but June——" He smote his knee and laughed. "The child is a genius, but for once she's fooled. Won't she hit the seventh heaven when she finds out he is a millionaire! The blessed, innocent kid!"

IT HAPPENED. On the night of the grand gastronomic and terpsichorean crush in honor of the Colonel, the aspiring candy-maker spoke. Near midnight he and June slipped out from a function—a social aurora wherein the lesser Blossoms were, at least, as asteroids, in the gleam of Uncle Ben, the blazing comet—and found themselves on a rear balcony where there were potted plants and seductive moonlight. Here they sank upon a bench, and June straightened the young man's necktie and brushed some face powder from his coat, lifting starry eyes to his face solicitously. The honest pretender tremulously put his arms about her and told her how deeply he cared for her

The girl, radiant yet half crying, nodded and nodded her head as he talked. He then took a diamond ring from his pocket but, as he held it between thumb and finger, paused and said with an effort: "June, I have a confession to make. I cannot go on with this without telling you the truth. I am not what I seem. My name is not Homer Jones; it is Dick Hallet."

June nodded and nodded her head, still both radiant and half-crying

"And," he went on inexorably, "I must tell you further. I am not a candy-maker and a poor man. I am a rich man."

"Yes, I knew you weren't a candy-maker from those first caramels, and I knew you were rich, but I didn't mind it a bit. I loved you just the same." She slipped the rosy third finger of her left hand thru the ring as he dazedly stared at her. "You see, Richard, I found a letter, a lawyer's letter. It is up at the house. But if you had known the truth it would have spoiled everything. You would have thought I was after your money, and then you would have gone away, and—— Well, if you had been only a candy-maker named Jones I would have married you, anyhow, if—if you'd have had me. I didn't like to fool you, but—but——" she hid her face against his shoulder, crying softly

He turned his head and kissed her hair. "Well, for the love of Mike'" he whispered in awe. "May I be——" Then he kissed her hair again.

Less than a month afterward Jason, now immersed to his bald spot in practice, said to his brother: "Well, Ben, I s'pose you are wanting to go back to Manitoba, or somewhere, but if you'd stick around with us a while, I'll get you started in something. I'm making money, you know"

"Thank you Jason, I am going some—but not to Manitoba. The big men and bankers of Flaxen Head and High Midway and this town—we've incorporated to make rock fertilizer and nitrate and put the East Lifts, and the United States generally, really on the map. I am a soil expert, Jason; there I am not a fraud; and they've given me a block of stock and made me manager at ten thousand a year. And I'm going to build the chapel—that much, anyhow—and June's candy-boy is to be in the running fifty thousand worth, including the borrowed fifteen thou, and you with grandfather's old farm. We will bring the worn-out East Lifts back to their Eden state."

"My God!" mumbled Jason. "I heard some talk, I guess, but was too busy to listen. My God!"

"Yes, exactly. Pulverized limestone the soil acidity, pulverized phosphate rock for phosphorus, and pulverized gypsum to provide sulphur, all necessary plant foods. Piles of these all around here. Then pure nitrogen obtained by liquefaction of the air. It is done in Norway, Austria, France. We can do it. We will feed this starved and abused old earth, at least hereabouts, and put fat on its ribs. I'm glad I came home, and I'm particularly glad that little June was ever born."

"So am I," murmured Jason. "So am I, she's so happy"

All of which is exposition of the truth that even gossip is evil or good in the degree that it is unkind or kind, and also explanation of the large fact that the foundations of the East Lift's Fertilizer and Nitrate Factory are now being laid, and the smaller but happier fact that Sarah and Margy Blossom are wearing wedding rings.

THE END.

The Champions

By Paul Baxley

AND a girl was the cause of it all! Not that I blame Margarine a bit. She did exactly right. But—well—you know how it is!

Jule Smith and Billy Falls were born the same week in May, 1904, had played together thruout childhood, fought for each other in boyhood days—and then—they met Margarine Fuller. And when a fellow gazes upon her lovely visage, he's ready to sever diplomatic relations with her many admirers.

If I wasn't so bashful, I'd have been mixed up in the scrap, too. But I'm glad I wasn't—and for several reasons. Margarine had only lived in Haptown one week when Jule and Billy began paying their respects to her. Her mother had moved from Leaksboro to lease the old Chapman House, where she kept boarders.

Billy didn't favor the idea of both he and Jule calling upon her the same night, so it was arranged that he should come every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night, and Jule the alternate dates. They failed to agree on who should have Sunday night at his disposal, and great was the consternation of Jule when he rang the door-bell of the Fuller residence one Sabbath and Billy met him at the door. But he tried not to show it.

"Ticket?" inquired Billy with a very superior air.

"Snake's sake, and what are you doing here?" demanded Jule.

"Same to you, son!"

"Huh?"

"Well, I might ask you the same question!"

"And who might you be?"

"General 'Gene o' the Hoss Marines!"

"James, show me into the parlor!"

"Enter th' villun!" beckoned Billy with a flourish.

Margarine welcomed Jule but more particularly the box of chocolates he brought her. It was opened. Sour looks were exchanged when Billy carefully selected a choice piece and devoured it. From that minute on, they were bitter enemies.

Billy was for pulling straws to decide the Sunday night visitor, but Jule wanted to stage a knock-down-drag-out affair then and there. They finally compromised, and the greatest prize-fight in the annals of Haptown history was the result. The date set was two weeks distant, and the two young hopefuls prepared to train.

Jule attacked the milk-shakes with a vim and vigor that quite surprised old Doc Clarke, proprietor of the Haptown Drug Emporium. And when Jule insisted on helping the delivery boy with his trips, Doc was plainly amazed and asked for an explanation. When informed of the coming event, he muttered something about wishing prize fights would come more often.

Bill, the erstwhile "printer's devil" at the 'Haptown Educator" office, welcomed the hard work. Which was more than agreeable to Ezry Hoskins, the none-too-ambitious printer. Ten years, now, he had longed for such an opportunity.

Thru the efforts of Billy, the Haptown Educator devoted a large space on their front page to the coming affair. It read something like this:

BIG PRIZE FIGHT COMING!
Local Youths to Contest For
Amateur Championship Here May 1st.

I HAD hardly finished reading the article, on the way from the postoffice, when I met Jule.

"What's all this racket about?" I asked him. It was the first I had heard of the affair. He told me everything.

"Oleo, how about you going to see Margarine every Sunday night, to settle that part of it?" he inquired.

"Yeah!" replied I. "Count me in on it!"

Sure enough, the next Sunday night he took me with him. I think I made a

A NEW WAY TO GET YOUR CLOTHES ABSOLUTELY FREE

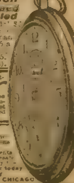
and Make Big Money during your spare time—something different, better, bigger, more liberal than any offer ever made. Lower prices — better clothes — bigger cash profits—express or postage paid on everything.

DOUBLE PAY

Free Clothes and Cash Profits Besides. You can easily earn [illegible] extra, every week during your spare time, taking orders for our made-to-measure clothes. We don't ask you to use your cash profits for your own clothes. That's not our way of doing business. Ours is a new and better plan.

Fifty six stylish real cloth samples—FREE colored fashion plates Inside wholesale prices —everything FREE. Just drop us a line today and we will send complete outfit FREE.

SPENCER MEAD CO., Dept. U-210 Chicago



ELGIN "Napoleon" Guaranteed Gold Filled Case

$7.45

[illegible] easily sell 3 to 5 a day. You pay only $7.45, sell for $12.45.

7 Jewels Adjusted (Dealers ask $20 for it).

FREE! Gold-filled "Pocket-to-pocket" vest chain free with every watch

[illegible] high grade 7-jewel, adjusted, bridge model, lever escape. Case is guaranteed 14k gold-filled

Agents Wanted! Take orders, collect your profit [illegible] Full instructions with your sample

Send No Money! Pay agents wholesale price $7.45 when delivered. We pay postage [illegible] cent for chain. Order today

UNIVERSAL WATCH COMPANY
Dept 708 1857 Armitage Avenue, CHICAGO

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
$10 Worth of Records FREE

Simply wonderful! The limit of value giving! Just think! A GENUINE DAVIS PHONOGRAPH on 30 Days' Free Trial, and on terms as low as

$2 A MONTH

In case you decide to buy. Magnificent instruments in quartered oak or mahogany piano finished cases, equipped with the finest worm gear motors, richtoned machines — at less than half the standard prices and $10 worth of records FREE.

Send No Money

Just a postal with your name and address. Only a limited number of machines shipped on this extra-liberal offer. Better act quickly. This is a life-time opportunity

DAVIS, Dept. 1-N, 6101 May St., CHICAGO

THE FINEST 25 CAL. AUTOMATIC MADE

$6.95 $25 VAL.

The highest [illegible] 25 cal. [illegible] made—with three safeties—is this new improved vest pocket model of drop forge blue steel, very well made. Shoots seven shots. Our No. EB119 at only $6.95.

20 Shot 32 cal. [illegible] military model, 10 shots with extra magazine making 20 shots in all. Our No. EB120, special at $9.75. [illegible] PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY plus postage.

Money back promptly if Not Satisfied.

CONSUMERS CO., Dept. EB, 1265 Broadway, N.Y.

Sell Shirts

Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts, Pajamas, and Nightshirts direct from our factory to wearer. Nationally advertised. Easy to sell. Exclusive patterns. Exceptional values. No experience or capital required. Large steady income assured. [illegible]

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES.

MADISON SHIRT CO., 503 B'way, N.Y. City

DROPSY Treated One Week FREE

Short treatment gives relief in a few hours, swelling reduced in a few days, regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart, purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment. COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO., DEPT. F-16, ATLANTA, GA.

Free for 10 Days' Wear

Send no money — just your name and address. We will then send you one of these genuine Tifnite gems to wear for 10 days. Note its dazzling brilliancy. Put it alongside the costliest diamond. If you can tell the Tifnite from a real diamond, send it back

Like a REAL Diamond

A genuine Tifnite has all the fire and flash of a real diamond. And like a real diamond, every Tifnite is set in a beautiful solid gold mounting

Gents' Ring No. 1 [illegible]

Ladies' Ring No. 2 Newest style mounting. Solid gold and hand made, guaranteed. Genuine Tifnite gem, almost 1 karat weight, in exquisitely fine setting

Order Quick We have only [illegible] of these rings to quickly [illegible] new customers. Prices specially low, terms very easy. Everything on pay-as-you-wear basis. [illegible] Wear it 10 days at our expense. If anyone can tell it from diamond, send it back and we will refund your deposit. If you decide to buy, merely pay the balance [illegible] per month until the special price of $12.50 is paid. Write today.

THE TIFNITE COMPANY
1467-69 S. Michigan Ave. Dept. 760 Chicago

hit with Margarine. At least, she asked me to call again. Which I did!

The coming bout was near at hand and Jule and Bill were vigorously training, so this gave me a better chance to call on Margarine.

"What do you think of this nonsensical boxing match!" I questioned her one evening.

"It's foolish!" she burst out. "One of the two will get hurt, and they'll always be enemies!"

"Yes, that's right. Seems to me they could find some other way to settle their er—ah—love affair."

She blushed.

I broke the silence. "I wish I had known you sooner, Margarine!"

She blushed again, for Margarine is a trifle bashful, too.

We were walking out in the park one evening, at my suggestion, when we encountered Jule and Billy, and they were having a heated argument. I heard Jule say: "What did you mean by having those lies published in your filthy sheet? I'm a good mind to score a knock-out ahead of the game!"

"What! A no-account soda-jerk like you? Better learn to mix grape-juice before you tackle a man like me!"

"Huh! You slanderous cake-eater, you! You gobbled up all my candy, and now you're trying to steal my girl!"

"Looka here, Jule, you've said enough! Keep her name outa this! As for the candy, you get that at a discount, and probably it was some ol' Doc Clark couldn't sell, so he gave it to you!"

"I paid for it with good money! And what's more, a lowly printer's devil like you shouldn't be so choice in what he eats'!!"

"I'll have you understand, Jule Smith, that I'm a compositor's apprentice. And what're you? A soda-jerk, with no ambition, no future, no nothing but an ugly mug!"

They glared at each other like two bull pups! I couldn't help laughing. Margarine implored them to cease their abuse of each other, and finally they separated, going their ways. Likewise, I escorted the girl by my side to her home.

Jule called by the "Educator" office next day and angrily demanded of the editor why they had published such a one-sided account of the coming battle.

J. Preston peered over his spectacles at the youth before him.

"Why, son," he answered. "I hadn't interviewed you, and as the issue was ready for press, I had to print it that way."

"Why couldn't you have waited until you saw me!" queried Jule.

"Well, it isn't too late for you to make a statement."

"Then put this on the front page: I'm going to make Billy Falls eat his threats! In other words, when I hit Niagara, Niagara Falls!"

Rolling up his sleeve he flexed his arm. "Feel that muscle! That's what'll do it!"

J. Preston Hackette agreed that things looked promising for Jule.

Billy, who had been busily engaged in the rear, ceased his labor and came out front.

"What's this I hear! You might knock me out, Smith, but it'll take a horseshoe to do it!"

Jule laughed. "Yes, I reckon so. I remember when an automobile ran over your head, it hurt the tire more than it did you!"

With this parting shot he was gone.

AND then came the fight! The Battle of Bunker Hill had nothing on this one! The greatest crowd since the circus was in town that day. You had to fight your way into the ball park where the fight was held.

Jule had asked me a week before to be his second. This I refused to do, being strictly neutral, so he secured Spike Donovan to act in that capacity. Nothing good can be said about Spike, except that he's a bad egg, and has all the earmarks of a "villun." How he survived is a mystery to me, for work is a stranger to him, his chief occupation being watching the traffic on the street corners.

Billy's second was his cousin from Hartford. He's a stranger to me.

What a splendid picture they made, Jule and Billy, resplendent in their fighting togs within the roped arena. I wonder if anyone besides myself noticed the grins of hatred upon their faces.

The gong sounded. They shook gloved hands. The battle was on!

Billy aimed a terrific blow at Jule's nose, but his arm fell limply to his side as Jule cleverly stepped aside and jabbed at his opponent with his right.

They clinched. Finally, they separated, and blows were plentiful. At the end of the first round honors were even and damage was slight.

At the sound of the gong for the second round, Billy rushed his opponent, and came near scoring a knock-out. Jule rallied after a little coaxing on the part of his second. Blows were exchanged, but only light taps, as both kept a good defense. Then, like a lightning flash, Jule placed a terrific blow on Billy's nose. They clinched in such a way that the glove remained pasted over Billy's nose. When the referee forced a break, Billy dropped as tho he had been shot. The referee began counting, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—" As he made the last count, a look of surprise came on Jule's perspiring face. Suppose Billy was—

Grasping the water-bucket, Jule dashed the contents on the lifeless form at his feet. Shaking Billy's body, he cried, "Billy, you're not dead! ! Tell me you're not dead! ! !"

Billy opened his eyes. "Where am I?" he asked. Jule explained by helping him to his feet. He was still dizzy from the after-effects of that crashing blow.

By this time, the spectators were crowded around the ring. Old Doctor McCuthbert climbed thru the ropes and examined Billy. "Heh! Foul play, foul play! This boy has been gassed!"

Jule stared at him in amazement. "But how!" he protested. "You saw me hit him fairly. I know that didn't do it!"

"Let's see your glove!" some one demanded, and before he could reply, the glove was roughly snatched from his hand. It was examined. As the doctor read the verdict, Jule was regarded suspiciously by a bevy of curious eyes. They demanded an explanation, and all the information that he could furnish then was that he knew nothing of the matter.

Cleverly concealed within the padding of the glove was a small rubber ball. It contained a small amount of ether and chloroform! The blow which Jule gave Billy was enough to puncture the rubber receptacle, and so, crude as the device was, it had served to make Billy groggy, if only for a short time.

Then someone discovered Spike Donovan to be missing. At the first signs of an investigation, he had escaped by way of a rear opening in the fence, and was gone. Jule still protested his innocence. He explained that Spike had handled the gloves previous to the battle, and had probably done the dirty work at that time. But the referee said the fight should continue.

Billy fought like a wild-cat thruout round three, and in fact the whole battle after that. Jule gave him a pretty tough run of it tho, and so the round ended without further mishap.

Round four ended quickly. Jule and Billy were regular whirlwinds, and a good amount of blows were landed in favor of both. Their footwork was excellent, and they both danced a regular fox-trot over the mat.

Then came round five. Billy came near his ambition by knocking Jule back on the ropes, but Jule was only a second in gaining his feet and placing a heavy blow. Then the gong rang.

The sixth and last round started off merrily. Bill squared his jaw determinedly and reviewed the situation. He rushed at Jule, and knocked him his length on the canvas-covered floor. At the count of six, Jule was up and fighting. Billy met him with another powerful blow, but he stepped aside, and struck out with his left. This did little good, as Billy's fighting blood was up. Finally, Jule landed a knock-out blow, and Billy was out—but for only four counts, when the gong sounded the end of the round. And so the fight was ended. The referee declared it a draw.

As I saw Margarine home after the battle, she aired her views on the situation. "I'll never speak to Jule and Billy again!" she declared. "After this harrowing experience! Why, I wouldn't let a prize-fighter come to see me! Not when they're so brutal in their fights!"

And so I'm calling on Margarine now—with a clear field and Jule and Billy, who have made it up, are agreed that "women are like that."

THE END.

* * *

A Pleasant Voice.

TO SPEAK correct—in the grammatical sense—is an asset. To be able to speak fluently, with an absence of "er" and "um," is another asset. To be able to command a choice of words is yet another asset.

And the greatest asset of all is to have a pleasant voice. Possessing that, grammatical slips and lack of fluency can, in moderation, be overlooked.

Some of us have inherited a pleasant voice, and for the gift we ought to be supremely thankful. But not all keep it. The gift is frittered away. A querulous temper not only puts its linemarks on the face, but in time the voice is affected.

The pleasant tone departs. The habit of grumbling also affects the voice. The cult of disagreeableness does the same. If we are in a position in which we have to rule others, our one-time pleasant voice, if we misuse our position and become snappy, tyrannical and domineering, will go.

To put it briefly, every vice affects the voice.

Remember that the refrain: "It's not exactly what he says; it's the nasty way he says it!" is particularly true.

* * *

Nuttigrams.

A worn glove is the image of its paw.

The oarsman now cultivates a row-bust physique.

Vandals from the city are what make the wild flowers wild.

A good batter will often save a ball team's cake from becoming dough.

You can have a high old time by purchasing a grandfather's clock.

A motor car with only one horn can toss a man farther than a cow with two.

Marcus Does As He Pleases

By Jack Woodford

MARCUS VANCE descended the steps of the gray stone house wedged in between two others of its kind and sniffed the electric quality of the air, heavy laden with that indefinable something which comes with the first distinct and definite day of spring. Walking to the large, sleek car at the curb he startled the driver from the public garage out of his comatose state of dreamy lethargy with an unusually cheery "Good morning."

"Morning sir; fine day, sir," responded the driver; "shall you want me to drive you today?" Marcus grasped at the opportunity to dismiss the chauffeur; he disliked being driven, mightily, and only submitted at all because it looked peculiar to always do one's own chauffeuring. Servants made him nervous, since childhood he had always had the feeling that one must do the "proper" thing while in their presence. When his father passed on, shortly following his mother's death, he had at once taken advantage of the opportunity to free himself from what he called "servant supervision." His household servants all lived out; he hired his driver by the day from the garage; it gave him a new sense of freedom—no longer did he have to be proper and conform to ironbound conventionalities.

"I think not," replied Marcus, "believe I'll take the wheel myself today and run thru the park for awhile before I go down-town." The man touched his cap respectfully and lazily dismounted from the driver's seat. Marcus took the wheel and swung about in a sharp arc, driving from force of habit, toward his usual down-town route. As he turned down Fifth Avenue he observed, out of the corner of his eye, the wistful look of a decidedly pretty girl of twenty or thereabouts as she watched his elegant paint job in obvious envy.

Dirty shame, thought Marcus, to run around with all this surplus space unoccupied on a day like this. Drawing to the curb he spoke to her with springtime boldness, doing so with the pleasurable feeling that he was for once following a natural inclination without bowing down to any prescribed rule of conduct operative in his set.

"If you'd care to ride down—" he offered.

"Oh, thank you," she enthused at once, "there seems to be something wrong with the bus service this morning; I haven't seen one in twenty minutes, and I just couldn't bear to take the subway on such a day." He noted that she turned at once toward the door next the driver's seat, and wondered what perverse mental twist had made him suppose that she would prefer to ride in the rear. Stealing a look at his cleanly shaven face, in the little mirror beside the windshield, he decided, tho not overcharged with vanity, that there were probably worse looking men, driving worse looking cars along Fifth Avenue that morning.

For several blocks they rode in silence conscious only of the splendor of the spring morning.

"Do you know," said Marcus at last, "I really hadn't intended going down so early; I had thought I'd take a turn thru Central Park." She looked apprehensive.

"Oh, don't worry," he hastened to reassure her, "I'll take you to your destination and then drive back. One can ramble thru the park almost any time; not always is it possible to have such a decidedly pretty passenger at one's side. You are on your way to work, I presume," he added quickly, in order to cover up his rather predatory compliment.

"My! but this is a beautiful car," remarked the girl, without answering his question, "It seems to positively float; are you sure that the wheels are on the pavement?" He laughed and then looked at the girl intently.

"Do you know, I believe you're in the same rebellious mood as I this morning; suppose we both play truant and take a drive?"

He felt a little guilty at this, it sounded so like the usual thing that the usual man would say to such an unusual girl under such circumstances, and Marcus did not like to think of himself as being quite that declassee; he watched her anxiously.

"That would be lovely," she agreed promptly, "but can you spare the time from your work?"

"My 'work', as you are pleased to call it, consists of a more or less bungling attempt to aid a thoroly efficient general manager carry on the business my father left me. My manager will probably be

Making Money Go a Long Way

GEORGE WASHINGTON, it is related, threw a silver dollar across the Potomac River. At the spot where the feat is said to have been performed, the stream is approximately a mile in width. But admittedly, a dollar went farther then, than now.

You can make your dollar go farther than it otherwise would by reading the advertisements.

Guided by advertising, you buy merchandise of established reputation. If it's clothing you know how well it should wear and what the style should be. If it's a musical instrument, you know what to expect in tone and workmanship. If it's a vacuum cleaner, you know what kind of service it should give.

It pays to read advertising. It will save you time, money and effort. It will help you dress better, eat better, sleep better and live better.

Make every dollar travel far
Read the advertisements

delighted if I do not come down at all." She laughed.

"And my 'work' is really just a terribly boring music lesson; doubtless Herr Litsinger will be greatly pleased at the opportunity to spend an extra hour mooning over one of his potential 'masterpieces.'"

"So you are an embryo 'artiste?'"

"Well—my family seem to be firmly of that opinion. Sometimes I have grave doubts—at any rate they have managed, at no little expense and sacrifice, to send me up here to study; I'm doing my best to justify their suspicions concerning my more or less nebulous 'gifts.'"

"Your home is not in New York then?"

"No, I have a stuffy little room in a boarding house that passes, temporarily for home." Marcus swung the car about suddenly to the profane astonishment of a Black and White which had been following a short distance behind.

"Central Park, ho," he smiled at the girl who now settled herself back into the seat luxuriously, "or," he qualified, "shall we set out upon a voyage of discovery and chart a new suburb?"

"Oh! let's!" she agreed enthusiastically, "but, I'm a little hungry; I had intended getting breakfast at that cute little lunch room on the west side of the Times building, across the street, the place where they have leather cushions on the stools. I usually breakfast there, it's so New Yorky, and I haven't gotten over being thrilled by your big, wonderful city."

Marcus grinned; it pleased him to have for a companion some one so like himself who could positively enjoy eating in a place because it was peculiar and had leather on the stools.

"If atmosphere is what you're after, we'll just continue another block and then turn down a side street to the left." At length they found their way to one of those delightfully intimate little cafes where each corner seems a private domain in which "heart-to-heart" talks may be indulged in without danger of one's being overheard. Marcus watched the girl with no effort to conceal his growing interest and admiration. When she finished off a light breakfast with a small piece of custard pie he was positively thrilled—he had often conceived that very idea himself but lacked the moral courage to face the amazed look of any waiter or waitress he had ever seen in order to put it into execution.

ALTHO by no means the type of man who looks upon women as a more or less dangerous, but vastly intriguing toy, he was not unused to the company of pretty members of the opposite sex, and therefore not unappreciative of the free charm of the girl before him. The almost palorous white of her finely textured skin suggested the expert attentions that other New York girls of his acquaintance knew so well how to obtain, but her long, jet black shiny hair, coiled in deliciously amateurish fashion over a small, well moulded head gave the lie to any suggestion of artificiality. He noted her slender, almost child-like hands, and wondered at the exquisite care, almost professional perfectness of her nails—surely, he thought, she was not one who could afford frequent manicures and yet—In some puzzlement he took advantage of each opportunity to attempt to fathom the inscrutable quality of her deep, richly brown eyes. As she talked of her musical ambitions, her delight with New York, and all it meant to her, her eyes frequently met his, and upon every such occasion Marcus was a trifle disturbed. Genuine and frank upon the surface, there was yet something which seemed to speak from them; not intrigue, precisely, or, definitely, sorrow, rather a sort of admixture of both, he decided, and on top of that, ridiculous as it might seem, he had an almost uncanny feeling that she was for some unknown reason pitying him!

Before the long ride, out thru the country, had ended Marcus was aware that he was entertaining some kind of an emotional—he called it complex—toward this slip of a girl which he had never before felt toward any woman. He would have ridiculed the thought of love at first sight and yet he admitted to himself that all the symptoms suggested just that. Thruout the lengthy ride she had lolled back in the comfortably angled, softly cushioned seat, seemingly giving herself up completely to unfeigned enjoyment of the day, the car, and possibly, Marcus hoped, the man's company. He felt vaguely that life would take on a new meaning for him if he could but always remain by the side of one who dared frankly enjoy the most ordinary things of life. As they approached the outskirts of town he decided to plunge.

"Really, Miss—Miss——" She paid no attention to his expectant pause; somewhat chagrined he went on doggedly. "I don't know when I've enjoyed a morning more. You are so delightfully appreciative I can feel the infection of your enjoyment—do you always do exactly as you want to do?" The girl looked puzzled and he rushed on in embarrassment. "You will of course let me see you very often now, Miss—Miss—" Again the girl chose to ignore the suggestive pauses.

"It was beautiful," she agreed, "but I'm afraid it will not be possible for us to meet again; you see——" She stopped, as tho considering the advisability of confidence, "you see; I am going away in a day or so." Marcus looked, for a moment, as tho he were going to positively cry; he recalled the elusive something which he had observed in her eyes at breakfast that morning.

"'In a day or so,'" he repeated, "that means then that tomorrow, at least, I may meet you again?"

"I'm very, very sorry," said the girl decisively, "tomorrow, and every moment until I leave, I shall be dreadfully busy—let's just remember this pleasant day of gypsying as it is without spoiling the situation by doing the obvious—I'm not at all interesting, after one gets to know me real well—and, surely, you have your own circle of friends; a circle that I am sure is many, many degrees apart from my little humdrum prosaic world."

"Then, if I may not ever see you again, after today, you will, at least, be my guest at luncheon in some decidedly," he smiled down at her, "'New Yorkish,' place?"

"I'd love to," agreed the girl heartily, "providing you will refrain from saying, 'Miss—' with that suggestive pause following."

"I promise to be good, Miss— well—you'll just have to ignore that awkward pause," he finished laughing.

The place Marcus chose was the epitome of "New Yorkishness" and he had naturally supposed she would be a little diffident, but as she faced him across the correctly appointed little table he could plainly see that she was not at all out of her depth, but seemed perfectly at ease, displaying none of that awkward manner which manifests itself in the desperate effort to be sure and do the right thing in the right way.

Thruout the faultlessly served luncheon he neglected his food, altho he was not without an appetite after the long ride, to watch the girl. He felt his greatly upset to think that this dainty enigma, who had slipped so easily into his life that morning, was to drop out of it in much the same manner. She was different, he decided, wholly different from any of the copyright, standardized, metropolitan maidens whom he knew; and yet, he reflected, how was she different after all? After some thought he decided it was because of that inscrutable something which lay just behind the soft brown eyes. A little breathless sensation came over him—he must not, he could not, lose track of her. He must know more about her, and, at all costs, meet her again.

Leaning across the table he placed his hand over hers, regardless of the embarrassing, if sympathetic, smiles of the staid diners at nearby tables.

"I'm going to break my promise, Miss—" he stated calmly, "by insisting that you tell me something of yourself." She did not withdraw her hand, but looked at him pleadingly and, he imagined, pityingly.

"Do you know," she said at last, "I am doing you a great injustice, Mr. Vance, and I hate myself for it." He started in quick surprise.

"You know me by name!"

"I not only know your name, I know all about you, your family, your business connections and, lots of other things. But, I had misjudged you. You're an entirely different type of man than I had been led to believe—had I known—Vance . . . you are awfully nice. I—I—like you ever so much and I'm sorry, dreadfully sorry, that I ever met you," she ended paradoxically. Marcus nearly dropped his coffee into his lap.

"But! surely—" he began helplessly. She silenced him with a gesture.

"You wanted to know something about me. I'll tell you just a little bit, and please don't spoil our lovely day by insisting upon knowing more.

"I did, indeed, come from a little country town, out in Iowa, to study music here; but that was many months ago. I failed, miserably; my instructor told me frankly that I had no talent, that it was useless for me to go on—I dared not go back and dash to earth the hopes of those who had scrimped and saved to send me here. They justly expected that I would repay their investment a thousand fold—I was their only hope." She stopped abruptly.

"And how did you come to know my name," he questioned.

"Oh, who doesn't," she evaded; "in New York they don't let eligible bachelors, with much money, hide their light under a quiet little house on a side street. For all you know I may have set out deliberately to rope you, as they say out West. How do you know but what I stood upon that corner, this morning, for the express purpose of meeting you?"

"I wish I did think so," he laughed shortly. The girl favored him with a pleased smile. "Now, no more biographical sketches—please," she made a little moue at him and he felt his heart beat like that of an ingenuous schoolboy viewing with alarm his first "fate." Marcus decided not to question her further, but tried another tack, confident that in the end he would succeed in gaining her confidence.

"Well, if I am never to see you again, after today," he sighed, "we can at least make the most of what is left of the day. Would you care to go to the Follies matinee?"

"Oh!" sighed the girl, ecstatically and then added almost sadly, "you've been so good—so awfully good."

IT WAS during the performance of the famous Follies that Marcus finally admitted, to himself, that he was neither merely intrigued nor simply sympathetic toward his puzzling companion.

It gave him some satisfaction to admit, unreservedly, and with utter abandonment, that, unreasonable as it might seem, he was in love with this beautiful girl. It seemed to him that at last he was going to be able to take some utterly illogical, and consequently delightful, step without having to stop and consider conventions. The thought of losing her forever, immediately the evening had worn itself out, was almost maddening. Impulsively he reached over and grasped her hand. She turned, startled, and searched his face as he forced himself to rivet his attention upon the stage. A little ashamed of his own temerity he allowed her to withdraw her hand. After waiting a few moments he stole a sidelong glance. Astonished, he turned full in his seat to stare at her frankly. She was crying! Irrelevantly he wondered what the world-famed comedian upon the stage would say if he should observe that one of the fair members of his audience was in tears at his high-priced sallies. Marcus leaned toward her and whispered.

"I can't imagine what it is, dear, that so greatly disturbs you, but I'm not going to let you out of my sight until I have found out; I will protect you from everything—yourself if necessary—even if I have to forcibly abduct you directly we leave here in order to do so."

Thruout the remainder of the performance Marcus was uncomfortably aware that she was watching him intently. On the way down the aisle, after the final outburst of merriment which ended the show, both preserved a pregnant silence, each feeling that the instant they were alone again the situation was going to be awkward. Marcus led the way silently to the car.

"Well, little Iowa mystery," he said, as soon as they were seated, "are you going to tell me what's troubling you and let me straighten it all out, or shall I have to drive around 'till morning with you as my captive; I'm not going to let you go without knowing all about your evident worries."

"And yet you promised——" reminded the girl.

"And yet I promised," admitted Marcus—"but I am not going to keep that promise."

An anemic horn shrieked hoarsely behind, and Marcus was thus roughly made aware that he was totally preventing the outraged owner of a flivver from starting his homeward journey. Turning out into the tide of traffic, he started leisurely north on Broadway; the girl was plainly apprehensive now.

"I hardly think it's nice of you to be so insistent—you've been so wonderful to me all day." Marcus decided at last that for once he was going to follow his natural inclinations as promulgated by his heart, rather than bow as usual to the conventional thing which cold reasoning advised. He turned to her decisively.

"Little Iowa mystery, I love you. Love you as I never supposed I should ever love any woman. I know it sounds absolutely idiotic, but, I feel as tho all thru my life, so far, I had been merely viewing women on the lookout for you. Now that I've found you at last, after watching and waiting patiently for you all these years, please don't go as quickly as you came—I couldn't bear it. I want you as I've never wanted anything in my life. Your position in the so-called social scale does not in the least matter. Even if you have made mistakes, mistakes that you consider terrible, I don't mind, nor do I even wish to hear about them. Nothing in life really matters except love—I see that clearly now; it's wonderful, I feel, dear," he looked dreamily at a traffic officer who had raised his hand signalling the northbound vehicles to stop and drove deliberately past him to the amazement of that official who promptly drew forth a notebook and copied his number—I feel as tho to take you into my arms and kiss the troubled look from your lovely eyes would be to control all worth having in the world." She had been sitting with eyes closed, drinking in each word. As he turned to her she opened her eyes and looked dreamily up into his.

"Darling," he rushed on, "will you marry me—tomorrow?" At this she sat bolt upright and placed her hand upon his arm.

"Please, Mr. Vance," there was a decided catch in her voice, a catch which

(Concluded on Page 26.)

ONLY 25c
for Complete Stove
Including handy extinguisher and Can of Sterno Canned Heat

Great for camping, motoring, fishing, biking, picnics, etc. Equally useful at home. Cook with it, heat water, warm baby's milk. Thousands of uses. This handy sheet steel folding stove weighs only 8 ounces. Folds flat. Gives heat instantly. Can be had either from your dealer or direct.

SEND THIS AD and 25c to the Sterno Corporation, 9 East 37th Street, New York City, Dept. 23, and we will send you this stove prepaid.

STERNO
Canned Heat
The Daily Fuel of a Thousand Uses
Be prepared for your summer vacations. Send for one of these stoves while the offer lasts.

NEW TIRE
GUARANTEE
ACT NOW
30x3½ CORD
$2.00
WRITTEN GOLD BOND GUARANTEE WITH EACH TIRE

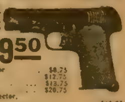
Greatest tire sale in America now on! Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Fisk and other fine makes of tires going at record breaking prices. These almost new tires will easily give thousands of miles of satisfactory service

OUR PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

	TIRES	NEW TUBES		TIRES	NEW TUBES
30x3	$1.90	$ .90	32x4½	$3.75	$1.65
30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
34x4	3.50	1.40	37x5	4.25	1.95

Just send $1.00 deposit for each tire ordered. Balance C.O.D. subject to inspection. Our written gold bond guarantee with each tire positively assures you eight months satisfactory service or another tire will be given at half price. Shipment made same day order is received. Order today NOW

INTERNATIONAL TIRE CORP.
82 EAST 14th STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



SEND NO MONEY FOR THESE AUTOMATICS
MILITARY MODEL
AUTOMATIC
A Man's Gun, 32 Cal., 20-Shot, with Extra Magazine Free
$9.50

25 Cal. 7 shot Pathfinder	$8.75
25 Cal. 8 shot Mauser	$12.75
32 Cal. Mauser	$13.75
30 Cal. 9 shot Luger	$20.75
32 Cal. 6 shot Hand Ejector, Swing Out Cylinder	$16.95
32.20 or 38 Cal. Hand Ejector	$17.95
32 Cal., Break-Open Revolver	$8.65
38 Cal., Break-Open Revolver	$8.85

Brand New Guns Use Standard Ammunition
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.
Pay Postman Our Price, Plus Postage.
EDWARDS IMPORT TRADING CORP.
258 Broadway, Dept. 587, New York

DON'T SEND A PENNY!
Gold Filled Jewelled
Bracelet Watch
$6.45
C.O.D.

FREE! Extra Silk Ribbon Bracelet
High grade ... Octagonal bracelet watch beautifully polished. Jewelled movement, carefully timed and adjusted, stem wind and set. Gold filled case and extension bracelet. Like having 2 watches because you get Free extra silk ribbon bracelet.

Now less than ½ price! Was $15 now only $6.45. Elegant jewel case Free. Order this wonderful birthday or anniversary gift which [illegible]

SEND NO MONEY! Deposit $6.45 with postman when watch is delivered. We pay postage. If not satisfied return unused and we refund your money.

UNIVERSAL WATCH CO., Dept. 16x, 1857 Armitage Ave., Chicago

Lost 34 Lbs. in 30 Days
Madame Blanche Arral, Renowned Opera Star, Tells How You Too Can Reduce Excess Weight Quickly!

This distinguished Opera Star had her own experience in carrying a load of excess fat which came near ruining her stage career, but she tells in a delightfully interesting little book how she found quick and positive relief from fleshiness in an easy and natural way. She had tried every advertised fat reducer without any satisfactory results. She drugged, dieted and exercised without getting any permanent relief. She grew so fat she had to give up her professional engagements. Then, in the course of her travels in the Orient, she was induced to try a method by which the high caste women of the Orient always manage to retain their youthful, graceful figures.

She Tells Her Own Story

What this wonderful method did—how she reduced 34 pounds in a single month, and describes in detail her experiences and travels in the Orient. For a limited time only, a copy of this book will be sent free for the asking to those interested in reducing their weight. Just send your name and address to Blanche Arral, Inc., Dept. 515A, 500 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FREE

BrownVelvet TILTED IN THE REAR

by Agnes B. Walker

GREENVILLE was sleeping. Even the flies on the mosquito-netting over the candy in Bart Truman's grocery store had all but droned themselves to sleep. Hayman Lyman's Berkshire sow lay asleep beside Bart's door, the runt, the only member of her numerous family left at the family dinner table, was stuffing himself to sleep. Bart's Buff Rocks were lying, one foot and wing stretched lazily, in the shade. Bart himself slept, his chair tilted against the wall, his fat paunch billowing and falling with the same breath that escaped in whistling, wheezing snores.

Greenville was sweltering. The August sun powdered the soil on the Ozark hills into clouds of fine dust. The August wind had covered every scrub oak, buck bush and golden rod with a thick gray coat of that dust.

Into sleeping, sweltering Greenville, slouched a gaunt, loose-hinged, gray-dust-coated figure. His beard, gray, with a streak of "terbacker" juice down the center, was dust coated. Miniature clouds of dust flew from his straw hat, ragged at the edges, as it flopped with the flopping of his loose figure. The great toes which protruded from his worn shoes were grimed with dust. Lines of moist dust, caught in the furrows on his haggard face would have made a clown's mask of it, had the eyes not looked from it, tired, clouded, infinitely pathetic. At his heels slutted a just-pup breed of dog.

The figure slouched and flopped into the doorway of Bart's grocery. The whistling and wheezing of Bart's snores greeted him. The stranger coughed. Bart stirred, rubbed his billowing paunch with a fat grimy hand, settled back into his chair and whistled a softer note.

The stranger took a step forward, placed his right hand on something on his hip and caught the back leg of Bart's chair with his grimy shoe. The chair jerked forward—a siren whistle, a choking wheeze, a final billow and Bart sat upright, blinking red watery eyes at the stranger.

"Must-a been-a sleep," from Bart.

Silence from the stranger.

"You look petered out," from Bart.

A shrug to straighten slouching shoulders from the stranger.

"Have a drink?" from Bart.

A quick glint in the tired eyes, a movement of the tongue on dusty lips from the stranger.

"Anything to sell?" from Bart, with a meaningless wink of a [illegible] red eye. A wary gleam in the [illegible], a movement of the [illegible] right hip, from the stranger [illegible] meaningless wink of Bart's [illegible] red eye.

Slowly the slouchy figure gathered itself together as if assembling its parts to make great physical effort. Bart rolled out of his chair and braced himself. But the assembling was for an effort far greater [illegible] physical. The effort [illegible] the assembling of all [illegible] powers, mental and physical [illegible] stranger assembled.

"Airy hat store in [illegible] fer wimmins?" The voice [illegible]. The pathetic eyes took on a [illegible] shade of eagerness.

A chuckle started to gather in Bart's throat, but it just started.

"Airy hat store in 'sher teown fer wimmins?" The voice still dusty—flat, but a something in it started Bart's "Adam's apple" going down in a way calculated to stay any chuckle.

"Yea, two store deown, cross the road," from Bart.

Something of a movement of assent or possible gratitude from the stranger and as quietly as a dust cloud, he flopped out of the door and down the street.

ON A tall wire stand in the window of Bart's grocery rivals, there was perched the town milliner's sign, a yellow straw hat with white cotton lillies-of-the-valley around the crown, their stems hid in a wide band of cerise ribbon.

The stranger hesitated in the doorway. The cerise ribbon on the "sign" caught his eye and he went noiselessly to it. Involuntarily his hand lifted to touch the gay creation, then glancing at the grime of that hand, he put it securely behind him.

A cheery voice startled him. He whirled round his ever ready right hand on his hip, but the flare of defiant fear died in his eyes when they met Miss Cheyney's happy smile. Isn't that a lovely little hat?" The stranger had not heard such a voice in years. It awakened a memory—a voice all ripply, joyous, a voice that had long since 'taken on the mold and gray of the mountings."

With mountain directness he told her what he had come for.

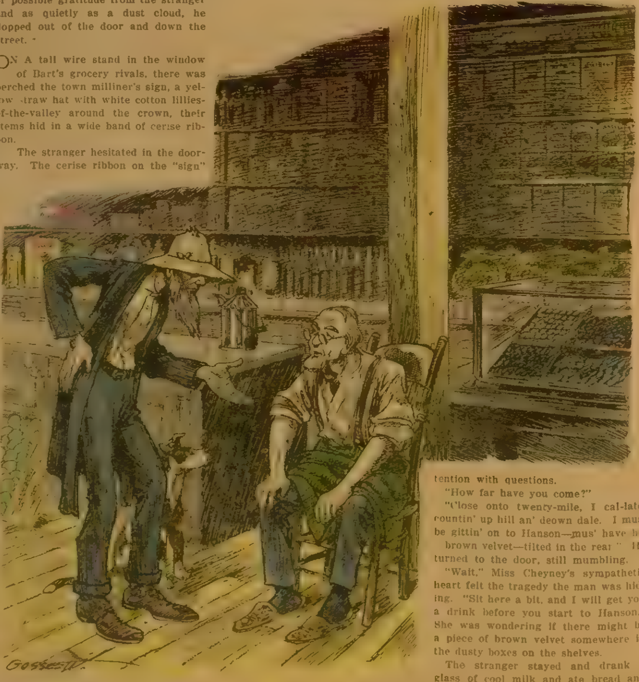
"I want a brown velvet one," nodding toward the hat," "tilted in the rear."

"But it is summer time and we do not carry velvets in summer," Miss Cheyney's voice showed no surprise. She had been in Greenville too long—there were no surprises left for her. "Straw is much cooler for summer, don't you think?" she asked pleasantly.

The stranger drew a roll of bills from his pocket. "Here's the money, mum, I ain't a-goin' to stint. Brown velvet, she said it were to be—a tilted ——"

Miss Cheyney was shaking her head. "Ain't airy other hat store in teown?" he asked. The anxious look deepened in his eyes.

"No——" and seeing the distress in his face, she thought to distract his attention with questions.



A Chuckle Started to Gather in Bart's Throat, but It Just Started.
"Airy Hat Store in 'Shar Teown fer Wimmin?"
"Yea, Two Stores Deown, Cross the Road."

"How far have you come?"

"Close onto twenty-mile, I cal-late, countin' up hill an' deown dale. I mus' be gittin' on to Hanson—mus' have her brown velvet—tilted in the rear." He turned to the door, still mumbling.

"Wait," Miss Cheyney's sympathetic heart felt the tragedy the man was hiding. "Sit here a bit, and I will get you a drink before you start to Hanson." She was wondering if there might be a piece of brown velvet somewhere in the dusty boxes on the shelves.

The stranger stayed and drank a glass of cool milk and ate bread and butter and [illegible] which Miss Cheyney placed temptingly near his elbow. She still marvels that a mountaineer, ever wary, should have partaken of refreshment with a stranger. Stranger still, he talked. Perhaps it was her voice he lingered to hear, tho the chain of memories it brought gave him excruciating pain. Miss Cheyney's sympathetic questioning at last brought out his whole story.

"A purty lil' thing, Paliny wuz—jest teched the middle button o' my shirt, here. Red cheeks and purty curls. She wuz jes' 14. I wuz a yahr oler. Our folks, they wuz agin hit, me and her marryin'. Her pap lowed he'd shoot me ef'n I pestered roun' the house agin. My pap wuz dead set on schoolin' me - he thought I wuz smarter'n the other nine.

"I'd alluz been a good chap, Miss. Minded my ole man, worked hard at rail splittin', corn hoein', all the res' o' the farm chores—ever sense I wuz big enough to hole a ax or a hoe. Lots o' times there warn't corn pone enough fer all. I wuz the olest and me an' pap done without to let the lil'uns have hit. I warn't a bad chap, Miss—but I nachely couldn't bear to leave Paliny an' go off fer schoolin'.

"We run off. We never had the Curcuit Rider say nothin' over us, tho I alluz wanted hit so. Not thet I keered, but Paliny hankered after hit. She'd learnt hit all at mission school. I wuz scairt tew stop in the teown, scairt o' her pap's gun—so we waited in the woods fer a while hopin' the Rider'd come. Then berries along the road got scairce an' I wuz hankerin' to set a crop an' build a shack agin summer, so we wandered on to Los Holler.

Onct Paliny cut her foot. We wuz settin' along side the crick fer Paliny to wash the cut when along druv a fine kerridge an' a lady in hit. Sech a lady! Laughin' an' talkin' to her menfolks an' her lil' chap. She wore a brown velvet hat—tilted in the rear." That statement seemed to overwhelm him and he sat silent a long time.

"Wal—I guess I'd better be movin' on to Hanson——" He reached for his dusty hat.

Miss Cheyney couldn't let him go now. "Tell me more of Paliny, stranger," she ventured. "Maybe I can arrange to make a hat."

"Could ye? Oh, Miss—— Ye see —" He sighed a great sigh from the bottom of his soul. "Frum thet day, my gal wanted a hat like thet lady's."

"Fer my weddin' present—now Lige. I ain't never had no hat in my whole life —We'ens got heaps o' money. I hed saved a lil' roll o' bills—but we hed to have a sow and hens to start with and a lil' more seed fer sowin'. An' tho I wuz feered o' stoppin' in teowns—we hed to start.

"We-ens built in Los Holler. Hit tuck a spell fer to lay the chimbly, but Paliny holp to draw the rock up frum the crick by rope an' we wuz cosy as need be, one room o' logs, chimbly fer fire—a almanac —Paliny wuz great fer almanacs, a sow an' chickens. Paliny wuz a firs' class shot. She foch home heaps o' game. She made a bed o' rabbit skins.

"Then come winter—an' the baby——" Again he stopped. "Cold, O so cold," he shivered. "I went to fetch the doctor. When I come back—hit wuz froze. Paliny nigh died tew.

She never wuz much fer huntin' an hoein' an' workin' atter thet an' I hed to git her a lot o' medcin', so——" He bent lower and lower. Miss Cheyney thought he must collapse. With an effort he assembled all his strength to continue his story. "I went to stillin'. I knowed 'twould break Paliny's heart eff'n I tole her. Paliny wuz a good gal, a Mission School gal." Silence—"I had tew git her medcin' tho, an' farmin' never brung no cash."

Miss Cheyney was looking over piece [illegible] in the dusty boxes now.

"When Chrismus come along s'longs we 'membered Chrismus Paliny axed fer thet hat an' a waggin to go see her folks. I never hed the cash, er thought I couldn' spare hit. I guess I war hateful, but she never saw no one but ole Miss Garnett, an' her calliker bonnet wuz ez good ez ole Miss Garnett's. She quit axin' fer hit then——"

Found! Miss Cheyney had found a piece of brown velvet, a little discolored and creased, but brown velvet.

[illegible] Lige [illegible] again started toward the door [illegible] for a woman to see his grief.

"Wait, Lige, wait!" Miss Cheney was [illegible]. "I've found it, Lige. You must wait!" Lige sat down and was silent long. "You were telling me about Lige, your little boy." She had selected a frame and was cutting the velvet. Lige did not notice.

"A fine [illegible] lil' chap [illegible]. Him an his mammy wuz so happy. [illegible] a-singin' out on the new verandy I put [illegible] the cabin las' spring.

"[illegible] gittin' a bird, lil' feller, my lil' Lige. We foun' him nex' day—a big hole in his bres, my lil' feller."

AN HOUR and a half later, Miss Cheyney had a hastily made brown velvet hat "tilted in the rear" surveying it critically as she balanced it on her hand. Lige had talked little since he finished the story of the death of his boy. He seemed to realize for the first time that Miss Cheyney had really made the hat.

"I thought ye never hed none!" he exclaimed, surprised.

"I have made this while you have been sitting here. Now a sandwich and a cup of coffee for you, Lige, and it will be finished." Again to her surprise the mountaineer ate the food she prepared. "I'll han' a bite to Tag," he said, going to the door, where the pup waited patiently. "He's a good lil' dog an' he's come a long ways. He wuz the lil' feller's dawg, Miss."

"There now, it's all ready, the brown velvet hat, tilted in the back, for Paliny. I wish it were prettier; she has waited for it so long."

"Yes'm fifteen year, I cal'late. But Miss, the lil' feller adyin' the way he did broke her heart. I come fer this—ter bury her in."

The loose-jointed mountaineer assembled himself, rose, flopped silently to the door. Then he turned, put a roll of bills on the counter. "I can't thankee, Miss." And he faded into the dusty Greenville twilight.

* * *

Romance and Reality.

"I HOPE this isn't a story about a man falling in love with his nurse," said the last man out of the library to the librarian—a male. "Anybody would think from the perusal of some of these novels, short stories and plays that a fellow couldn't love a girl, or a girl love a young man unless she had nursed him thru sickness or the sufferings consequent upon an accident. The idea doesn't sound just right to me.

"In the first place, I never could fall in love with a nurse. I had a nurse once, and she brutally and cruelly ripped a porous plaster off my back. I've never had any use for any member of the nursing profession since. I said to her——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the librarian, "I know. I was in the hospital once myself. I could hear the nurses giggling out in the hall, and they set my victuals down on the floor and stopped and talked until my meal had cooled off. When I asked for a blanket they stopped and talked in the hall so long that I got out of the notion and didn't want their blankety blank blanket, any more."

"Exactly," agreed the last man out. "But in the story the nurse that the fellows falls in love with strokes the man's hair off his forehead and talks to him about flowers and singing birds and old oaken buckets and home and mother. But in my experience the nurse sticks hot cloths on us, drops ice water down our backs and makes us do all kinds of troublesome and painful stunts."

"Well," explained the librarian, "it must be that the fellows who marry nurses are different from us and the nurses are different from the ones we've had. The romantic school of nurses is different. They come into the sickroom quietly and officially. 'Well good-morning,' they say, and approaching the bedside they take the sick man's hand in their and smile sweetly into his eyes. The kind you and I had, however, come in in a great hurry, turn you over like a pancake, give you and the pillow a couple of swats, pour a dose of medicine down your throat, take your temperature, mix up an extra hot plaster, and give you a tumbler to hold. Then they depart suddenly. A fellow writhing under an extra hot plaster, holding a tumbler in one hand, and endeavoring to cool the plaster with the other, is not likely to make love to the person who left him in such a predicament. Nor is a nurse with a hot water bottle in one hand and a spoonful of liquid lightning in the other in a position to hold hands, stroke foreheads, or listen to romantic stories of the old homestead on the Kankakee."

By this time the librarian had locked the door, and he and the last man out came to the parting of their ways.

* * *

What Next?

Husband—You take up with every fad that comes along. What is it now?

Wife—I was thinking about a divorce, my dear!

Are You Ever "*Alone*" in a Crowd?

If you attend a party, or a dinner, or a dance, do you feel entirely at ease and self-possessed? Or do you feel out of place, embarrassed. . . . alone?

Some people are never at ease among strangers. Others have a "talent" for making themselves well-liked. Some people are always afraid of blundering, of making mistakes. Others always seem to do and say the right thing instinctively.

Do you ever feel "alone" in a crowd? Do you ever feel tongue-tied while others converse? Or are you *sure of yourself*, at ease, confident that people cannot misjudge you?

THINK for a moment of the [illegible] popular person you know [illegible] not about that person a cert[illegible] and calm assurance? Isn't [illegible] able to mingle with strangers with the utmost unconcern — poised, pleasant, always welcome?

You may have thought it was some personal magnetism that made this person popular and well-liked. [illegible] because he is sure of himself that he is able to make himself feel instantly "at home." He knows that whatever he will do or say will be correct, acceptable.

People like to mingle with those in [illegible]

Have You the Sense of Social Security?

[illegible] security.

Good manners make good mixers. If you do not want to feel tongue-tied at a party, if you do not want to feel "alone" in a crowd, make it your business to [illegible]

The man or woman who is able to do and say the correct and cultured thing without stopping to think about it, is always welcome, always popular, always happy and at ease.

Unexpected Situations That Demand Complete Poise

Someone once said that you can conceal poverty by clothing your body with rich, handsome clothes—but you cannot conceal the mark of poor breeding. [illegible] tray him! But clothe a king in tatters, place him in court, and see with what ease and assurance he mingles with the people there. The king knows what to do. The beggar does not know. The difference is evident in their manners.

We hear people speak of good society. What does it mean? It does not mean people who have wealth, nor people who have had a great deal of e[illegible] but people who are cultivated, who know th[illegible] form of speech, of dress, of manner.

Suppose you were introduced to some important man or woman and left alone for a minute or two. Would you know how to start a conversation and how to keep it flowing smoothly, pleasantly?

Suppose, a day or two later, you met that same per[illegible] Would you give first sign of recog[illegible] until she, or he, had noticed you first? [illegible] e that person was accompanied by someone else [illegible] m you were introduced. Would you say [illegible] Would you say "I am glad to [illegible]"

Problems like these constantly confront [illegible] we are prepared to meet them we are exposed to sudden embarrassments. People misjudge us, underestimate us. We feel always alone and out of place.

Why Everyone Needs the Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is a compl[illegible] study of all that is admirable and [illegible] manners. It teaches tact and [illegible] way towards greater ease and [illegible] embarrassment. It dispels all lingering doubts, tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions.

Etiquette will dress your personality as clothes dress your body. It will enable you to mingle in any society [illegible] cultivated people, and feel en[illegible] enables you to master [illegible] the code of being correct. [illegible] original, genuine BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. It is the most complete and authoritative work of its kind available today. It is as fa[illegible]

Don't Miss the Special Offer

Clip and mail the coupon at once f[illegible] offer which enables you to secure the original, complete Book of Etiquette for only $1.98 [illegible]

No money is necessary. But be sure you get the coupon off at once today, before you forget. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1057, Garden City, New York.

Special Bargain!
The Famous Book of Etiquette
Nearly Half a Million Sold at $3.50
NOW ONLY $1.98 For a Very Limited Time

[illegible] the publishing business. To keep the presses run[illegible] Nelson Doubleday, Inc., makes the amazing offer to send you the complete authentic original BOOK OF ETIQUETTE at almost half the usual publisher's price!

[illegible] can receive the same two authoritative and f[illegible] ing volumes for only $1.98.

SEND NO MONEY

No money is necessary. Just clip and mail the coupon to us at once. We will send you the complete two-volume set and when it arrives you have the privilege of giving the postman only $1.98 (plus few cents postage) for the regular $3.50 set.

Surely you are not going to let this offer slip by. Clip and mail the coupon NOW while you are thinking about it.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.,
Dept. 1057, Garden City, N. Y.

I accept your special bargain offer. You may s[illegible] lishing price of $3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the books any time within 5 days and having my money refunded if I am not delighted with them.

Name .....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at $2.98 with same return privilege.

(Orders outside of the U. S. are payable $2.35 cash with order.)

The Debt-Payer

(Continued From Page 9.)

lady—Phil Ferrier. He met her down in Texas, and he has come here for no other reason than to win her. Mark well what I say."

"Oh, we'll mark it all right," chirped up Fairbairn, "but while we're markin' things you can write something down in your own notebook, Frenchy. You made a hell of a big mistake when you plumped yourself into the same camp with Ferrier. I've bunked with him, and I've found out some things. As you know, they call him the 'debt payer' down in his section of the country, an' he's here to fix your feet for pumping a bullet into a friend o' his. O' course, the fellow got better, but they're still lookin' for you in Solano—an' if the Mounted get wind o' it here, you're liable to find yourself on the short end of some extradition papers. Personally, tho, I think that Ferrier 'll more likely cook your goose himself."

"Let's drop this quarreling stuff," interrupted Shipman.

Fairbairn added, "So far as I'm concerned your scrap with Ferrier is a small matter, Frenchy. Go on to sleep."

"A small matter!" raved the man in the nightshirt, suddenly whipping his arms about his head. "You call it a small matter that this thrice cursed devil should swear my life away in the witness box. My hell! he stood there and lied so calmly that the judge began to figure my sentence before this Ferrier was thru. More, I might have married an heiress but for that cursed mess—and she is lost to me."

"Oh, dry up," said Billy uncharitably.

After a bit some one blew out the lamp, plunging the bunkhouse in darkness. Auvergne split it with his penetrating voice:

"They led me from the courthouse to the prison, but I cast them off—I—knocking them to right and left as tho they were so many puppets. Then I leaped upon a horse. The bullets were thick as flies in August, but I bore a charmed life——"

"What an amateur story teller!" mocked a new voice. "You know that you were almost too scared to move, Auvergne. Had it not been for those friends of yours who unshipped their artillery you would be back of the bars now. And even they did not keep their nerve entirely."

"Ferrier!" shrieked Auvergne. "You will have it, will you, cochon? Take it, then."

He fumbled under his blankets. There came a triple spurt of flame, and the cracking barks of a revolver.

Then Phil's laughing voice: "You shoot as poorly as you lie, Frenchman, when the man you're shooting at is ready."

He strode to the lamp, and lit it, standing silhouetted against the sudden yellow glare with a magnificent disregard of danger.

The man in the nightshirt cowered back against the wall, his eyes bulging slightly, his face a dead white. The other men rose on their elbows staring.

"You always did do foolish things, Auvergne," said Phil in a voice so gentle that it was a distinct shock. "Stebler was going to give you your money back—but you shot him first. I wasn't going to bother you until I had attended to some other more important matters first—and again you had to shoot. So, perhaps, I had better attend to you before your aim becomes more accurate."

Slowly, and with an air of carelessness, he walked toward Auvergne's bed.

The Frenchman screamed, and dragged out his knife, but his hand was shaking so that it appeared improbable that he could use the weapon effectively. With a cry of negation, Shipman slithered out from under the blankets. The other occupants of the bunkhouse added to the babel with their shouts. But Ferrier paid no heed to them.

He reached out with his hands, and Auvergne slashed him across the wrist with a viciousness born of despair.

Blood spurted horribly. Ferrier clamped a thumb and finger above the cut, and smiled. "That fixes you, old man," he said. "Now, some of you get bandages, or I'll bleed to death. Hurry up!"

There came a peremptory knock at the door.

No one troubled to open it; they were all too deeply concerned with the little tragedy that was going on under their noses. So presently the door banged open, and Old Man Morgan walked in.

"Wha the devil's going on here?" he demanded, his eyes on Ferrier's bloody wrist and the tell tale knife in Auvergne's hand. "I was riding by, and I thought, by the sound that another war had broken out."

"Just a little private matter," said the younger man coldly. His deeply browned face was turning gray from the oozing stream beneath his fingers.

"I guess it's not so darned private," Morgan snorted. "Help him over to the office, Shipman. We'll fix him up there." He turned, and went out into the moonlight.

DISDAINING help, tho there was an aggravating weakness in his knees, Ferrier followed the boss across the few yards of ground that lay between the bunkhouse and the office. A lamp was burning there, and a young girl stood at the rough pine table, unwrapping a roll of bandages.

She was startlingly pretty, was Louise Morgan, expressive and insistently feminine, with dark eyes, and hair the color of dry corn silk in the sun. She was exquisitely made, and the flannel shirt and riding breeches she wore seemed rather to accentuate the divinity of her form.

"I'm sorry to put you to all this trouble, Miss Morgan," said Phil politely. There was a pounding in his temples, and the world was going black before his eyes. He dropped weakly into a chair.

The girl answered quietly, "It is no trouble at all." She opened an instrument case, and with the quick, sure fingers of a physician, washed the wound, sewed it, and swathed the thick brown wrist in bandages.

Old Man Morgan chuckled, "Pretty lucky for you, Ferrier, that my girl studied medicine at the university. That was a bad gash Auvergne handed you."

Phil twitched a bead of sweat from his brow, and drew a long breath. Thru the operation he had watched intently the dainty head bent over him, the deft, flying fingers, and had not minded the bite of the iodine or the pain of the needle.

What a wonderful girl—what a wonderful, wonderful girl! He had known the instant he saw her down there in Texas that she was the only one in the world for him. That was why he had come to Barren Lake to take a job in her father's oil field. He wanted to be near her, whatever the end might be.

"Lucky!" he exclaimed. "That's a mild and cautious statement, Mr. Morgan. I reckon there never was anybody in this world quite as lucky as I am."

The girl said, without looking up: "You are not very lucky for other people, I guess."

"Possibly not," said Phil, getting shakily to his feet. "You've only seen me a couple of times, Miss Morgan, and neither were under very pleasant circumstances. I'm really not always such a nuisance. You may remember something I told you in Solano. I always pay my debts. Good or bad, there is not one outstanding against me. But I've contracted two more tonight. An addition against that fool, Auvergne, and one good one. I am deeply in your debt—and some day I am going to pay it."

He bowed as no one else bowed in that Northland. It was a vivid salutation; an elaborate little formality, almost French in its gracefulness. Then he turned to go.

Louise Morgan held out her hand. "Wait a minute. You are not going to kill that wretched man, are you?"

"No." He smiled, and all the warm, dancing lights left his blue eyes. They became bleak and gray. "But I pay my debts—and some day that one will be canceled, too. . . . And so will yours."

The door closed sharply behind him.

THAT wasn't the last time that Phil Ferrier say Louise Morgan. He found many an excuse to visit her at Shadow Mountain, and her welcome was always cordial. In fact the warmth of it caused a greater hope to flame in the man's heart. They had many things in common, those two, despite the wide gulf in their ways of looking at life.

One thing Louise could not understand was the manner in which Phil had won his title of "the debt payer." To her debts were of money or kindnesses or love; each that would give the payer joy to cancel . . . but injuries, hatreds . . .

"I just can't understand it, Phil," she said one night. "If I didn't know that you were so good and kind all thru I would think it was simply a desire for revenge."

"No, it isn't that. But a debt is a debt, whether good or bad, and I believe in keeping the ledger balanced. 'An eye for an eye,' the Bible says."

"Oh, I know, and it says, 'Blessed are the meek in spirit,' too, and a lot of other things that you're not."

Ferrier looked at Louise with a half smile that did not account for the flush in his cheeks. "I'm not seeking to justify my actions by Biblical quotations—as a matter of fact I am not attempting to justify them at all. I am simply following out my beliefs. Fortunately, I haven't had so many had debts to pay. There were a few, and they were magnified by the people who heard of them. That accounts for the more or less dramatic title that was wished on me. But I have one debt that I am more than anxious to pay—so tremendously anxious——"

"Auvergne's?"

"No—yours."

His keen eyes were suddenly warm and glowing. He leaned forward, his hand coming within an inch of hers. All the flaming vitality of the man leaped to the surface. It made the love he bore her so apparent without saying a word that Louise flashed him a smile and leaned back in her chair with a sudden feeling of contentment.

"You really don't owe me anything," she said.

"Everything!"

"Tell me about Auvergne. Why is he here in Barren Lake, and what—if you are so desperately determined to live up to your reputation—are you going to do to him?"

Ferrier relaxed in his chair, but the warm light did not leave his eyes. "I'll have to say, 'I don't know' to each of those questions, Louise. I've puzzled and wondered why the Frenchman came here. Apparently he followed me, tho why he should, when he is so obviously a coward, I can't understand. Yet he came here, and he stays. There is something stronger than his fear—something that keeps him here when he would rather be anywhere else in the world."

"His fear—of you?"

"Yes. He knows that I keep my word. If he lives I'll see that he is adequately punished for what he did to poor old Al Stebler, not to mention what he did to me."

Louise looked at him curiously. Punishment—to her tender heart—was an unreal thing; even deserved punishment. She could not adjust her mental focus to the picture of Phil Ferrier administering that punishment. Paying one's debts—regardless of the consequence—was a splendid creed, but, carried to the ultimate end, it was nothing less than the stern Mosaic law:

"An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth. . . ."

"What are you going to do to Auvergne?" she asked in a voice that was a little awed.

He switched the conversation as deftly as she had done a moment before. A letter had come from Al Stebler. Ferrier brought it out, and read it to Louise:

"Dear Phil," he read, "I've been out of the hospital for several weeks and feel good enough to lick a couple of Dempseys. I am off the ponies for good, and won't make another bet as long as I live. 'Cause why? I'm going to get married. Think of that, old timer—me, Al Stebler, with gray in my thatch and fifty pounds too much weight. And I got the queen of them all, by Caesar! Rita Lafitte! Laugh that off, boy. She visited me in the hospital, and we—well, you can't measure love on a scale, and it didn't seem to matter much that I am 55 and she's not 30 yet. We're going to leave here in a month and breed horses down in the Blue Grass country.

"I know your rep for paying your debts, Phil, and I know you swore to get Auvergne for what he did to me. Forget it. Life's too short to waste it paying that kind of debt, and I sort of feel that it is canceled, anyway. He gave me a bullet, but I got Rita thru it, and unless a fellow was crazy he'd admit that the debt is on my side now.

"I don't aim to set up as a he-Pollyanna or anything like that, which you know, Phil, but there's a lot more to this here existence than paying some kind of debts. There's love in it, and the kind of happiness that I never knew before for all the fifty-five years I've lived.

"Find it, boy, and hang on to it. I told you the way when you were here in Solano. A nice girl, and a couple of kids, and—Well, you know it as well as I do.

"Forget Auvergne, wherever he is, but don't forget your old friend,

"AL STEBLER."

"He's right," said Louise. "Oh, tremendously right."

Phil Ferrier shook his head. "It sounds well enough," he admitted slowly, "but it isn't entirely convincing—to me. Al is a prince, and he means everything he says, but he isn't at his best when he's preaching."

"I think he is," said the girl hotly.

"A debt is a debt as long as it remains unpaid. I have always figured on paying mine, regardless of what it costs."

"They are always paid. Nature attends to that." Louise rose nervously and stood before him, a beautiful, slender figure against the blaze in the fireplace. "Auvergne won't escape punishment, even if he never goes to prison. I firmly believe that. And, for that matter, Phil, if you are set on his punishment why don't you simply inform Lieutenant McGlynn, of the Mounted. The Frenchman can be extradited for attempted murder and robbery."

"Things are not done that way. I am not an informer. It was different when I caught Auvergne red-handed after he had shot down my friend. That was a fair fight, and I bagged him. Also, I had no compunction in testifying against him. But—to turn spotter!"

"That is a distinction and not a difference. You'll take the law into your own hands, I suppose?"

Her voice cut like a blacksnake whip. The flush that had risen to Ferrier's cheeks died, and his face went white.

"Perhaps," he said coldly.

Louise turned to the door. "In that event—" she began, but halted at the sight of Phil's tense face.

Ferrier had risen and picked up his hat. All the sudden hot anger that flamed so quickly in him had died. What a fool he was to provoke a quarrel with the girl he loved. She had a right to her opinion, just as he had to his and nothing was to be gained by a clash of those opinions.

Then another thought suddenly occurred to him. Had Louise resented his touch of the personal? She had changed the conversation when he was on the verge of throwing his heart at her feet. Had she read love in his eyes, and deliberately led the conversation into dangerous channels in order that she might quickly and sharply rid herself of him?

The thought burned. Phil had heard the talk in the bunkhouse about Jack Boyd, the chief engineer. Most of the boys seemed to take it for granted that Boyd and Louise Morgan would be married at some time or another. He had not taken their chatter very seriously before, but he did now!

If it really were true then there was a possibility that Louise, with the skill of a strategist, had created this situation to rid herself of a suitor who might become too persistent. The engineer would be returning soon from his Seattle trip, and——

But Ferrier could not quite bring himself to believe it. There was no guile in her dark eyes. He waited an instant, his strong fingers crushing the brim of his hat; gaze searching the girl's face. He found no expression there to guide him. Anger had fled. She was polite, as she would have been to the governor general or to one of her father's laborers. She conveyed the impression that she had absolutely no personal interest in Philip Ferrier, variously known as Cossack Phil, and the Debt Payer.

"I'm sorry," said Ferrier haltingly. "Well—good night."

He held out his hand. Louise barely touched it with fingers that were cold, and murmured her farewell in an undertone. Phil strained his ears for the exact intonation; he hoped for a touch of regret, but her sweetly modulated young voice was almost toneless.

Ferrier strode savagely toward town, cursing himself for a num-skulled idiot. Regardless of what Louise's feelings were he had given her the opening by flaming up. There was no need of fighting over principles. If he believed that a debt should be paid he could pay it, and not argue with the girl he loved because she didn't approve of it.

"But I'm not licked yet," he told the night air, already turning chill with the hint of early winter. "No, by heavens, I'm not! I don't know this Boyd, but he'll have to be a better man than I think he is to take Louise away from me."

He passed the bunkhouse without stopping. It would be unbearable to sit there, and listen to the irresponsible and obscene chatter. He'd have to walk—walk——

Young Fairbairn, drunk and happy, staggered into the road, a handsome, dishevelled young satyr in the white moonlight.

"Where are you goin' in shuch a bloomin' hurry, Mr.—hic—Ferrier?" he asked with unsteady politeness. When in his cups he always imagined himself a second Chesterfield. "To town? Nosh so good. Nosh—not all good. Doan you know that Boyd's—hic—comin' on the night train. None other than the—the chief——"

Boyd!

Ferrier gripped the drunken man's shoulder and swung him sharply about.

Boyd?

"Yesh. Ex-hac—exactly," said Fairbairn, triumphing over the word. "Your lil rival. Your——"

Phil thrust him aside, and scowling blackly, strode down the road. Boyd, eh? That complicated matters. Did Louise know that the man with whom the village matrimonial weather-vanes linked her name was due so soon? Was that her real reason for dismissing him so cooly?

Well, whether she did or not, this was

A Six Months' Subscription For Only 25 Cents!

(This is ½ the regular price)

An Army of Boys more than 400,000 strong

are regular readers of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE. This army is gaining recruits every day because this splendidly illustrated magazine contains just the sort of reading every red blooded American boy wants. The very best stories, both serials and short, by the world's best writers. Special departments devoted to Radio, Mechanics, Electricity, Athletics, Physical Training, Stamp Collecting, Amateur Photography, Cartooning, etc. Beautiful big pages with handsome covers in colors. A big lot of jokes and comic drawings.

We give away $132.00 in Cash Prizes for the best Amateur short stories, drawings, cartoons, articles on radio, mechanics, electricity, etc. There is no reason why YOUR boy should not win some of these Cash Prizes. These Prize Contests are [illegible] and each issue of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE gives full particulars regarding them.

Just think of it! A SIX MONTHS' subscription for only 25 CENTS. Surely you would like to invest this small amount in giving your boy, or boy friend, six solid months of pleasure, entertainment and instruction.

Remit in stamps if more convenient.

(On sale at all newsstands, 10c a copy.)

The Scott F. Redfield Co., Inc.,
7234 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

I enclose 25 cents for a six months' subscription to THE BOYS' MAGAZINE as per your special half price offer. [illegible] THE BOYS' MAGAZINE [illegible] You agree [illegible] 25 [illegible] I [illegible] be more than pleased with THE BOYS' MAGAZINE.

My Name is

My Address is

(Please Write Plainly.)

an excellent opportunity for looking John Boyd over very carefully.

A HALF an hour later Phil Ferrier walked into the Mooseheart hotel. The office and bar was combined into a smoky, smelly room of considerable size. It boasted a circulating library, a score of thumbed and tattered books, but the only library in Barren Lake, barring the one that Old Man Morgan had bought for his daughter.

Ferrier selected a book at random and retired behind the desk to read and wait until the night train brought Jack Boyd.

He found concentration impossible. Louise Morgan was the single subject that found lodgment in his mind. He, who had never given a thought to women before, found her now the single burning desire of all his hours.

And this Boyd, who would come in shortly out of the night, might steal her. Ferrier's hand balled into fists, and he dropped the book on the dusty floor. A peculiar thought, that: his happiness hanging, perhaps, on a man he had never seen.

Some one came in.

Pop Mulligan, who had been gloomily figuring in a greasy old composition book, squinted his good eye toward the door, and uttered a sudden hoarse shout.

"Well, be me soul, if it ain't Jack Boyd! Welcome home, me broth of a boy, tho it's like to be a chill home-comin' what with winter smellin' its way in from over the mountains. Welcome home."

"Thanks," said Boyd, laughing.

Ferrier looked up. He saw a tall young fellow, with keen dark eyes and a neatly waxed mustache: a man who wore smart clothes as tho accustomed to them. But there was nothing effeminate about him for all that. The hard cut of his jaw, and the big brown hands forbade such a thought. A good looking man, this Boyd, and a capable one, too, if his manner testified rightly.

There were few men in the office. Auvergne was seated in a corner, pretending to nod, but watching everything from under his lowered lashes. He had come in after Ferrier, and had not seen his enemy ensconced behind the desk.

Now, of a sudden, he straightened up. "My hell!" he exclaimed. "It is time that you come, monsieur. Now we will see of what stuff you are made."

The engineer looked at him scornfully, and turned his shoulder. He had something of the German army officer's contempt for underlings, but there was something in the Frenchman's tone that arrested his attention; something, too, in the set of Auvergne's face beneath its thatch of black hair.

"What do you mean?" he asked sharply.

The Frenchman shrugged. "Ah, you do not know. You have just come, and have not smelt trouble yet, eh, monsieur?"

"Trouble! What sort of trouble?"

"I will tell you, ami, for your own good. That fool-head of a Shipman has engaged none other than Ferrier."

"What of it?"

"My hell! He asks, 'What of it?' I say again that he has engaged Ferrier—Cossack Phil."

"I don't know any Cossack Phil. What are you driving at. Shipman has the right to hire whoever he wants? It's no concern of mine."

Auvergne mimicked his tone. "No concern, monsieur. Ferrier is a handsome gosse—better looking than you for all his black heart and lying tongue."

"All right. I'm not setting myself up in a beauty contest. What difference does it make if he is as handsome as a couple of Valentinos so long as he does his work?"

"One difference," said the Frenchman. "One big difference."

"What is that?"

"He knew Mam'selle Morgan in Texas—and he came here to Barren Lake that he might be near her. She look on him, and then—pouf!—where are you and all your desires?"

Boyd swung around on Auvergne, fists clenched, eyes ablaze. It was plain that he intended tolerating nothing more from the Frenchman. So Ferrier rose from his seat behind the desk, brushed Pop Mulligan to one side, and stepped toward the angry man.

"Wait a minute," he said.

Boyd halted in his progress toward Auvergne, and looked contemptuously at Phil. His anger was at the explosive point, and he was ready to fling himself at the head of anyone who opposed him.

"What concern is it of yours?" he barked.

The other bowed gracefully. "It is of some concern, since I was mentioned. My name happens to be Ferrier."

The second and final installment of this gripping story appears next week. Phil Ferrier pays his debts, but in a most unexpected and dramatic manner, which all but costs him his love and life. Don't miss the final installment of this gripping love story.

❦ ❦ ❦

Poetry That Paid.

THE highest price ever paid for a poem was 6,000 golden crowns, paid to Sannazaro by the citizens of Venice for his eulogy of their city—a poem of six lines only.

QUEEN TUT-AMEN!

By CICILY BURKE

"OH, I HEARD you the first time, Ben," drawled Susan, dispiritedly, with a yawn. "You certainly are a conscientious clock, but I'm not going to work this morning. I'm going to stay home and explore my rut—to see if there is any hope of escape." Susan slipped the lever to the "off" side with a reckless thumb. "There, now—no more of your alarms; I remember all about the March trial balance—that hideous trust agreement—and, the evil disposition of the old Judge; furthermore, I remember that my pride has been mortally wounded. Think of that musty old law lizard telling me to get a spring tonic if I couldnt stand a little night work!

"Old King Tut, Amen, you may have resented being lifted from your tomb, but what I wouldn't give for an Egyptologist—Egyptologist! Why, I'd refrain from putting a curse on even a lawyer, if he'd lift me out of my rut."

Susana O'Grady sat up in bed, drew her knees up to her chin, shook her bobbed raven locks belligerently, then dived back into her pillows.

"I'm going to have another nap," said she, "meanwhile maybe my sub-conscious self will explore my rut and solve my problem."

When Susan's eyes opened again, long about noon, the problem had been solved, not by her sub-conscious self, however, but by the law lizard, himself, in the form of a letter delivered by the office boy. Susan waited until Hannah's black face had disappeared and the door closed behind her, before she opened the letter.

"Fired!" she gasped, and lay staring at the ceiling dazed. "Gee! I'm out of my rut, but I should think my Egyptologist would kind o' look after me a bit—anyway until I could get used to my surroundings. I thought when they raised mummies like myself and Tut they escorted us to some hall of fame or something of the kind, but it seems I have to seek my own hall of fame, and I don't know how to start. What do you think I should do first, Ben?"

Sue's big hazel eyes opened wide, and wider! She hadn't really expected Ben to reply. She was just making an effort to be funny—trying to convince herself that "She should worry!" But, unquestionably, Ben had said something.

"Repeat it, Bennie," she coaxed.

"Tramp, tramp; tramp, tramp," Ben ticked obligingly.

"I'll do it!" Sue answered, and was out of the bed with a bound.

NEXT morning the tramp that marched forth in knickers, khaki blouse, wool socks, keds and a tweed cap, that endeavored unsuccessfully to cover up the unruly black locks, was, indeed, a treat for travel-weary eyes.

Mrs. Ogden had room in the trunk that held all Susan's belongings with the exception of the few that reposed in the old fiber suitcase which was to accompany the traveler.

"I'm out of my rut all right," Sue remarked to Ben, who was taken along—for company, not because she was ever going to need an alarm clock again, "but I wish I had a nice Egyptologist to hold my hand, for I'm awfully nervous."

And Susan was a bonafide tramp. She hadn't a cent in her purse over and above what would take her out of the city's confines—and she had no more than that in the bank!

The country was glorious, and Sue tramped for two hours, joyously, after "detraining" at the little town far, far from the madding crowd, then she began to get hungry, and tired—and the April day waxed warm.

"Old Tut had it all over me when he was jolted out of his rut," Sue realized. "He didn't have to eat, but I do, and that mighty soon." So she squared the shoulders that had begun to sag a bit, opened the gate at hand, and marched jauntily up the flowery path that led to a most inviting porch, stumbling right onto a tragedy that even the nearest neighbors did not suspect.

As Sue behld the crumpled heap of femininity on the steps, in tears, with clusters of spring roses yearning tenderly over her, all jauntiness evaporated. Instantly she was on the steps beside her:

"Oh, you poor dear—what is it?" she pleaded

"It's just this terrible rut," exclaimed Mrs. John Rhodes, bride of six months. Susan looked about her apprehensively. Was she on the verge of another rut? But Susan never sidestepped duty, as apparent as it was at this moment; besides, ruts was something she could sympathize with—or for.

"Tell me about it," she urged, with comforting arms around the tearful mistress of this beautiful home.

"Well, of course, it isn't John's fault," sobbed the bride. "He's all the heart could desire, but a city girl should never marry a farmer, even if he is a college graduate. I've been slaving since daylight; help cannot be had for love or money, that is, for housework. The men will be in for dinner in a few minutes—and the pies aren't even made! Why," wailed the erstwhile college girl, "must farmers always have pie?"

Sue calmly removed the tweed cap.

"I'll make the pies," she announced. "You do the million other things."

Mrs. Rhodes hesitated just a minute.

"I'll explain after dinner," promised Sue with a most cheering smile.

The dinner was a treat, and Sue wasn't the only one who thought so. John and his bride resurrected the dream that had been buried for many weeks, and Sue conceived a brilliant idea!

"Well," announced the vagabond Sue, when, the work all finished, she was called upon for the promised explanation, "I'm Susana O'Grady Ankhamen, late from the tomb—I mean rut—at your service!" Heels clicking, chin up, saluting her superior officer in true military form, Sue had no idea how ravishing she was

"Oh, you life-saver!" cried Mrs. Rhodes when she could speak. "I haven't had such a good laugh in months. If it's a mummy you are, you'll feel perfectly at home with these farmers."

THAT sobered Susan. It was all right for her to crawl out of her rut, with, or without the aid of an Egyptologist, but for Mary Rhodes to abandon her rut—that was another matter.

"Oh, my dear, don't!" she begged. "Don't be sacriligeous. I left a cold, cheerless, lonely tomb. There wasn't any one to mourn my going but your rut—your big, roomy, loving rut! Please don't!"

Mary was startled by Sue's earnestness.

"Tell me," she demanded, "who and what you are."

"I'm Susana O'Grady," Susan replied solemnly "recently from one of the city's largest law offices. As to what I am—I'm a traveling systematizer. For a nominal fee I'll help you turn household drudgery into system's well-oiled channels."

"Will you? O, will you?" Mary pleaded: and the mummy, without the aid of its Egyptologist, stepped into the waiting niche, altho not in the hall of fame for which it was destined.

"Mummies is right!" declared Sue of the farm hands that daily graced (or greased) the table—until the tall, lean bronze was added to the crew

"He's modest enough," Sue remarked to Mary in one of their confidences, (System's well-oiled channels was gobbling up the work so greedily these days that Mary and Sue had many hours for visiting and confidences) "but he has a wicked eye, has George O'Brien—and a shock of red hair that was made for some foolish woman to try to keep smoothed down."

"Susan, watch your step!" warned Mary. "Marrying a farmer who's educated, and who has been favored by the money-gods, is bad enough—well, you know if you hadn't happened along just when you did where our ship would have landed: we were well on the way for the rocks—you can't deny that. Think what it would be if you married that beautiful, charming ignoramus, without even the price of a homestead! Susan, dear, your old lonely cramped rut would be heaven in comparison."

"O, I'm not marrying him," Susan defended, 'but as for his being an ignoramus, I'm not so sure. His English is atrocious, I'll admit—English is all a habit, anyway; but he has brains, even if they have been stultified. But be that as it may," Susan went on, impishly, "I'm going to the dance with George O'Brien. I'll wager me Irish lad will shake no mean hoof. Wanta bet?"

Mary shook her head. She had her own opinions, that was plain to be seen.

Jed Thompson was noted for his barn dances; but never had he gathered

LOWEST PRICES IN U. S. A.

Blue Steel Genuine "OWA" 6.45 ONLY Send No Money

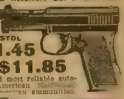
Break-Open Automatic

25 CAL. Pistol

WORLD FAMOUS GENUINE "OWA" the only 25 cal. automatic with the break open feature Opened and closed with a single press of the thumb Is accurate and reliable Highest grade material and workmanship Perfect grip. with safety to prevent accidents Small compact Does not bulge in pocket. Seven shot, $6.45 only, while they last.

Prices on All Other Revolvers Cut to the Bone.

WORLD FAMOUS GENUINE "MAUSER" PISTOL



25 Cal. 10 shot $11.45

32 Cal. 9 shot $11.85

One of the best and most reliable automatics for the American [illegible] Shoots standard American ammunition.

Brand New GENUINE GERMAN LUGER

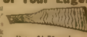
$13.45

NEW Solid Leather HOLSTER To fit Luger Revolver, with flap as illustrated. 95c only.

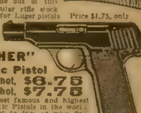
30 caliber 3¾-inch barrel, 9 shot Automatic, with automatic magazine ejector, the latest best and most reliable large size pistol made. Safety attachment Shoots American Ammunition. Regular value $50.00. Our price 30 cal $13.45

Make a Rifle Out of Your Luger

When buying a Luger, you also have the advantage of making a Rifle out of this revolver. Regular rifle stock as illustrated for Luger pistols Price $1.75, only



World Famous "WALTHER" Automatic Pistol



25 Cal. 9 Shot, $6.75

32 Cal. 9 Shot, $7.75

One of the most famous and highest grade Automatic Pistols in the world. Guaranteed not to jam or miss fire are safe and reliable

Special Sale on Genuine German "ORTGIES" Automatic Pistols

25 cal., 8 shot, reduced to - - $6.85

32 cal., 9 shot, reduced to - - $7.85

38 cal., 9 shot, reduced to - - $7.95

MILITARY MODEL AUTOMATIC, just like one used "over there," 32 cal., 10 shot WITH EXTRA MAGAZINE FREE Reduced to $9.75

22 Cal. Genuine Ortgies Rifle

With Automatic Shell Ejector

SHELL EJECTOR

Imported from Germany. Length over all 38 inches Fine wood stock Krupp steel, blue barrel Lever action. With improved shell ejector Very accurate. Shoots .22-cal American bullets, long or short Wonderful for target shooting and small game.

Regular Value $20.00 Our Price $4.50

All our guns shoot American Ammunition

SEND NO MONEY

Order one of these revolvers today. Stock will not last long at these low prices. New shipment will mean high tariff, therefore, high prices. Pay postman price of gun plus postage on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded

NEW YORK CENTRAL SUPPLY CO., Dept. S-56, 64 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WATCH CHAIN, AND RING FREE

THIN MODEL. Lever Escapement. STEM WIND. STEM SET. Handsome damaskeened movement fully guaranteed. Regulated to keep perfect time. Not a small clock but a genuine watch. SEND NO MONEY. Just name, and will send you 8 of our new Art Pictures to dispose of at 25c each Send us the $2 you collect and as a reward we will send you this new thin model lever escapement stem wind and stem set watch, just as described, also a fine chain and an imi. Diamond Ring—a regular sparkler—write today.

C. M. THOMAS, 337 W. Madison St., Dept 8A51, Chicago

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning Repairs clothing silk, satin cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

Keystone Moviegraph FREE!

This machine is not a toy for children, but a genuine moving picture machine The same kind of machine used in the big moving picture theatres all over the country, but on a smaller scale for home use Can be used on any electric current used for lighting purposes—absolutely safe—no danger of fire or explosion.

Machine is of steel construction, high grade black finish—special ground lense allows adjustment to any distance and for any size picture up to 36x48 inches. Wonderful for home entertainment or in churches, halls, etc. Runs the same films as you see in the regular moving picture theatres.

SEND NO MONEY Just your name and address and we will send 28 new art pictures to dispose of as special 25c offer Send us the $7.00 you collect and for your trouble we will send this genuine Keystone Moviegraph free, also one 120 inch new safety film of your choice from great list, including Mary Pickford, Charley Chaplin, Wm. S Hart, Tom Mix, etc. You'll be surprised and delighted with this machine—the greatest machine for home use ever invented.

E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison St. Dept. 8P51, Chicago, Ill.

together a merrier crowd. The whole countryside was there—even to John and Mary Rhodes. In fact, John and Mary had been there for more than an hour, and they were both becoming worried about the non-appearance of the black-haired farm hand.

"John, you don't think anything could have happened, do you?" asked Mary, when they finally had succeeded in evading the merry-makers long enough to get a word together. "It's only a ten-minutes walk. I'm afraid. Do you think we have done the very best thing by Susan. We owe her so much!"

"No one knows better than I, sweetheart, what we owe that little minx," replied John, "and I'd never forgive myself if we've 'fumbled the ball.' George is mad about her, and while she may be pretty much taken with him, she's a fiery little divil, and I'm just a bit afraid of the outcome when she learns he's the 'Farmer's old college chum' with a big reputation at the bar to sustain him—and lawyers are her pet peeve, too."

"There's George now, alone, too. Call him over quick, John," whispered Mary in alarm.

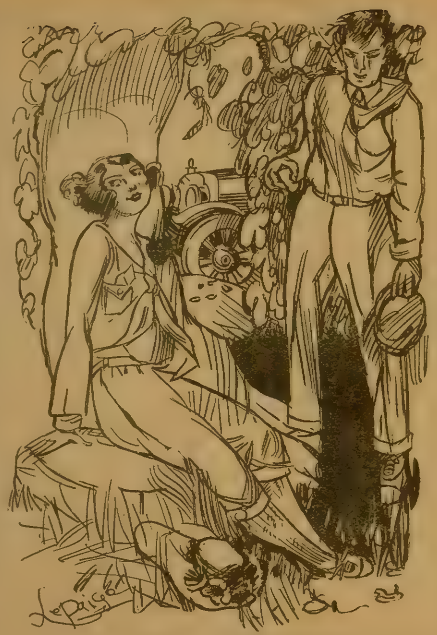
"Yes, we overplayed our hand," explained that disconsolate Irishman. "It may be the way I carried out the program, but Susan in that firefly costume was too much—I just couldn't wait for the 'dim light, soft music' stuff. I fessed up—and talk about your tempers! After telling me just how little she thought of me, she marched right straight back, me following—she wouldn't let me get within speaking distance. She went right to her room. I waited around almost an hour, and then thought I'd better come and tell you. She'll leave now. I'm sure she will." And in his frenzy George attracted so much attention John and Mary thought it best to return with him.

Mary knocked, and pleaded for just a word. John knocked, and scolded—but not a word of reply could they get from the irate Susan; and after a time the household was a-slumber—all but George. If Susan could have seen her tall, lean bronze, her heart might have relented. Along toward dawn he threw himself down on his bed and fell asleep—just about the time Susan with her old fibre suitcase was making her way quietly out—leaving the niche she had been so glad to fill after her escape from the rut.

MARY had to hurry the breakfast, but the minute that trying ordeal was over, she flew to Susan's room, while John and George O'Brien awaited her report.

She wasn't gone long, and her eyes were filled with tears when she returned.

"She's gone," she said, and all three stood speechless. Finally, George O'Brien's roguish blue eyes took on the glint of steel.



But With That Same Determined Air, George Turned His Car Out of the Road, Got Out, Slammed the Door, and Stood Before Her.

"I'll go after her," he said. "Undoubtedly she's gone toward town," and he strode off to the garage like an avenging god.

John lingered to take his girl in his arms, kiss away her tears, and promise to have the runaway back before many hours, then he went out to speed his old chum.

Altho Susan had several hours the start of her lover, she hadn't covered many miles ere she was overtaken. She heard the familiar horn of the Rhoades car before it came around the bend, and hastily ensconced herself nonchalantly on a moss-grown rock beneath the giant oak at the roadside.

"Whether friend or foe," airily quoth Susan to her old friend Ben, "We'll be much more attractive here—fresh and cool, than trapsing the dusty road lugging a heavy suitcase."

"Attractive" was the word. George O'Brien had never seen such a picture in his life. Susan in her tramping outfit, her broadbrimmed hat with its red poppies, lying at her feet—the early morning breeze sweeping the black locks back from the high forehead—cheeks flushed, eyes sparkling—mouth struggling to appear stern, and succeeding only in emphasizing the dimple in the corner. But with that same determined air George turned his car out of the road, got out, slammed the door, and stood before her. Susan arose with mock solemnity:

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" she droned, "the illustrious attorney waits!"

But her mocking was cut short. George O'Brien took her by the shoulders and shook her savagely. Susan staggered when released, and he had to put out a hand to steady her. For once she was speechless, and before she could regain her wits, George spoke:

"Now you can put aside your nonsense and listen to me. I have something to say to you, Susana O'Grady."

"Well, indeed, and I'll not listen to you," retorted that lass, stuffing a finger tip in each ear, and making a heroic effort to hide her admiration.

"You're very silly," said George quietly. "I haven't done anything so dastardly"—the finger tips were drawn a tiny bit—enough to hear—"I posed as a farm hand, yes—is that a crime?"

"You—you made fun of me all the time," Susan stammered. The fingers were withdrawn completely.

"Made fun of you!" George roared.

"Yes, you did. It wasn't in words—it—it was your eyes. You know what I mean."

George wanted to smile. "Isn't she just the cutest thing," he thought, but it wouldn't do to smile yet. Instead he continued to scold:

"I don't know what you mean," he thundered, "but if it's that talk about ruts—that's enough to make any sane man forget himself; but I'll make my eyes behave, if you'll behave—and, and forgive me," finished George, lamely.

"And go back to a rut!" exclaimed Susan. "Ne-verr! This little mummy is going to wait patiently till her Egyptologist comes to conduct her to her niche in some nice noisy museum. No more tombs for her, thank you!"

At that George O'Brien's caveman ancestry asserted itself. Roughly he snatched her to him, and silenced her mocking lips with his—then his Irish tenderness dominated:

"O, Susana O'Grady," he said, wistfully, "I love you so," and Susan, who never could withstand tenderness, ceased to struggle.

"But what about my Egyptologist?" she teased, after she had gotten her breath, and could use it.

"O, he isn't due for three thousand years," laughed George, "and in the meantime I'll take awfully good care of his little mummy."

And Susana O'Grady, with George O'Brien's arms about her, walked, deliberately, into the yawning rut!

* * *

NEW RELIEF FOR DEAFNESS SCORES AGAIN

Well-Known California Business Man Makes Report

Taft, [California] June 8.—Another deaf case relieved has just been reported in the person of L. C. Osborn, Superintendent of the United Electric Corporation of this city. Osborn's statement, in part is as follows:

"I had run the gauntlet of fake remedies and of devices, some of which were pure fakes, others simply inefficient. I had doctored to the end of my finances and hope had nearly left me, for my hearing was going fast.

"Then a friend told me of this new instrument!

"The Company offered a free trial, so I decided to try the instrument, any way. When it reached me and I put it on, **I heard the voice of my boy (then two years of age) for the first time!** That sold me!

"I will enumerate merely a few of the benefits I have derived from its use.

"First, it enables me to hear; without it, I could only hear a shout, and that, at close range. Second, it has arrested the development of my deafness; in fact, my hearing has improved. Third, it has re-established my contact with friends and business."

Such an enthusiastic report from a well-known personage should indeed prove to be gratifying to those who suffer from deafness in any degree.

The Dictograph Products Corporation, who make this instrument, state that hundreds of letters and telegrams like it are received in their New York office every week!

So sure is the Company that this marvelous new instrument will make **all** who use it, hear as well as ever, that they will send the instrument to those who request it, for a **ten day free trial.** They do **not** send it C. O. D. There is no obligation to buy. They leave it to the **user** to decide how perfectly it restores the hearing! During this free trial period, the instrument may be used and handled as if it belonged to the wearer. If it should not prove to absolutely and permanently restore the hearing, it may be returned without any expense whatever on the part of the user.

Persons from all over the country, who are interested, are invited to write for **descriptive literature** and request blank at once, to the Dictograph Products Corporation, 1377 Candler Bldg., 220 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Pleasant Reading

(Such as We Used to Get Twenty Years Ago.)

MRS. BROWN, of Memphis, carried her child two miles to a hospital and told the doctors that he had swallowed a five-pound flatiron. The X-rays did not show anything, but the handle of the stove is still missing.

—

Homer Lee, of Leavenworth, was for eleven years called the most honest milkman in the United States. He died the other day, and before he went away he confessed that from the very first he had his milk half water. They do not know exactly what epitaph to put on his tombstone, and may not put any.

—

Seven years ago John Taylor of Augusta, Maine, ran away from his wife. When he returned the other day she sat in the same old rocking chair, and she called out to him in the same old way to rush the ax on the wood pile. He went out in the same old way and split some chunks.

—

James Skinner, of Duluth, invented a pair of wings so that he could fly over his barn. The wings did not fly much with him, but his soul flew away when he came down to earth and broke his neck.

—

Sarah Johnson, a housework girl in Baltimore, seized a kerosene can and began to pour it into the stove. There was an explosion and Sarah arrived with the angels. We hope to meet her up there and get full particulars.

—

James Meade, of Louisville, found he was about to fall off the roof and be smashed to pieces on a pile of bricks. He called to a friend for help, and that friend ran three blocks and returned with a feather bed. The fall did not hurt James a bit. Both men are to be elected to Congress.

—

They killed a bear in Wyoming the other day and found a vest button and some bottles in his stomach. The bear was dead and could not explain, but the wife of Samuel Johnson recognized the articles as belonging to her husband, who went out for a walk and never came back. He was too busy to return.

—

In nineteen months the State of Mississippi did not have a thunderstorm, and she commenced all at once, and the way she did knock things to pieces brought about fifty thousand dollars damages. A thunderstorm can do things the same as a kicking mule.

—

The town of Wonderluck, Wis., has got Peter Jackson in jail for having thirty-seven dogs and feeding them better than he did his nine children.

—

A woman named Harkness was strolling in the woods near Lansing, Mich., when she found twenty thousand dollars in a hollow log. More than thirty persons took a stroll, but they couldn't find any hollow logs. Her money was all counterfeit, but the excitement was very pleasant while it lasted.

—

St. Louis has got a church which has been running for twenty-one years on seventy-five cents a week, and there is no complaint of a cheap religion. Some churches can't get along for less than a dollar a week.

—

The King of the Cannibal Islands has twenty-nine wives, four ships, fifty dogs, seven houses and three hundred barrels of whisky, and yet he is not happy. He tried to commit suicide the other day because he had such poor luck in grafting.

—

William Jenks of Philadelphia had the toothache for fifteen days and then went to a dentist to have it cured, and then he discovered that he had a boil on his tongue and that his teeth were all right.

Something Special.

"WELL, what have you today?" said the farmer as he came forth to meet the grocer.

"Something special on potatoes," was the reply.

"Oh, you have, eh? Let's see."

The grocer accompanied the farmer out to the back room, and after a brief investigation he said:

"Why, your potatoes are all frost bitten!"

"Yes, I reckon they are, and this will make them a special thing."

Free to Asthma and Hay Fever Sufferers

Free Trial of Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Chronic Asthma or Hay Fever, you should send for a free Trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with Asthma or Hay Fever, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that our method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it Today—you even do not pay postage.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 693 Y
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:

....

....

....

The Square Cut Emerald

BY LAURA REID MONTGOMERY

"NO, TAKE the emeralds, they suit your cool blonde beauty——" The beatific smile curving Lily's mouth vanished and became a dull yawn as her eyes fell upon the smug round face of her cheap alarm clock.

"Lily, didn't you get up? Peter is waiting for you," called a thin voice and the girl realized that her tiny bedroom was hazy with pancake smoke.

"Oh, Peter. He is always waiting," commented Lily sulkily, "I wish he had a little pep."

"Peter is far too good for you, Lil," retorted her sister, lying back comfortably and watching the other's hurried movements with amusement.

"Is that so? Just because you've fallen into a 9 o'clock job doesn't make your opinion worth any more." Lily pulled out her yellow hair a bit more under her rakish little hat and stood looking at her pert face in the mirror. "I said when I was a child that I'd marry a tall man with blazing blue eyes and slick black hair and a ruby ring——" a hard little laugh escaped her and a moment later her high heels clicked as she ran down the bare stairway.

"Lily, you look wonderful this morning." Peter looked lovingly into the girl's queer eyes, fancying their soft glow meant welcome. Lily was, in fact, still mellow from her romantic dreams and her mouth tightened a bit as she faced her prosaic lover.

Peter was a small man, very little taller than the diminutive Lily, and he was not in the least masterful. Deep brown eyes lighted an otherwise plain face into actual beauty in moments of strong emotion.

"Haven't time to sit down, Ma, I mean Mother," cried Lily, drinking the cup of coffee that stood ready at her place. "Wish I had a 9 o'clock job."

Peter smiled at her petulance. "You know you don't wish that, Lil; we would not be able to go to work together."

"Peter, don't be so satisfied. Why don't you forge ahead and make real money? There's big money lying all around, and you just plug along——"

"I hear a car," cried Peter; "we'll just make it."

Lily wrapped her near-seal choker around her neck and they ran down the street towards the clanging car and struggled on the packed platform.

"It is awful," murmured Lily, "to sell evening frocks to rich, ugly girls and never be able to have one."

"I don't know where you'd wear it if you did have one," said Peter patiently; "couldn't wear it to work," and they both giggled over the absurdity.

"If I stop at your office will you let me look at some jewels, Peter? I do love to touch them so."

The young engraver nodded, well pleased at the prospect of Lily's company a few minutes longer, and proud to have the slim figure beside him as he passed thru the store to the back where he worked.

LILY plunged her tiny hand into the tray of rings he put before her, exclaiming delightedly as she held a bizarre ring up to catch the light: "Peter, I never saw anything like that. Couldn't you—that is—won't you lend me——?"

The young man turned abruptly, his pleasant mouth suddenly stern: "I should not have permitted you to touch them, Lil. You know I cannot lend what I don't own——"

"Peter, some one to see you," called a clerk, and, in the instant that Peter turned Lily slipped the emerald on her finger and turned to go.

"I think you are very cross," she pouted, flashing a mutinous look into his eyes, and, shrugging her thin shoulders under the imitation fur, she tripped out.

Peter's eyes had a hurt expression as he stared after her. Lily was so determined to rise swiftly and success wasn't attained in an instant.

Lily giggled as she punched her time and slipped in at the Wilmuth's department store. Pulling off her fur she dangled it haughtily, displaying conspicuously the hand that wore the great emerald with its bizarre setting of green-gold

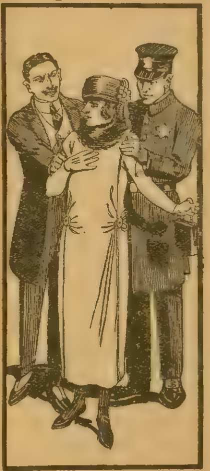
"Mayme, I dreamed of emeralds, and look," stiffly she extended her hand, "the dream," she finished mysteriously, "came true."

Mayme shifted her gum, dark eyes staring: "Pooh, imitation!"

"Imitation? I guess not; it's the real thing."

Mayme sniffed: "Well, if it's real," she retorted shrilly, "where did you get it? Peter can't buy green ice of that size."

Lily looked soberly down the vista of red carpets and marble pillars. Oddly enough the mischievous pleasure in her childish action had vanished and something sinister seemed to be near her. The emerald winked up at her evilly as tho gloating over her sudden panic. "That was a mean trick to play on him," she reflected. "I'll take my pass right now and telephone old Peter ——"



Take Her to the Office and Have Her Searched.

"Forward, eleven," came the reproving tones of the floorwalker, and then in a fierce whisper as he passed closely, "are you asleep standing up? Get busy or I'll have you put back in the basement again."

Lily sprang forward alertly. Promotion was hardly won at Wilmuth's, and she had no notion of slumping back into the basement with its rubber floors and bargain crowds: "Yes, madame, sit right here. A gown for a young lady of 20?"

The plump matron nodded. "She's about your size. Suppose you try on something in turquoise blue."

Lily almost skipped back to the row of hangers within a glass closet where the best gowns were kept. This opportunity of wearing the beautiful frocks came seldom and she intended to make the most of it. As she almost reverently lifted the top of a blue tulle she noticed a gown of green sequins that seemed made to wear with the ring, and with a sudden gaminesque impulse she took down the green.

The plump lady lifted her lorgnette as the tiny figure approached. Golden head above the glittering bits of green glitter, one small hand held gracefully out that the emerald might not be missed. "I told you turquoise blue," she said, biting her lips to repress a smile as the girl paraded absurdly up and down the square of carpet, "but that is good with your coloring. Lay it aside and show me the blue. I might take two."

A MAN, apparently waiting for change, watched the scene with amused eyes. The small shop girl so evidently enjoyed her brief excursion into the world of luxury and meant to extract every bit of possible joy while she reveled in the costly gowns.

"I wonder," the plump matron nodded to the floorwalker who was hovering about, "if you would let this girl try on some furs for me, she is just the same coloring as my niece, for whom I am buying—"

"But, certainly, madame," purred the man, "eleven, show her all our best things."

Under the cold eyes of the head of the fur department Lily draped rich furs over her flat little bosom and swam up and down languidly in a chinchilla cloak that set off the pale gold of her hair.

"Such a nerve as that little gutter-rat has," hissed Sadie, as she watched Lily composedly make out the charge-slip, "her sales-book will make old Perkins open his eyes. Hope she doesn't try to edge in here on the strength of selling that wrap. Believe me, if she does——" Sadie and the head of the furs exchanged a meaning look and Lily's narrow shoulders shook with mirth.

"I've been watching you," came a deep voice later on when the plump customer had departed, "and it has occurred to me that you might help me out of a difficulty. I wish to buy," the dark eyes studied her face intently, "an outfit for a girl—" for some unknown reason Lily felt thrilled and her pert white face flushed rosily under his regard—"about your size. You helped that customer out so splendidly that I believe you'll do. What will you sell me your noon hour for?"

Lily wriggled. She hated to mention a sum because he might intend to pay more and Lily loved money as a starved kitten loves warmth. Lily craved the soft things of life so intently, wanted sheer silks for underthings instead of cheap cottons. Wanted to shrug into evening wraps and——

"Would fifty dollars be enough?" came the quizzical voice, "I shall expect you to do a lot of running about for it."

"Yes," said little Lily, composedly, "it will do."

Somewhat to her surprise he did not wish to look at gowns at Wilmuth's store and rather regretfully she paid in her sales-book at the cashier's desk. The shopping would have done a lot for her book, but fifty dollars would buy the suit she had been watching so long, without hope, and she scurried down to the State street entrance, where the stranger would be waiting

A big black car stood waiting and the stranger nodded to the chauffeur. Lily's heart beat fast. Was he going to take her in that wonderful car? Perhaps he had fallen in love with her

"We haven't much time," suggested the stranger, and the cool authority of his manner thrilled her thru and thru. A modern cave-man, this stranger with his intent eyes and distinguished manner. If only Peter would order her about instead of patiently following her lead and adoring her. "I wish you to take this," he handed her a bill—a large one—"and buy a pair of bedroom slippers of a size to fit you." He had taken her arm and now guided her towards the entrance of a cheap store where the customers crowded blindly in and out.

Lily shot a regretful glance towards the splendid car. Bedroom slippers and in that cheap store. She had wondered why they were crossing State street. But as her mouth opened to voice her contempt for the store the stranger frowned at her delay and thoughts of the promised fifty dollars restrained her. "All right," she said.

"I'll wait here near my car," he said absently, "hurry, child, I have to make a train."

Obediently the girl scurried in and pushed her way deftly through the eager-eyed crowd. The elevators were so packed that with a swift glance at the mob waiting, Lily threaded her way towards the stairs and up to the second floor where the shoes were sold.

She selected slippers of soft rose satin and tendered the bill.

The weary-looking salesman gasped as he took the one-hundred dollar bill and he looked interestedly at the yellow-haired girl who possessed such a sum in ready money.

"All right," said Lily's employer, as she gave him the small parcel, "where's the change?"

Lily looked her astonishment. "Right here, but I thought there would be other things."

"There will, but we will settle up for each transaction as you buy. Not," he softened his voice and his dark eyes blazed down her, "that I don't completely trust you, but it will be easier for you. Pretty little girls with hair like sunshine should not be troubled taking care of money. I'm going to give you a bill at each store and then you won't have to count out change. You are made to spend money royally, not to hoard it."

Lily's heart thumped oddly. How well he understood her. Peter spoke of thrift and economy and of character-building and such dreary subjects.

"Now I want one of the new style fans, feather. If you could only have one fan during your whole lifetime, have you any idea what kind you would choose?"

"Green, emerald-green with a long

WANTS TO HELP OTHER WOMEN

Grateful for Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

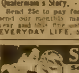
Chicago, Ill.—"I am willing to write to any girl or woman who is suffering from the troubles I had before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back always ached, so I could not go about my housework, and I had other troubles from weakness. I was this way for years, then my sister-in-law took the Vegetable Compound and recommended it to me. In the time I have been taking it and it has done wonders for me. I keep house and am able to do lots of work besides."—Mrs. HELEN SEVCIK, 2711 Thomas St., Chicago, Ill.

Women suffering from female troubles causing backache, irregularities, pains, bearing-down feelings and weakness should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Not only is the worth of this splendid medicine shown by such cases as this, but for nearly fifty years this same sort of experience has been reported by thousands of women.

Mrs. Sevcik is willing to write to any girl or woman suffering from such troubles, and answer any questions they may like to ask.

$8.75 NOW
Was $25
21 Jewel R. R. Watch Gold Filled Case
Agents, buy at [illegible] and make [illegible] a week. [illegible] guaranteed Gold Filled 25 years. 21 JEWEL Movement, [illegible] Railroad [illegible]
Chain FREE! [illegible]
SEND NO MONEY! We pay postage! Pay only [illegible] chain, FREE. MONEY BACK IF YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED
Agents Wanted [illegible] Gold Filled Case [illegible]
UNIVERSAL JEWELRY CO.
Dept 808, 1857 Armitage Ave Chicago

24 Complete Novels Novelettes and Stories FREE
To introduce our great monthly publication, Every-day Life, we will send this fine collection of reading matter. Each is a complete story in itself. Here are a few of the titles and there are 14 others just as good.
Woven on Fate's Loom, - Charles Garvice
The Tide on the Moaning Bar, Francis H. Barnett
[illegible] - - - - - - - Marion Harland
The Lost Diamond, - - - Charlotte M. Braeme
The Spectre Revenge, - - - Mrs. Southworth
The Green Ledger, - - - - Miss M. E. Braddon
Barbara, - - - - - - - - The Duchess
Circumstantial Evidence, - Miss M. [illegible]
The Heiress of Arne, - - Charlotte M. Braeme
Eve Holly's Heart, - - - Mary Kyle Dallas
Quatermain's Story, - - - H. Rider Haggard
Send 25c to pay for one year's subscription and we will send our monthly magazine to you every month for one year and this fine collection will be sent [illegible]
EVERYDAY LIFE, 51P, 337 W. Madison St., CHICAGO



SEX EXPLAINED!
Sex Truth at Last. [illegible] TELLS ABOUT: [illegible] HOW BABIES ARE CONCEIVED AND BORN—[illegible]
THIS BOOK IS NOT FOR CHILDREN. [illegible]
Ogilvie Pub. Co., 57 Rose St., Dept. 18, New York City
SEXUAL — LOVE AND LIFE!

30 DAY TRIAL
FINE STROP FREE
We will send a [illegible] on 30 days trial. If satisfactory [illegible] $1.97. If not, costs nothing. Fine [illegible] Strop FREE. Write today
STERLING COMPANY [illegible] BALTIMORE, MD.

Ford Sedan Free
YOU CAN WIN THIS IDEAL ALL-YEAR CAR
Can you solve this puzzle? Try it and send your answer today. Surely you want this fine new latest model Ford Sedan.
We have given away nearly [illegible] Autos in the past. Now we will give a new latest model Ford Sedan complete with electric lights and starter, sliding plate glass windows, large tires, demountable rims, freight and tax paid. This is the ideal car for both summer and winter use. Own a car of your own.
Can you make out the two words spelled by the numbers in the picture to right? The alphabet is numbered A is 1, B is 2, etc. What are the two words? [illegible] answer [illegible] your name and address.
Send Answer Today [illegible] give away Talking Machines, Bicycles, Watches, Silverware and hundreds of dollars in cash. [illegible] Everybody Wins! [illegible] Send Answer Today [illegible] for this Sedan.
FORD WILLSON, Mgr. 141 W. Ohio St., Dept. 2727, Chicago, Ill.

1 21 20 5
6 18 5 5

golden handle," cried Lily, without hesitation."

"All right, get the best there is," and be careful of the change of this," and he pressed a yellow-back into her soft little hand.

Gaily Lily ran into a store, famous for its beautiful accessories, and when she returned she gave him a long, narrow box. "Wouldn't you rather have these things sent out?" she asked.

"No, I'm gathering up a complete outfit for a trip. My bride," the dark eyes blazed down at her and Lily's sea-green eyes dropped, "must want for nothing; go now and get the prettiest negligee you can find; something," a swift smile flickered across his lips, "that will suit your coloring."

As one in a dream the little shop girl hurried away. Just what did this all mean? Had he fallen in love with her, this distinguished stranger with his blazing eyes and silver-touched hair. He seemed to comprehend fully her girlish dreams, and——

"This would be ideal for you, dearie," drawled the clerk's tones, shaking out a negligee of softest gold tissues caught together with frail hinges, "the mules and cap are here and——"

"I'll take that," cried Lily breathlessly, reverent fingers touching the tiny clusters of pale flowers that finished the cap.

The clerk drew a long breath. The outfit was one of the most costly, and she feared, from the easy purchase, that this girl might be trying to work a sent-on-approval game and would wear the articles: "We don't send these out on approval nor——"

Lily's head lifted. "I desire to take them with me, and I am paying cash—this time."

Again she sped back to the big car and the precious packages were tossed into the tonneau and the handful of bills counted out to the man.

"This time I can fully trust you," he said approvingly. "Here is three thousand dollars. I want you to get a squirrel wrap and please hurry."

Lily clinched her hand to make sure she was fully awake. He must be in love with her. There was no other explanation for his actions. Why did he not accompany her to make such a stupendous purchase? Why didn't he have his friends go herself—if he had one—no, he intended to clothe her as a princess and then win her away from Peter. Peter little knew how other men appreciated her.

"What a beautiful ring you wear," commented her employer as she handed him back some hundred dollar bills and the cloak.

The green fire of the emerald sparkled up at her evilly and Lily remembered, conscience-stricken at her action, that she had failed to telephone Peter of her act. Suppose the ring had been missed and Peter blamed.

"Who gave it to you?" demanded her employer.

"I—that is——"

"I'm very much afraid you stole it," the cool lips parted in a cynical smile and, for some reason he raised his voice perceptibly.

Lily shrank back as a policeman glanced towards her.

"I am ashamed of you," cried her employer with no mention of the fifty dollar payment, "and I shall leave you here. A gold-digger is bad enough, but a thief——"

STEPPING swiftly into the automobile the stranger leaned back in his seat and the car shot forward into the jam of State street and vanished.

Lily's heart seemed to stand still. The accusation had come so suddenly that she had no words of defense ready.

"Yes, that's her. The dirty thief," came a harsh voice and Lily cringed under the hand of a floorwalker who let out a stream of invective, "take her, officer, and have her searched."

At the station Lily was subjected to the inrignity of a toro search, her frightened questions remaining unanswered.

"Someone just telephoned," the hard voice trickled into the dingy room where Lily waited, "that this Lily Smith was just a tool. Her gentleman friend is an engraver and that, of course——"

Lily gasped. Peter would help her. "Send for Peter," she called out, "he will tell you that I—that——"

At the thought of Peter she broke down entirely and for a few moments her sobs prevented her from giving the name and address.

"Why, Lily, what's the matter?" came her fiance's grave voice a little later.

"The complaints are still coming in. Counterfeit bills have been plastered up and down State street by this clever crook. At every store she broke a large bill and carried away the goods with her. When I caught sight of her a gentleman was accusing her of being a gold-digger and a thief."

Lily's golden head drooped under the terrible accusations. Peter would never believe in her again. She could never explain her mad actions of the noon-hour. She could tell of the promised fifty dollars and of the mythical fiance, but who would believe her or even listen to her. Worse than all, suspicion pointed towards Peter because he was an expert engraver.

And then something strange happened.

"I seen that bird lift the doll's ring and I jumped on behind his car," cried a strained little voice and a red-headed newsboy thrust his way into the group. I give the traffic-cop the high-sign and he pinched him. I sell a poiper to the doll every day and she's——"

Peter looked puzzled but he put a strong arm about his sweetheart. "She's a silly child, but she's straight as a string," he said slowly, "I'll give bonds for her."

"But, you——"

"What is the meaning of this outrage," yelled a furious voice and Lily's distinguished acqaintance entered unwillingly in the grasp of two policemen.

"So you sqealed on me," he said, glaring at Lily, who shrank back against Peter.

And this time the search revealed many interesting things. A note-book in which Lily's name and occupation and that of Peter, occupied several lines: "A silly dreamer who can be made a tool of and the blame thrown on the engraver," ended the notation.

"He's got ten thousand dollars in phony bills," came the searcher's elated voice, "and all the change that poor little fool got from the stores."

Lily put her face on her lover's shoulder. "It is all true, what he wrote in his book. Peter, you believed in me and I—I took that ring to wear."

Peter glanced down at the ring that had been returned after the investigation. "Yes, I saw you take it."

"Well, why didn't you stop me? It must be worth thousands of dollars and that man stole it without my knowing——"

Peter smiled a little. "It didn't matter much," he said, quietly, "that tray was filled with cheap imitations, but," he smiled into the troubled sea-green eyes, "it fooled that fellow and led to his arrest. He couldn't resist lifting it."

"My dream said 'take the emeralds,'" murmured Lily soberly, "but I'll never follow a dream again."

The Great Decision

By H. Bush

BUCK ZELLER tapped the ashes from his pipe and swung thru the icy underbrush on his way to the old quarry pit, where he had left his tools the day before.

It was scarcely dawn and bitterly cold. A sleet storm the night before had coated everything with ice, even to the smallest twig. Now it was below zero and the snow squeaked under foot, and in the open places in the woods, the crust was strong enough to bear the man's weight easily. It was intensely still.

The sun was just rising thru a cloud of rosy gold, when he picked up his tools and started back by way of the old quarry-pit road which some of the teams used to go up Six Mile Hill.

Buck did not notice the almost dazzling brilliancy of the sun's first rays striking the myriad icicles which gleamed everywhere. His thoughts were in chaos, for last night Helen Stacy had returned his ring and kindly but firmly told him that she could never marry him, because she loved Jim Curtis better.

He paused and thought. Helen! Always Helen! There was the day that his foster parents had first sent him to the little frame schoolhouse. All the children had made fun of him because he was afraid of the great trees that seemed to tower miles above him. And Helen had patted his shoulder and explained that the trees had been there for years and never fallen on little boys from the orphanages in the city. From that day had he loved Helen. The marvelous part of it all was the fact that she had returned his affection. So they had been sweethearts for years and the next June they had planned to marry.

Now, this blue-eyed laughing daredevil from upper Canada had won her away. Jim Curtis was the son of a lumber king of the North and had been ordered to learn the lumber trade from the bottom up, and Glen Curtis, being an old friend of Helen's father, had sent his only son to him. He did not want Jim favored as he would have been in one of his own logging camps, and he was very proud to hear that Jim was fast developing into an all-around woodsman. Jim was on the sleigh-haul this week and had the most spirited team in camp.

Buck groaned. He, the boy who had never known anything but hardship must give up the one great joy that had ever lightened his drab life. While Jim, who had always had everything he wanted, would also win Helen. It wasn't fair, thought Buck savagely, and yet he knew Helen well enough to realize that if she loved Jim there was no hope for any one else.

A HALF mile away, at the top of the hill, the sleigh-haul teams drew up, the horses puffing and snorting as they reached the top with the great piles of logs chained to the sleighs.

The road the loaded sleighs went down was very steep and icy. It looked like glass and the "road monkeys" standing in the dug-out "Swede holes," each was ready with a shovel of sand to slow down the terrific speed the sleighs developed.

A few rods from the top another road branched off which wound past the quarry pit and joined the main road at the foot of the long slope. It was sometimes used to come up the hill, as, of course, no team could haul up the iced road.

The great, quick-moving blacks which Jim drove were the first team in line. They danced and quivered nervously and neighed shrilly when they paused at the top of the worst hill within ten miles. It was the first time any one had ridden a load of logs down it and Jim had insisted on the honor altho Bill Stacy had protested and argued against it. Barney and Daisy the horses were plainly afraid to break over the top but with a yell Jim started them. The next instant they were plunging downward. A tree crashed on the left and with a snap that almost overturned the sleigh the team dashed down the wrong road. While not iced it was hard packed and steep, and the yelling lumberjacks knew that Jim could never stop them from dashing straight over the brink of the pit, where the road curved sharply around it, for the force of the load behind them would send them over.

The team was entirely out of Jim's control, and many yelled for him to jump.

The lumberjack hates to desert his team in a tight place, just as a captain will stick by his sinking ship until the last, and Jim set his teeth and sawed frantically on the lines. A more experienced man might have been able to effect his own salvation, but with a team gone crazy with fear and the runaway fever, he did not know what to do.

Buck heard the yells and Jim's frenzied efforts when the sleighs started down the "come-back" road. For a second he waited. He was not mistaken, and in a few minutes Jim Curtis and the best team Stacy owned would be a crushed mass in the bottom of the pit.

The only way to save him was in Buck's power. Helen! If Jim were killed perhaps Helen would come back to Buck. A blinding vision of her seemed to stand before him. He could never look into those steady, honest brown eyes again if he allowed a man to be dashed to death without lifting a hand to save him. In one instant he made his great decision, and ran to a tall young basswood and started to chop with every ounce of his strength. He was considered one of the best choppers in the woods, yet the tree had hardly landed with a smother of snow and thudding and cracking of limbs before the runaway team and load descended. The tree lay squarely across the road and the impact as they struck it was terrific. Daisy leaped clear of the log and stopped. Barney stopped the load half upon him, and then he dropped, his back broken. The chains gave way and the logs catapulted in every direction, each a battering-ram of death. How Jim leaped clear and escaped them was a wonder. Even Buck was endangered but, as often happens in the woods, the men both escaped with nothing worse than scratches on their faces and hands from the crust on the snow.

Buck was praised and thanked by many, but his sore heart was not eased until Helen clasped his hand. With tears in her eyes she cried: "Ah, Buck, always my friend, and in time! What a wonderful thing to think you could save me my happiness! For Jim is my whole life, and you have saved him!" She kissed his cheek and then patted Jim's hand as he stood by her side.

Jim extended his to Buck and the two strong hands met in a firm grip.

In Jim's heart the fire of love burned brightly, but in Buck's the soft glow of sacrifice lightened the load he felt he would always carry. Yet he felt happy and marveled, for he did not realize that sacrifice is even more wonderful than love.

* * *

Master Kind Heart's Dog.

LOUELLA C. POOLE.

"WHAT is the name of your dear
dog?"
I asked a little lad;
"His name is Happy," he replied,
"Because he seems so glad
Always to see me that he laughs—
Or seems to, says my dad.

"He always looks as if he smiled;
He romps and plays all day;
He's never cross—a perfect lamb,
So gentle—all folks say;
He's just the dearest dog to mind—
Just perfect every way!"

"Oho," I thought, "the reason why
He is so true and kind
And always happiness itself
Would not be hard to find;
Young Master Kind Heart owns that dog
So glad, gay, quick to mind!"

* * *

Believe This, Girls?

DISH WASHING, when done properly, beautifies instead of damaging the hands, according to Mrs. Wilbur E. Fribley, State chairman of Home Economics of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs.

Notwithstanding the edict of at least two school girls who participated in a dish washing contest which was won by Gladys Rahn, who "never did the dishes at home," that such work roughened and reddened the hands, Mrs. Fribley took the opposite view.

"Never use too strong a soap or chemicals in the water," Mrs. Fribley advised. "Use mild soap, and apply a lotion afterward. Dishes can be done so dantily that it is a pleasure. Soft, white hands will result. I venture to say that the poet who sang 'I was a lover of ladies' hands that were pale with the pallor of ivories' was talking of a lady who washed dishes. In fact, tradition attributes his finest verses to his love for a girl who worked in her mother's cafe."

* * *

The offspring of straightlaced parents often turn out crooked.

AGENTS WANTED

HIGH GRADE KNIFE $1.00

Introduction Offer—Full size knife with any design wanted [illegible]

EASY MONEY
All or Spare Time
DISTRICT SALESMEN wanted to introduce novelty knives and razors. One side shows owner's name and address, the other any design selected, emblems used by Societies, Fraternal, Labor, Railroad orders, etc. [illegible] steel, handles clear as glass and unbreakable. Every knife guaranteed. If you are earning less than $1200 yearly let us show you how to make more. These knives make fine Birthday and Holiday PRESENTS. Size 3½ in.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 128 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, [illegible] houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, [illegible] matter, papers and circulars. [illegible] names and addresses are [illegible] expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully [illegible] Directory Lists to [illegible] without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years [illegible] paper [illegible] we are reliable. All we ask is that you [illegible] your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

Dr. Martel's Pills

$2.00 per box

Known the World Over—At High Class Druggists

SAFE RELIABLE—BEST— LADIES! REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Send 2c Stamp for "Booklet"

J. RUBSAM CO.
INCORPORATED
97 Reade St., Dept. B, New York, N. Y.

Piles Can Be Cured Without Surgery

An instructive book has been published by Dr. A. S. McCleary, the noted rectal specialist of Kansas City. This book tells how sufferers from Piles can be quickly and easily cured without the use of knife, scissors, "hot" iron, electricity or any other cutting or burning method, without confinement to bed and no hospital bills to pay. The method has been a success for twenty-four years and in more than eight thousand cases. The book is sent postpaid free to persons afflicted with piles or other rectal troubles who clip this item and mail it with name and address to Dr. McCleary, 520 Parkview Sanitarium, Kansas City, Mo.

RHEUMATISM $1.50 Worth Free to Try

Send no money. I send $1.50 treatment upon receipt of your statement that you have sub-acute or muscular rheumatism. If benefitted send $1.50. If not, you owe me nothing. Tested three years. Marvelous results. I trust you because I believe you will gladly pay if treatment helps you as it has others.

Add. DR. LEWIS BAKER, 300-R College Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

The Incubus

By Hamilton Craigie

FEAR beset Gerald Marston at the very moment of his entry into the chamber—an intense, gripping horror which laid an icy hand upon his forehead and fingers of a damp coldness about his heart.

It was as if one invisible from within had reached forth to make him prisoner to its atmosphere, which, heightened physically by the slimy walls, the velvet darkness, and the ceaseless, slow dripping of liquid upon stone, chilled his soul with a nameless foreboding, a daunting menace of unutterable dread.

And yet that Something, as he told himself, was behind him—his victim, the man whom he had killed.

Even now It walked, rather, upon the surface of the oily night, felt, but unseen, driving him forward inexorably, pitilessly—so that now he stood in the entrance to this lesser blackness, his huge bulk shaking in an anguish of uncertainty but one degree removed from the panic which had ridden him until, at length, distraught and near to madness, he had stumbled into this subterranean oubliette in his frantic flight.

It seemed a week since he, together with Professor Pillsbury, had descended into this whispering labyrinth of tombs—long galleries of Aztec construction vying in completeness with the catacombs of early Rome—sinuous corridors crossing and recrossing in a maze of underground warrens of apparently interminable extent.

It had been the Professor himself, an archaeologist whose devotion to his calling amounted almost to an obsession, who had suggested the exploration—nay, insisted on it—nor had he, in his singleness of purpose, remembered that it had been Marston, his friend, who had, as it were, with a very triumph of casualness, implanted in his mind the first tiny seed of suggestion.

Scarcely a month before Marston had felicitated his friend upon the latter's engagement to Lucille Westley, beautiful and imperious, but there had been death in his heart. Perhaps, however, he had fancied, with the perverted hope which had grown in his heart like a green and pallid flame of lust, that, given his chance, he might have possessed this incomparable creature for his own.

And so, like a destroying fire, his obsession had mounted until, with the cunning of his twisted brain, or, rather, deep within his consciousness, had spawned a thought: foul, slimy, furtive—even to himself half-born—an abortion, in truth, and yet . . .

AS THEY had passed from the clean sunlight into the Stygian darkness of the cavern, somehow, unbidden, there had arisen in Marston's mind an echo of the classroom—a fugitive whisper which, he could have sworn, took on suddenly the form and substance of mocking speech: "Facilis decensus Averni," it whispered in his ear, as in a dim current of the whispering wind.

Marston had brought with him a ball of stout twine as a necessary precaution in threading the uncharted deeps of the underground corridors. This he had knotted firmly in a clove hitch (for Marston had been a sailor). There could have been no fear of its working loose, and less danger of its fraying out against the rough walls of the passageways, since at all times it would be loosely held. Like a thin snake, it spread itself behind them, and like a snake . . .

The accident had been impossible to foresee. Had he known that it could not happen; and yet . . .

The Professor, leading the way with lantern held well aloft, had exclaimed aloud at the vivid beauty of a stalactite in his path, adjacent to a broad, deep ledge some three feet in height

"Ah, Gerald!" he had cried. "It is alive—it writhes with motion—observe how it has grown, layer upon layer of smooth perfection! And the ledge—a perfect replica of an ancient sarcophagus! Look!"

But he was destined never to complete the speech.

For with the words he stumbled—a bight of the line snaked out to coil around his ankle—tottered, even as from behind him something moved, flashed, descended upon his head—something cold and hard. He fell, with a sodden crash, face downward in the mold.

And with his fall the lantern crashed to the floor of the cavern, sputtered a moment feebly in a brief spark of life, and then died abruptly. And at the feet of Marston that which had been sentient, alive, now lay still and motionless in the dust.

Marston stood for a moment, with groping fingers extended into the void about him; his head sang, his eyes blurred. The velvet black became suddenly, as it were, endowed with life and movement, mysterious, whispering. Near at hand there sounded abruptly a horrible, fetid panting—a gross intake of whistling breath which, in a sudden, overmastering panic, he did not recognize as his own labored breathing

"God!" he cried, insanely, and then, in panic-struck terror at the sound of his voice, fell silent and stood shivering like a frightened horse

With fumbling fingers he felt in his pockets and produced a box of matches, finally, after many attempts, lighting one which he held tremblingly above his head. He did not glance at the figure at his feet, but over and beyond it, where his shadow, monstrous and grotesque, seemed flung headforemost into a shallow niche, within which there rested a flat slab of rock perhaps three feet in height.

To his distorted imagination the sudden suggestion seemed filled with a vague menace—as if the brooding shadow of death had reached forth to touch, to summon, to beckon with an imperious, chill finger there in that stifling abode of changeless dark.

Abruptly, as the quick flame ate downward to his finger-tips, he made a short, backward step—stumbled—and the box fell from his nerveless hand, the match winked out, and at one stride the dominion of the dark enveloped him.

He bent swiftly, with frantic fingers searching in the mold, scratching, clawing in a fever of anxiety.

He found—nothing. Then, as if impelled from behind by an inexorable Force, he began to run, stumbling, falling, bruising himself against the sharp, unseen angles of the passageway along which he fled . . .

Time had merged into an eternity of physical pain and mental torture, of corroding fear which left him in a sweat of agony as he fared onward in his blundering flight. The sense of direction which in the pitch blackness renders the familiar outlines of one's very bed-chamber strangely distorted—this had become confused in his first headlong rush away from th escene of that which was branded upon his heart in letters of fire.

Now, in his warped and twisted brain the germ of a thought grew, expanded, flowered abruptly in an insane cacophony of sound.

A laugh, reedy, discordant, cackling, echoed in his ears, beginning in a low chuckle, then rising all about him in a furious stridor of sound. It was as if the demons of the place were welcoming him to their midst as one worthy of their company.

Again he fell prone, groveling in the mold in an ecstasy of terror at the unrecognizable mouthings which issued from his throat. But even as his insanity peopled the void about him with shapes of terror, in especial the hideous Shape which he knew even now followed him, he got somehow to his feet, arose, and lurched headlong into a recess in the rocky corridor, which would have been familiar could he have but beheld it even in the brief flaring of a match.

It was then that he heard the ceaseless, slow dripping that smote him afresh with an indescribable, crawling fear, beside which his previous insane panic had been as nothing. For a moment he heard also a gibbering—a squeaking; a rustle which with his coming ceased abruptly in a faint shadow of sound. For a moment he could have sworn that a slinking, furtive, Something, unbelievably swift, had brushed past his leg, touched him lightly as with the faint, fugitive contact of a dead, wind-blown leaf.

That slow, continuous dripping—too well he knew its meaning, or thought that he did. And in the same breath he became aware of the place in which he stood—recognized it for what it was even in the enveloping blackness.

At any other time he would have known that measured dripping for what it was. The curiously suggestive rhythm of the stalactite's slow drip-drip, like the sluggish dripping of blood.

In his headlong flight, cleaving an unimagined depth of Cimmerian darkness, thru which it seemed he was breathing the oily tide of a dim nightmare of viscid flood, all sense of direction had been completely lost

Now, as he stood, within this fearsome catacomb, of a sudden he stumbled, knelt, put forward a groping hand, and then recoiled with a windy shriek—as his shaking fingers encountered the clammy surface of a human face!

HE HAD returned, willy nilly, as it seemed, to the body of his victim. It was the face of Pillsbury, cold, clammy, silent, unresponsive.

Doomed! He was doomed, then, to kneel there, in that groping blackness of this frightful charnel—alone, yet prisoner to that silent figure—forever to hear that ceaseless dripping, regular as the beating of a heart, of a heart that was stilled forever, yet strangely pulsing in its slow drip-drip—inexorable, insistent, ever louder, as it seemed—rising in a veritable thunder against the low-flung curtain of the dark.

Trembling, urging his will by the severest effort he had ever known, in a sudden lucid interval he passed an exploring hand over the rigid outlines of the body, which lay, as upon a bier, on a sort of rocky shelf, perhaps three feet in height, just level with his shoulders as he bent before it. But it had not been there before! When he had left it in his overmastering panic it had been lying, face downward, in the mold!

But it did not occur to him to question its position; the strange significance of the fact affected him not at all, for, curiously enough, with the contact there came a measure of reassurance. The Thing which had been—Pillsbury, his fiend—the Thing he had left behind—had not been following him; it had existed merely in his coward imagination; or, if it had hunted him thru the maze of corridors, it was now returned to its chosen resting-place. There it was, under his hand!

It was absurd to think that he had been followed, for dead men did not walk, save in dreams, and he had returned to prove that it lay where he had left it, silent, cold, incapable of movement without volition.

On his hands and knees, his questioning fingers, tracing the rigid outline of the limbs, came suddenly upon a length of line, knotted about the ankle. Ah!

Feverishly he felt about him in the blackness, clawing forward on hands and knees. Yes, the line ran clear, unbroken, away from the niche. He was saved!

In his sudden revulsion, he gave way to primitive emotion—he chuckled, moaned, cried, wept, laughed in a horrible travesty of mirth.

Like a drowning man, he seized upon it with clutching fingers as if by some sudden magic he might be drawn, on the instant, out of this labyrinth of black terror which was eating into his soul with the corroding bite of an acid. For at the other end of that thin thread lay sunlight and life and liberty. He held that within his shaking grasp which was in truth a life-line, a tenuous yet certain means of safety, of escape from a death, the grisly face of which had but a moment before leered at him out of the tomblike depths.

In his eagerness to be gone, he straightened from his kneeling posture with a convulsive movement, his fingers holding the line, jerked it violently, and, before he could rise, there came a rustle, a thud, and a suffocating weight descended upon his back. As he fell, face downward in the mold, he squeaked like a rat as, out of the dark, two hands went round his neck and clawlike talons encircled his throat.

Curiously alive they seemed, and yet—with his own hand he had accounted for that life. It was not possible—no, it could not be—it was unthinkable. . . .

For a space he lay, inert, passive, but, notwithstanding his terror, his fingers still clutching the line, spread out before him in the blackness. Presently, when his panic had somewhat abated, when he found that he was still alive, unharmed, by slow stages of tremendous effort he rose to his knees, tottering under the Incubus upon his back.

Now that he knew what it was, after an interval he attempted to disengage the fingers about his neck, but he could not. He found that grip rigid, unyielding. Like a bar of iron, it resisted his utmost efforts

It was as if a Will, implacable, inexorable, had informed those stiffened talons with purpose; it was as if the last sentient effort of an Intelligence had, by some supernatural quality, bequeathed to those fingers a message, a command to be performed. Rigor mortis—that was it—the unbreakable hold of those implacable fingers; Pillsbury's vengeful fingers, reaching out, even after death, in a dreadful cincture of doom!

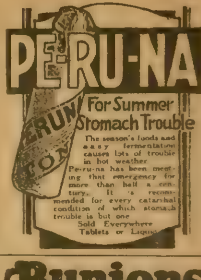
But Marston rose slowly to his feet, staggering, swaying beneath that frightful burden whose fingers wrenched by a superhuman effort from his neck, bit into his shoulders like hooks of steel.

"God!" he mumbled, again, in an un-

FOREVER FREE FROM HAY FEVER ASTHMA

Hundreds of people are astonished and delighted with the quick and PERMANENT relief they have received from our wonderful new discovery, Asthma-Sera. Asthma and Hay Fever, with all their tortures, may now be BANISHED FOREVER. Tear out this announcement and send at once to

R. M. B. LABORATORIES
700 Alaska Bldge., Seattle, Wash.



PE-RU-NA
For Summer Stomach Trouble
The season's foods and easy fermentation causes lots of trouble in hot weather
Pe-ru-na has been meeting that emergency for more than half a century. It is recommended for every catarrhal condition of which stomach trouble is but one
Sold Everywhere
Tablets or Liquid

Bunions
STARTLING NEW DISCOVERY
FREE TRIAL Costs Not One Cent

Just send your name for this startling new discovery that has at last put an end to all bunion suffering. I don't care how many remedies you have tried without success — nor how discouraged you may be — I will prove to you FREE, as I have to [illegible] others, that this new amazing discovery absolutely ends the oldest, most stubborn bunion. Nothing like it was ever before conceived. It is entirely different.

FAIRYFOOT
So simple it takes but a moment to apply, yet it works miracles. Suffering twinges stop at once. Redness and soreness end quickly. Inflammatory swelling is quickly dispersed. Don't suffer another day. Send name at once for Free Trial before this liberal offer is withdrawn.
Foot Remedy Co., Dept. 304
2207 Millard Ave., Chicago

Rheumatic Sufferers!
I Positively Guarantee That My Remedy Will Cure the Worst Case of Rheumatism, Sciatica or Gout With the Understanding That If It Fails, It Will Cost You Nothing.

During my sixteen years of drug experience, of which over four years I served under the Naval Bureau of Medicine & Surgery, hundreds have benefited from my dispensing of this wonderful remedy.

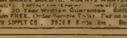
Originally, one of the foremost naval surgeons perfected and prescribed this treatment in his practice with marvelous success.

If you wish to secure for yourself the amazing results of this treatment with the distinct understanding that it will not cost you one cent unless you are perfectly satisfied, order it today.
W. K. ZANK, R. P., GREENVILLE, MICH

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose in a Week?
If you are fat and want to lose weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Rid-O-Fat treatment absolutely Free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Whinton Laboratories, 2276 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

CURES PILES
OR COSTS NOTHING
Any reader who suffers from Piles, no matter how long standing, can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of W. R. Darlington, 50 [illegible] Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Don't send a penny — just write Mr. Darlington and he will send you a regular 10-day Treatment absolutely free. If it cures send $2.00. Otherwise you owe nothing

Make a Wish!
A [illegible] Egyptian Wishing Ring [illegible] Good Luck, Life and Power to get what you wish. AT LAST [illegible] King Tut Ank Amen [illegible] may be worn by ALL who wish Good Luck [illegible] they do. Send $1.45 for this [illegible] Gold Acid Test Wishing Ring [illegible] [illegible] explained. Money Back if [illegible]
REO CO., DESK 8, 116 WEST 39 ST. NEW YORK



[illegible] Watch [illegible] SILVER DOLLAR
HIGH GRADE GOLD Fd. AGENTS WANTED. [illegible] 20 Year Written Guarantee. Gold Filled Knife and Chain FREE. Order Sample Today. Pay on arrival [illegible]
[illegible] SUPPLY CO., [illegible] Dept 8L, Chicago

BABY CHICKS. Thorobred Barred Rox, S. C. Reds, $10-100; Wh. Rox, Rose Reds, $12; Orpingtons, Wyandottes, $13; S. L. Wyan. Minorcas, $15; Leghorns $9. Catalog free. D. T. FARROW CHICKERIES, Peoria, Ill.

CHICKS S. C. Reds 12 cts., B. P. Rocks 11 cts., S. C. W. Leghorns 9 cts. and mixed or off color chicks 7 cts. These chicks are all from free range stock. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Booklet free. W. A. Lauver, McAlisterville, Pa.

WANT WORK AT HOME?
Earn $18 to $60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept R, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago

DROPSY TREATMENT. Gives quick relief. Soon removes swelling and short breath. Never heard of its equal for dropsy. Try it. Trial treatment sent FREE, by mail. Write to DR. THOMAS E. GREEN, Bank Bldg., Box 20, CHATSWORTH, GA.

conscious travesty—a hideous burlesque of supplication.

It was the end, then. Weakened as he was, his nerves a jangle of discordant wires, his mind a chaos of bemused and fragmentary thought, he stood, helpless, swaying, foredone, beaten, trapped by the inexorable clay of his own making.

No longer a man but a beast, his brain wiped free of every thought but the blind, unreasoning impulse to live, like an animal he drew, from some unsuspected physical reservoir within him, the strength to proceed.

Tottering, swaying, he reverted to the brute, and, with the dumb, inhuman impulsion of the brute, roweling even his apelike strength to superhuman effort, he continued to advance, falling at times, and rising as with the last spent effort of a runner at the tape, yet somehow going on and on, feeling his way along that thin thread whose other end, miles distant, centuries away, stretched into the ether of Heaven!

In a nightmare of suffocating blackness, shot thru at times with the red fires of the Pit, he fared onward, and now he saw, with a sudden, agonized return to the perception of the human, that those fires were all about him. They were eyes, venomous, hateful, red with the lust of unholy anticipation...

He heard about him the slither of gaunt bodies, the patter of innumerable feet—rats they were, but of an unconscionable size, huge and voracious, such as infested this underground kingdom of the dead.

While he moved he knew that they would not attack him. While he lived, even without movement, he believed that he was safe.

But why had they refrained from that which he had given them to feast upon, the Thing which even now flapped about him, the inanimate yet strangely animate shell which he had transformed at a stroke from life to death, its legs striking against his as he moved, as if to urge him onward, rowel him forward as in a race with death?

The sounds that he had heard, the squeaks, the gibbers—as of ghouls disturbed at a ghastly rendezvous—could there have been any significance in these? Somewhere he had heard of drunken miners, asleep in the deep levels of coal, brought to a sudden, horrid awakening by cold lips nuzzling cheek or neck, but his brain considered this dully, if at all.

An odd hallucination began to possess him: dimly he dreamed that his dreadful burden was alive, but unconscious, insentient. But he knew that it was an hallucination.

He would make no immediate effort to rid himself of the thing he carried—not now, at any rate. When he became stronger he would bury it, hide it. Years might pass—perhaps a chance party might discover in one of the innumerable corridors a moldering skeleton—but the body of his guilt would be a corpus delicti—there could be no conviction without evidence, and no murder without a victim produced as of due process of law.

But in a moment it seemed this thought gave place to the overmastering panic terror of escape. Instinct alone held him to his course. If there had been light one might have seen the foam which gathered on his lips, the glassy stare of his eyes.

Again he fell, and this time he fancied that the narrowing circle had drawn nearer. Even to his dulled brain he was aware of an intelligent rapacity in those burning eyes, an anticipation which sprang from knowledge.

Somehow, once more, he rose upright, after a multiplied agony of straining effort, but he felt; deep within his consciousness, that he was but a puppet in the hands of a ruthless fate, doomed to wander forever under his detestable load.

Of a sudden, also, an illumination, like a fiery sword, cut thru the dulled functioning of his intelligence; the beast that was Marston reeled with the suggestion that penetrated the surface of his physical coma.

What if the line he followed led, not into the clean brightness of the outer air but, by some frightful mischance, still further into the womb of the hills, deeper and deeper into oblivion, down and down into the uttermost hell of one's imagining?

In the flux and reflux of images which had taken the place of coherent thought he saw all this, he felt it to be a possibility, and with the terror of the brute he strove once more to rid himself of this insensate tyrant, this Incubus which rode him, roweling his sides with grotesquely dangling feet, spurring him on in a mad welter of fear and pain from which he could not escape.

But it was useless. Try as he would, he could not disengage that grip of steel, and thewed mightily as he was, he found that every last ounce of his great strength was needed to go on. He was just weak enough to render futile any effort to dislodge those clinging fingers, and just strong enough to continue his progress, like a mole in the dark—and that was all.

He must go on and on until flesh and blood could endure no more, the victim of his own contriving, the veritable bondslave of his passionate soul. And when at length he should fall, no more to rise, then would come, not swift oblivion, but death, indeed, lingering, horrible, unthinkable, even for a beast. . . .

TIME had ceased, feeling had ceased; thought remained only in the faint spark which glowed somewhere within him, flickering now, glowing at the core of his being even as about him there narrowed the fell circle of the blazing eyes.

Slap—slap—shuffle—slap. . . . With the infinite slowness of exhaustion, his feet moved, dragged, went forward, while ever at his back those other lifeless feet rose and fell in a grotesque travesty of life, of movement, spurring forward his all but fainting soul.

Dimly he perceived that the floor upon which he moved had taken an upward trend; he felt the line go suddenly taut; then, abruptly, before him, for a single instant, a pale glimmer flickered and died as from dim leagues of distance.

Summoning the last remnant of his strength, he began to run, or thought that he did, but in reality he moved by inches, and by inches the faint glimmer grew, expanded, broadened to a luminous grayness.

Stumbling, slipping, swaying from side to side, the sight of that pale shadow of the day intoxicated him with a feverish exultation, despite the weakness which seemed to dissolve his being to water. He was saved.

By a last, titanic effort, a tremendous wrenching of the will, he fell rather than staggered into the outer air—beheld, with lack-luster eyes, the ring of faces about him, all staring eyes and white lips and working faces.

Then he sank abruptly to his knees as eager hands relieved him of his burden. He heard voices, meaningless, yet filled with meaning. . . .

He fell instaneously down a long stairway to the deep, enveloping mercy of unconsciousness.

PRESENTLY, after a timeless interval, he opened his eyes, and then closed them again, blinking owlishly at the strong sunlight. He heard a voice, incoherent, babbling, which, after a moment, he recognized as his own:

"The stalactite—it was the stalactite that killed him, I tell you. . . . It was an accident—an accident. . . ."

He rolled his eyes wildly from right to left, and at what he saw a strangled, mad cry of sudden comprehension—or understanding—issued from his throat ere the thick veil of a retributive insanity descended upon him forever:

"The rats. . . . knew. . . ."

Before him, his face death-white, his hand scarred from the rough stone up which he had clawed to the rocky shelf, a clean bandage about his forehead, was the face of Pillsbury. In that brief instant, like a lightning flash, illumination seared into the brain of Marston, and, by its very white-hot intensity, shriveled it to the dust of gibbering madness:

The drunken sleep of the miners. . . . The nibbling of the rats. . . . Pillsbury's awakening to consciousness. . . . His instinctive, upward effort to escape to the ledge from which, with the half-conscious, and then wholly conscious grip that would not be denied, he had fallen upon Marston. . . .

Potential murderer that he was, Marston himself, by a poetic irony of justice, had been the unwitting savior of his intended victim!

The End.

Free To

Pile Sufferers

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands and thousands of grateful letters testify to this and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now, TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy

E. R. Page,
352 T Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your method to:

....

....

....

Her Father's Blood

By Lyon Mearson

TO PROPERLY understand this story you must know that the father of Dorothea Solinger was a thorogoing scamp, who had deserted his mother and his 1-year-old daughter when they were in want, and had never returned. The mother had died soon after, and young Dorothea had been adopted by her father's brother and sister-in-law, who had no children of their own.

And there she had been brought up, ignorant of the whereabouts of her father and, as time went on, caring little. He had deserved nothing else from her. Yet, to her surprise, once in a long time she would sit and ponder upon the fact that, somewhere in the world, her father lived and had his being—if, indeed, he still lived. Somewhere the man who was her own flesh and blood moved in his own circle, thought his own thoughts, carried out his own existence. At such times a curious softness would steal into her reflection about the man, a peculiar tenderness that had no real foundation or basis in fact, a sentimentality that was hardly warranted by the circumstances. For, after all, he was her father—and she would have liked, at these times, to have seen him and talked with him.

* * * * * * *

DOROTHEA awoke in the dark with a start. Sitting in the library, she had fallen asleep toward nightfall. Her aunt and uncle had gone out after dinner and had left her there, and upon returning, before midnight, had supposed that she had retired, as the library and the rest of the house were in darkness.

A cold fear ran thru her as she awoke. She heard no sound, yet she knew she was not alone. There was a presence in the room, a Thing that lived. The house was still, and the room was shrouded in impenetrable darkness. She shivered, tho the night was warm, and it was as if bony fingers had clutched at her heart.

Her almost paralyzed hand reached forward to the string of the table lamp at her side. Petrified with a nameless terror, fearing she scarcely knew what, yet knowing that something was in the room with her, she pulled the beaded string with a convulsive movement. The room was lighted instantly with a soft light.

Her instinct had been right. She was not alone.

A gasp of fear, mingled with relief at the humanness of the midnight visitor, was forced from her throat. "Oh!" she exclaimed, hand going to her throat at the sight of the masked figure, gun in hand, that came forward, catlike, the instant the light was switched on.

"Good evenin', miss," said the burglar. "I didn't have no idea yer wuz here."

"What do you want?" came from her weakly.

"Just lissen at her," came from the burglar, sarcastically. "Why, I'm the piano tuner, of course. I charges yer the fambly jools to tune the old organ!" his voice changed abruptly. "Say, lookahere, kid" he said. "I won't do you no harm, if yer keeps yer trap closed an' gives up widout no holler, but if yer tries ter pull anything, why, I wentilates yer proper, an' don't let nobody tell yer different. Get me?"

He advanced threateningly, and she retreated, fearful of the revolver, and of the cruel, sensuous leer that illuminated his face. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and she was able to make no reply.

"Say," he went on, "now that I lamps yer proper, yer a (deleted) good looker, I'll tell the cockeyed woild!" He advanced still closer, and she shrank away as far as possible.

"Take what you want and go," came in agonized accents from her.

A mocking laugh greeted her. "Take what I want—that's a good one. All right—I'll take it." He had her in his arms in an instant.

She struggled, the fear gone from out of her. A huge hand went over her mouth, to prevent an outcry, and his evil face came closer and closer to her white one.

She pounded with futile fists against him, and suddenly, as she felt his hot, foul breath close to her, changed her tactics and drew her finger nails sharply across his toughened skin, bringing the blood. Taken aback by the suddenness of it, he stumbled backward, the revolver flying out of his hand and striking against the corner of a chair.

"You little——" burst from him, and the rest was drowned in the roar of the revolver shot. Acrid smoke filled the room, and a grotesque look of surprise seeped into the eyes of the burglar as his legs buckled under him slowly. He half spun around and slumped down in a shapeless, misformed heap.

Eyes wide and staring, heart beating far from normal, face pale as putty, Dorothea gazed down at him as he lay on the rug, palm of his right hand uppermost. On the palm of his hand was burned a circle inclosed in a five-pointed star. She knew that mark.

"Father," she breathed.

Dazed and silent, they found her sitting on the edge of the large library chair, with the body at her feet, when they burst into the room a moment later. She glared straight at them, but did not know them. She was, for the time, a woman without a mind.

IT WAS three days before her reason and her memory returned to her. Three days that had been filled with her hysterical outbursts—three red nights and days of fever and terror.

And on the third day she opened her eyes and looked quietly into the eyes of her nurse.

"Well, you're back again," smiled the nurse.

"Is—is he dead?" she asked, holding her breath for the answer.

"Who—the burglar?" asked the nurse "You bet he is—dead as a doornail."

Dorothea turned away and buried her face in her pillow. Her shoulders heaved, and her brain reeled under her emotion. She had shot—or as good as shot—her father. Her father!

That burned mark on his palm had identified him to her, tho she did not know him by sight. Many a time her uncle had told her about that mark of identification, and once he had gone so far as to draw it for her. This had in response to repeated questions about her father. There could be no mistake—she had killed her father. Her father's blood was upon her head, and her hands were stained with it. The world went black around her.

There was a light touch upon her shoulder. She looked up into the face of her uncle.

"What's the matter, honey?" he asked patting her feverish face.

"Oh, uncle dear—my father—father! I—I——"

"What about him?" he asked soothingly.

"Why, didn't you see him?" she asked. "I killed him!"

He stared at her an instant, and then turned to the nurse.

"Nurse, please bring the revolver that was found in the library."

The nurse went out and returned in a moment with the gun. "Show it to Miss Solinger," directed the old man. The nurse did as she was told, but the girl refused to touch the thing.

"Take it away—I don't want to see it," she murmured, shrinking back against her uncle. He took the gun himself.

"What I wanted you to see was this," he pointed to the revolver. "This is the gun the—ah—burglar had. The one you think killed him. It couldn't have killed him because it couldn't have been fired. It has no trigger, as you can see. He simply used it for the purpose of frightening——"

"Then who——" burst in Dorothea, a sudden hope springing in her heart.

"That we don't know," smiled her uncle. "The police say that the shot came from the French windows on the east side of the library—whoever did it had only to put his hand thru the window and shoot. They think it might have been some confederate who—ah—disapproved of what he was doing."

"So I wasn't the cause of my father's death——"

"Your father's!" ejaculated her uncle. "Why should you think it was your father?"

"That burned circle and star on the palm of his hand—you often told me about it——"

"I know," he interrupted. "But that was the insignia of a disreputable secret society—there were a score of others who had the same mark on the same place. That wasn't your father, girl—I ought to know your father, as he was my own brother."

A great wave of thankfulness surged over the girl, and the happy tears came as she lay huddled close against her uncle's breast. It was some time later that she looked up.

"But who do you suppose fired the shot——"

"That's going to be very hard to tell," he assured her.

He added mentally that it would be still harder to tell, unless the police intercepted a man who took the morning boat for South America—where a man who had shot another man thru a window could be safe. This man—also with a circle and star on the palm of his hand—traveled in style, financed by the uncle of Dorothea Solinger.

Dorothea's father had turned straight, after killing his man.

❧ ❧ ❧

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 168, 421 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., tells how to be rid of Leg Sores and Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife by using his unique discovery, result of 32 years specializing. Write for your free copy today.—Adv.

❧ ❧ ❧

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and rosy red cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send a ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.

The Sacrificing of Polly

By Clara B. Roth and Lemuel L. De Bra

WHEN "Devil" Dickman went up for two years for practicing penmanship on some one else's check I decided it was time for me to turn over a new leaf and go straight. Maybe a good intention was sprouting in my heart and maybe I was just tired of being the "moll" for a cheap crook—like Dickman. Anyway, when I waved good-by to Dickman as they started him off to prison I told myself I was saying good-by to all the old life and associations forever.

But, alas! I was to learn that sometimes when you're traveling the straight and narrow and feel a halo sprouting 'round your head for the bunch of good resolutions you cuddle in your heart, biff! comes a slam from your past life that lands square in the middle of things and queers you again. I always had an idea that it pays to be good; but I know that it pays better and longer never to have been—the other.

The whole trouble started the day I went into the cloak room and found the new girl crying. This was in a big city where I had gone after cutting the bunch. I had been working for more than a year, was going straight, and had met Hal! I used to get pretty tired of selling fancy neckwear to fussy old dames and blushing brides, but I would think of Hal, big, clean, wholesome Hal, and tell myself I just had to make good.

Well, this new girl was a pitiful thing. She was pretty, too, with a mop of pale blonde hair and big brown eyes—a combination anybody would fall for. I had noticed her at the handkerchief counter. She seemed frightened all the time, and lonesome. And she never joined in the chatter when the rest of us girls in the cloak room dolled up at quitting time.

This day I speak of, the little brown-eyed one looked more lonesome and pitiful than ever and when I found her the tears were spilling down her pretty cheeks faster than she could wipe them away. Maybe it was a mother feeling I had, but I couldn't help putting my arms around her.

"Tell sister Blenche all about it, kid," I said. "Why cry? Maybe things could be worse. I've been handed several jolts myself in my innocent young life; but there's usually a sunny side somewhere."

At that she only sobbed harder, cried on the shoulder of my six-dollar georgette blouse; but I just held her close until she quit. She kept wiping her eyes with the backs of her hands for all the world like a five-year-old kid.

Polly—I learned that was her name—seemed mighty glad to lean on some one, even a red-headed department store slave like me; and believe me, I liked it. Since it was quitting time I took her home with me before I let her talk. My room looked shabbier with her in it—with that sunshine hair of hers; and there was a light in her eyes that seemed to come from the inside of her, if you know what I mean. In just two minutes I decided that this poor kid was clean and square and had no business being alone in the Big Town.

"You see," Polly began after she had drank some of the tea I made for her, "I've been looking ever so long for somebody that I belong to. When the orphanage was burned, the superintendent could not be found. I had been placed there as a baby, and the superintendent had always promised me that some day he would tell me all about my folks. Then he would pinch my cheek and call me a lucky girl, but I never knew just what he meant.

Well, the fire wiped out everything. The children were scattered. Some went to other homes, orphanages, I mean; and some went to private homes to be raised. That's what happened to me. I was taken by a couple that ran a hotel in Chicago and——"

But I'm going to skip that part of Polly's story. Poor kid! Lucky she got away in time, for I knew as she told me all the sordid details that she didn't even know what she had run away from. Thank God she got away clean!

"I've worked in a lot of towns since then, trying to earn enough money to live on and keep looking for some one, somebody I belong to, somebody who cares. There must be somebody, don't you think?"

"Surest thing, you know," I said, and I turned away to get a box of crackers and dab my eyes. Then, all in a flash, it struck me that here was a job for Hal.

Hal was one of the big writers on one of the big papers. He nosed around in all sorts of places and knew everybody. Hal was a wonder. He could help us find some one for Polly. I went right down stairs and phoned him and in ten minutes more I was introducing him to Polly.

"You poor little kid," said Hal when Polly had repeated her story. "I'll get a line on your home town some way and try to trail things from there. We'll find somebody even if we have to adopt a parent to take care of you. You're too little—and good—to be alone like this."

I remember how Polly's eyes flashed, and she rumpled her short, curly hair like she always did when she was pleased or excited.

AFTER that Hal came home with us often—I had taken Polly to room with me—and he would take us out to dinner or a movie. We were waiting until he had time to run up State to make inquiries where the orphanage had burned. And meanwhile, Polly was doing well at the store. Everybody liked her. I almost lost my job for butting in when one of the main guys at the office tried to get fresh with her. I talked to her like a Dutch uncle, believe me, and opened her eyes to a lot of things. She promised me she wouldn't go to lunch with any one or meet any one except Hal. My Hal was safe, you bet

Well, I had a hunch one morning that things were going too smooth for me and sure enough old man trouble framed me quick. I was showing stuff to an overdressed old crab who had pawed over everything in the shop without buying, when I glanced down the aisle and who should I see but Devil Dickman, handsome, all dolled up, as ever.

Something inside of me turned cold. I looked again, hoping I was mistaken. No, it was Dickman. He had stopped by a rack of jet beads and I remember thinking how his black eyes looked just like those hard, glittering beads.

Things flew thru my mind like lightning. I wanted to marry Hal, have a home and children. I wanted to forget the old life. I had felt so sure of myself; and now, looking at the black eyes of Devil Dickman, I shuddered and turned weak inside.

Well, Dickman came on down the aisle and stopped in front of me. "Hello, Blanche," he said, tipping hs hat. And then he spoke quietly, "See you outside!"

I was too sick to speak, even if Dickman had waited for me to answer. I just stared dumbly as he passed on. I couldn't even think.

It was closing time then, and I dragged myself out to the cloakroom. There I saw Polly. Polly! Lord, she must never know! But how was I to ditch her. We always walked home together.

I couldn't think of any way to avoid it, so we met Dickman, and I introduced Polly. Dickman was nice to her. He had a way, that devil. Polly dimpled and smiled as innocent as a day old babe—and just about as helpless, I thought.

All the way home I was wondering what move Dickman would make. Well, I wasn't long finding out. When I had given Polly the key and sent her on up to our room, Dickman drew me aside.

"Blanche, I'm quite taken with your little blonde friend."

I stared at him. Polly. Oh, Lord! Dickman always got what he went after, especially if it was a woman. And he had designs on that child!

"I've been watching you quite awhile," he went on. "Of course, I traced you here and intended to hook up with my old pal again." He smiled arrogantly. "But when I saw little Polly I decided to make a change. You were always too blamed uppish, anyway. Polly is a winner. And she can't be the angel she looks and be chumming with you. That's the kind I want, see—the moll that looks angelic but isn't."

"Dickman," I said, a little braver now that I knew he wanted Polly and not me, "that girl is good. You keep your dirty hands off. She's straight. See? And so am I."

Dickman laughed. And it was a mighty nasty laugh.

"Sure she's straight—like you. That's what I said. That's why she fits right in with my plan. As for you, well, Blanche, for old times' sake, you're going to help me land Polly. See?"

At that I went weak again inside. I could neither think nor speak.

"I have the scheme all doped out," Dickman went on. "Your friend, the newspaper guy, is going to help. See——"

"Dickman!" I almost screamed now. "Don't, for God's sake—don't drag Hal into this. I——"

"Oh, I know you've fallen hard for him," Dickman broke in, grinning. "I won't hurt him, nor your chances with him, if you help me get Polly. Understand?"

I understood. Dickman would leave me alone, wouldn't queer me with Hal, if I would help him get his clutches on Polly like he once had them on me. God, what a mess I was in!

"You are to suggest to your friend Hal that he write a Sunday feature story about Polly, the beautiful orphan," Dickman went on. "Of course, you won't mention me. Take all the credit for the suggestion, yourself. Immediately on reading the story, I'll bust in on you with the surprise that I'm a long-lost relative. Get it? While your friend is writing his Sunday story, I'll be faking up old letters to prove my relationship—a cousin, say. You know that's where I shine, Blanche.

"Since Polly has no one who will object or dispute my claim, the thing will be easy. I'll take the girl to Florida where the mocking birds are singing. We'll be happy—until further notice."

Talk about your cold blooded propositions! But that was Devil Dickman.

"You'll do it, of course?" Dickman was saying.

I thought of Polly and shuddered. Then I thought of Hal, of all my plans for the future, and—God forgive me—but they blinded me to everything else. Perhaps, I reasoned, I can take just this one step back, and then go straight forever. As for poor Polly—maybe she would find a way out—just as I had done.

So, in the end, I gave in. I agreed to sacrifice Polly to save myself. That's the only way to put it.

HAL jumped at the Sunday article suggestion. He put over a whole page of what he called "Polly stuff." He told all about Polly's search for some one who cared, her loneliness, sorrow and everything. It made Polly the center of interest at the store, of course. People came in all during the day to look at her. An observing floor manager finally had her moved from the handkerchief counter to another department where she could be seen to better advantage and where she could sell a higher priced line.

Then Dickman strolled in. That was a Tuesday morning, I remember. He leaned over my counter. Prison had made him a trifle pale, but he was as debonair as ever.

"Tonight," he said, "I'll come up to claim my little cousin. Can't wait too long. Too many others looking at her. You will back me. She'll believe everything you say. I used to, myself," he smiled devilishly, and passed on.

Then at the thought of what I had done and the part I was still expected to play in Dickman's dirty scheme I went all weak again inside and my head began to feel queer. At lunch I avoided Polly and went out to the park to think. I was too sick to eat, too sick to go back to work when the time came. I spent the whole afternoon wandering around in the park, but to this day that entire afternoon is a blank in my memory.

Six o'clock came—the time I was to meet Dickman. Still I couldn't turn my steps toward home. I felt somehow that the better "me" was struggling for the upper hand, just as it had been trying for months to be the all of me. And suddenly I knew that I could not do this thing. I could not have a hand in sending Polly straight to hell by turning her over to Devil Dickman. No, I couldn't do it, even tho it cost me Hal, my job, all the happiness I longed for.

The chimes were striking 7 now. I jumped up and hurried home

Polly was not there. Neither was Dickman. Instead, I found a note. It was from Polly. It read

> **Dearest Blanche—Don't be mad at me for running away without telling you, but I will be home later with the grandest surprise for you. I was so happy, and you will be, too, when you know. Your own POLLY.**

I can never forget the horrible feeling that came over me, how the room reeled when I read that note. I was too late! I flung myself down on my bed and wept and prayed That was a terrible hour.

THE next thing I knew a sharp hand had me by the shoulder and was shaking me roughly. I looked up. It was Dickman. His eyes were glittering again like those jet beads

"Where's Polly?" I cried, sitting up and

WEAKNESS GONE!

Amazing New Raisin Iron Tablets Build Strength Like Magic!

Quickly put astonishing vital energy into the veins of men and bring roses to the cheeks of nervous, run-down women —Tone You Up Like a Mountain Air Vacation, Says Doctor

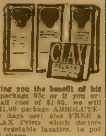
FREE TRIAL OFFER GOOD TODAY

No longer need men envy the red blooded fellow with strong muscles, lasting endurance and clear skin—No longer need women envy the girl with strong nerves, active body and beautiful complexion. No matter what remedies, tonics, drugs or other preparations you have used without success, if you are not vigorous, strong and well with fine digestion, steady nerves and rich red blood you may now build yourself up quickly, easily and surely Just Try NATURE'S RAISIN IRON TABLETS at our risk and watch the amazing results. Unlike other forms of iron they will not injure teeth or upset the stomach. You quickly notice a wonderful renewed feeling of buoyant health and energy that will delight you and astonish your friends.

NATURE'S RAISIN IRON TABLETS are regularly sold at $1.00 per package, but to introduce to large number of people at once we will supply you for limited time direct from the Laboratory, giving you the benefit of big middle man's profit Single package 93c or if you order two packages for the small cost of $1.85, we will send you an extra full sized $1.00 package ABSOLUTELY FREE (enough for thirty days use) also FREE a large box of the famous CLAX Pelets which doctors recommend as the safe, sure vegetable laxative, to put your liver and bowels in good shape.

Don't Send a Cent. When package is delivered simply pay postman $1.85 (plus a few cents postage) in order to take advantage of this great free offer, or 93c if only one package is desired Your money is simply on deposit while you test NATURE'S RAISIN IRON TABLETS and CLAX Pelets. Unless results are positively satisfactory to you—it will be promptly refunded So it costs you nothing to make this great FREE TRIAL unless you are pleased Could anything be fairer? Simply send your name and address today to

RAISIN PRODUCTS COMPANY,
461 Eighth Avenue, Dept. 5, New York City.



Know the comfort of a healthy skin -

Don't miss the joy of a brisk rub down because of eczema or some equally annoying eruption which makes your skin burn and sting whenever you touch it Resinol Ointment has a cooling healing action which brings prompt relief from these ills No matter how severe or well established the case may be Resinol rarely fails to produce the desired results.

Resinol Soap and Resinol Shaving stick complete the Resinol trio. Ask your druggist for them.

Resinol

NEW CORD
Price-Lowest Ever

GREAT PRICE CUT ON GEM CORDS

30 x 3½ $6.75

The tire that gives 10,000 miles of satisfactory service. Cut your tire costs by these excellent GEM CORD TIRES at low prices Best tire ever seen. Another Gem Cord half price for any tire not satisfactory.

10,000 Mile Guarantee Policy

SEND NO MONEY
All GEM CORDS shipped C.O.D EXAMINE TIRE. If not the best buy you ever made, return the tire and get your money back.

Size	Cords	Tubes
30x3	$6.15	$1.05
30x3½	6.75	1.25
32x3½	8.45	1.55
31x4	9.75	1.65
32x4	10.25	1.75
33x4	10.75	1.90
34x4	11.25	1.95
32x4½	13.45	2.00
33x4½	13.95	2.10
34x4½	14.50	2.25
35x4½	14.95	2.50
36x4½	15.25	2.50
33x5	16.00	2.75
35x5	17.00	3.00

ORDER NOW—5% discount for cash with order.
GEM RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. 292—1315 S. Oakley Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

It's right on my CARD

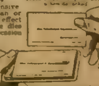
NOTHING so exasperating as having to repeat and spell out your name, address or phone number. To say "It's right on my card" is simpler and more sensible. Thousands of women are adopting this business-like way of doing things when shopping and saving themselves annoyance Business women like and are using—

BOOK FORM CARDS

Carried in "Well Wear" Case are distinctive and inexpensive Beautifully lettered in Roman or Gothic in process Engraved effect without the use of expensive dies and plates suitable for any occasion where a card is needed.

Send Only $2.00 for 100 cards and case Give name, city, address and phone number [illegible] Add 10c additional for each extra line $3 for 250 or $4.50 for 500 cards

MODERN CARD CO., 18 E. 11th St., Chicago



DENINGER WILL SAVE
BIG MONEY SAVINGS FOR YOU
$40
Deninger Cycle Co., Rochester, N.Y.
YOU 25 TO 50 DOLLARS

FREE-
Bracelet Watch Exact for Jewel 10 yr guarantee latest design platinum finish engraved in rich velvet case RUSH your name for FREE Bracelet Watch Plan DON'T DELAY WRITE TODAY
HOME SUPPLY CO.
131 Duane St., N.Y.C. Dept. 2

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph Great fun for lovers or friends Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

ASTHMA or HAY FEVER Treatment mailed on trial State which you want. If it cures send $1. If not, don't. Write today
Address W. K. STERLINE, 835 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, O.

looking out thru the open door into the hallway.

"Gone!" replied Dickman. "Regular movie stuff!"

"What—what do you mean?" I stammered, my heart racing again.

Dickman shrugged his shoulders and tried to smile, but it was an effort.

"Our newspaper stunt worked fine," he said. "This forenoon, just after I left you, I strolled by where Polly was working. Two men were talking with her and with the manager. I got close enough to hear what they were saying. One of the men had that d—d Sunday story your friend Hal wrote. He proved to be the superintendent of the orphanage; said it was all a lie about his disappearing at the time of the fire. The man with him was—Polly's dad!"

Dickman paused to light a cigarette. I was speechless.

"It was an affecting reunion, I assure you," he went on. "I slipped away when I saw your friend Hal show up, and beat it back to give you the high sign. You were gone.

"Well, we did our best. I hate to lose Polly. Some chicken, I'll tell the crooked world. And as a token of my appreciation for the way you helped me in my scheme to get her I'll take you back, now, old pal, on the same old terms. Eh?"

I drew away from him. Polly was safe! Once more I had a chance to go straight, to win Hal's decent love.

Then, before I could speak, Hal and Polly stepped into the room. One look at Hal's face and I knew he had heard everything.

"Oh, excuse me," said Dickman mockingly. He bowed, and left. At the door he turned and gave me a "see you later" look

Hal drew Polly to him as tho to shield her from something unclean. He did not speak, but with his arm around the sunny-haired girl, turned his back to me and started to leave.

Polly twisted around and spoke over her shoulder.

"Blanche, you have been good to me. I dont' quite understand what all that talk meant, but anyway it's all right. The surprise I had for you is this: Today, just after my father showed up, Hal and I were married."

Then they, too, went out the door—and out of my life. I can never forget the look of utter happiness that was on Polly's face, and I can never forget the look of contempt that was on Hal's.

That was a year ago. I am in another town now. I am still selling fancy neckwear to fussy old dames and blushing brides. And I never look up at the jet beads hanging on the rack by the counter without dreading that some day Devil Dickman will walk in on me again.

As for Hal—I wish that somehow he could know that in the end I meant to do right, to save Polly. But he doesn't, and that, I suppose, is my punishment.

* * *

Did He Get It?

Beggar—Sir, I have been in this town two days and have not had a bite to eat. Could you give me 15 cents to buy some food?

The Accosted—Sorry, but I haven't got 15 cents in change. You couldn't change a 50-cent piece, could you?

Beggar—Why—er—yes, sir, I can change it.

Health is Your Most Valuable Asset

Listen To What This Prominent Man Says About It.

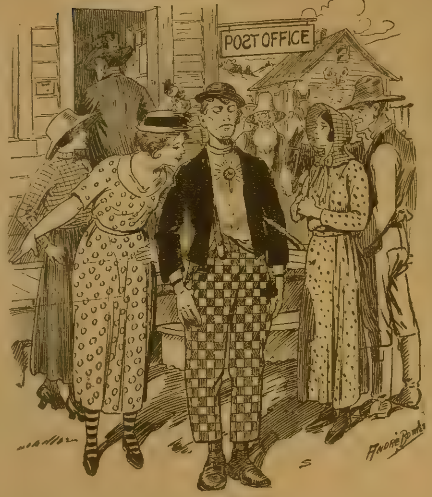
Walter Whipple.

Champaign, Ills.—"For the past twenty-five years I have depended upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as a spring tonic and I am positive it has kept me immune from disease germs, for my health is always exceptionally good. I have also taken Dr. Pierce's Anuric (kidney and backache) tablets just to keep my kidneys toned up in a healthy state. I consider Dr. Pierce's remedies especially valuable to keep in the home, ready for use, and have given them to every member of my family, and have always seen beneficial results."—Walter Whipple, 719 S. Neil St.

Obtain now from your neighborhood druggist Dr. Pierce's Family Remedies. Write Dr. Pierce, Pres., Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice, and send him 10c for a trial pkg. of any of his medicines.

The Great Investment

(Concluded From Page 2)



"Well, If It Ain't, I've Been Stung for Fifty Cents!"

Simpson was departing within the hour to the city of Asheville, and would permit Jess to return with him provided he would agree to subdue the glaring headlight in his necktie, so as not to interrupt the schedule of incoming trains.

In due time—for the Southern is always that way in arrival—Jess reached Glen Alpine, just a few hours before Old Sol went to his accustomed slumbers in the golden west. Jess lost no time in making his way to the village center, which is the postoffice.

Shooting its multi-colored rays across the undulating summits of this indescribable Piedmont section, the very God of Day seemed aware of opposing competition contesting his supremacy of other mountain sunsets, and there was not a cloud in the May sky to debate his mastery.

A throng of the villagers had gathered, ostensibly to inquire after the mail, but Jess fervently believed within his soul that they had assembled to observe his acquisition in the way of a neckpin.

One after another came and went, and Jess was well nigh to the conclusion that his travels had been unheralded, that his departure and return had been unknown. He could have sustained all this, but that none of the village beauties had remarked his diamond, stunned Jesse to the heart.

He made one final effort to attract their observation and admiration. Turning and twisting his neck until his head began to spin with dizziness, just then Old Sol's final flourish in the burning west seemed to converge with one defiant contest against the five-carat stick-pin that adorned Jesse's place where a collar had never been.

One of the village belles, almost blinded by its array, stepped close to Jesse, and shading her eyes with her dainty fingers, ventured to make this inquiry:

"Jess, is it a real diamond?"

At this the other belles massed, and Jess, a bit peeved at their doubts, struck an attitude none unlike that of Apollo Belvedere.

He answered:

"Well, if it ain't, I've been stung for fifty cents!"

Another Abernethy story next week.

Her Jail-bird Lover

ABOUT the middle of the forenoon, on a summer's day, Nina Rogers, living with her mother on a farm, went down to the creek, which ran back of the house, to catch a mess of fish.

There were no whales or sharks in the creek, but there were some fish about as big as a silver dollar, and it was just as amusing to feel them bite and to haul them out as if they had been whales.

Nina had hauled out three or four of them when a young man took a seat almost beside her. He had been walking very fast, and the perspiration stood out on his face.

"Excuse me," he said after a moment, "but I will explain."

Miss Nina was a bit afraid of him. She simply said to herself that he had a great deal of assurance to approach her in such a way.

"My name is Jack Hudson," continued the stranger, "and my folks live ten miles from here. Yesterday I was trading horses with an old man named Smith, and he tried to make me believe that his old skate of a horse was an Arabian steed. The more I laughed at him the more excited and angry he got, and began walking around. He slipped and struck his head on a stone and cut quite a gash, and what did the old fellow do but get out a warrant for me. He said I threw a stone at him, whereas I hadn't seen it until he had fallen down. He swore to a falsehood to get the warrant, and as it was a bad charge I was taken to jail."

"Didn't you have any witness?" asked Miss Nina as she looked the young man over.

"No, I didn't have any. It was out in the country, and no one was near. I didn't like the idea of being in jail, and so I pried off some of the bars and made my escape. The sheriff and half a dozen men are after me, and it seems as if they had chased me about twenty miles. I gave them the slip about a mile back, but I think they will be along soon."

"And if they catch you, will you have to go back to jail again?" asked Miss Nina

"Yes, of course," was the young man's answer, "and it will make my case all the worse. I will take your fishpole and pretend to be your brother, and if anybody comes to question us, please don't give me away. I hear a wagon driven at a furious pace on the main road and I think my pursuers are close at hand."

He handed back the fishpole and stood on his feet and half laughed as he said:

"I think I will be going and save you any trouble. It is the sheriff and three or four men and they are coming here. Good-by to you and may you have good luck with the fish."

With these last words he was soon lost to sight among the bushes. The men came up on the run, and the sheriff asked the girl:

"Have you seen a young man here this morning?"

"Why, mother and I live all alone," replied Miss Nina, looking the sheriff right in the eye.

"Yes, but this young feller is a stranger and a jail-breaker and we have been following him since daylight."

"If he was in jail," said the girl, "he must be a bad one."

"Indeed he is, miss. He threw a stone and almost killed an old man. He was to be tried today, and they were to give him a heavy sentence. I wonder where he went, as I saw him not ten minutes ago."

The girl looked up and replied:

"I don't think he was fishing. When a man breaks out of jail he don't think of fish, does he?"

His pursuers all laughed and went back to the wagon and soon disappeared, and Miss Nina was too excited to continue her fishing. For an hour she kept thinking of the jail-breaker. He was not a bad-looking man and he had escaped pursuit temporarily and the girl found herself hoping that they would never catch him. When she had gone home with her fish her mother said:

"Nina, what did those fellows want?"

"Oh, they just wanted to talk with a young man," replied the girl.

"They must have been in an awful hurry for they came in with the horses on the run," replied the mother

"Oh, well, we need not bother about them," replied Miss Nina. "About sundown I am going fishing again. They were just biting nicely when these men came and scared them away."

The county paper had something about jail-breaking, but it did not pitch into Jack Hudson. In fact, it rather took his side. He was not heard of again for a year, and it was on a summer's day, and Nina Rogers sat sewing on the front porch. She was thinking of the young man and wondering where he was, when somebody sat down softly beside her. She turned about and there was her jail-bird, and he had the same assurance he had carried when she first met him.

"Don't be afraid of me," he said, as she partly rose up. "I have not broken jail this time and the sheriff is not after me. I came here to apologize, and do so now."

"But aren't they after you now, just the same?" asked Miss Nina as she recovered her shock.

"Oh, no," he replied. "The old man has got over his hurt and it is all made up between us. It was a good thing for me that they did not catch me at the time. How are the fish biting?"

"I was just going out there to see."

The young man returned again and again, and one day the mother said to the girl:

"Nina, why does Mr. Hudson come here so often?"

"To catch fish," replied the girl with a laugh.

"I thought so," said the mother.

When Mr. Hudson came for the last time that year he had something to ask for and he got it. The fishing was good. He caught something besides fish.

If you take a ride along the Boston road you may see a young man cutting grass or mowing hay. That will be Mr. Hudson. You will see a woman standing in the door with a smile on her face, and that is Nina, who did not give the sheriff any information. You may see two children on the roadside fence, and they are the Rogers twins.

* * *

They Had a Reserve

WHEN the train came to a stop at a country station there was just one man left in the car and he boarded an old horse car which was in waiting. The horse car ran about half a mile and then the old horse lay down to rest. The driver got down and lashed him, but he would not get up.

"How far is it uptown?" inquired the lone passenger.

"Oh, about two miles and a half," was the reply.

"We may not get there until midnight!" protested the passenger.

"Oh, that will be all right," said the driver. "We will wait here 'till midnight, and if the old horse won't move I will go over to that house you see there after reserves."

"What is your reserve?" was asked.

"I will borrow his yoke of oxen, and horse and car will go uptown on the gallop. I always do that."

* * *

He'll Get 'Em, Yet!

"I understand the parson says his congregation is a bunch of blockheads."

"Well if he keeps preaching that dry-rot he'll get 'em in the long run."

Big Ulcer All Healed

"Here is another letter that makes me happy," says Peterson, of Buffalo. "One that I would rather have than a thousand dollars.

"Money isn't everything in this world. There is many a big hearted, rich man who would give all he has to be able to produce a remedy with such mighty healing power as Peterson's Ointment, to sell at all druggists for 60 cents a large box."

"I was an untold sufferer from old running sore and ulcers. A friend told me of your wonderful ointment and the first box took away the pain. I am cured. The ulcer was 9 by 6½ inches, is all healed and I can walk. Never, never will I be without Peterson's again.

"You may use this to recommend your ointment, if you wish. I cannot say enough to praise it." Yours truly, Mrs. Albert Southcott, Lyndonville, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Picking Wild Strawberries

By C. J. Lewis

IT WAS a lazy afternoon in June. The highway was deserted, and the calves lay in the shade of the maples and seemed to sleep, whether they did or not.

Standing by the roadside fence, and looking over it, was a young man who had walked out from the village. He was a handsome fellow of about 23 years of age, and seemed to have no pressing business on hand that afternoon. He had simply walked out from the hotel, to which he arrived two hours before, to see what he could see. What he saw that interested him most was a young girl of about 20 years old, down on her knees picking wild strawberries from a patch that grew on a hillside.

He also saw that a thunderstorm was coming up, and after gazing at the clouds for two or three minutes he climbed the fence and made his way toward the girl. He had arrived within thirty feet of her when she heard his footsteps and sprang up with an exclamation of surprise.

"I beg your pardon," he said as he raised his cap, "but I did not mean to startle you. Did you know that a storm is coming up, and it is going to rain and thunder and blow?"

"No, I did not know it," the girl replied. "I was so busy thinking of other things that I did not notice the weather."

"I take it," he continued, "that you live in that house across the meadows?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that is your mamma standing in the door, looking every which way for you?"

"Yes, that is my mamma," was the reply.

"She has seen the storm coming, and she wants to give you warning."

There was nothing bold in Nannie Gold talking with a stranger. There was her mother and her house. In addition to these things, the young man, as has been stated, was genteel and good to look upon. The girl knew at once that he belonged to the city. No girl is afraid of a good-looking man, tho he be a stranger.

The girl waved her hand to her mother to signify that she saw the storm, and to the young man she said:

"I shall seek the shelter of those trees and do not think that I shall get wet."

"Oh, but you mustn't do that!" he corrected. "We are going to have a bad storm. Just see those black clouds. And there will be lots of wind. If you stand under trees you are in double danger. You must let me carry your basket of strawberries and let me take hold of your hand, and I hope we can run fast enough to get the shelter of your home."

The girl handed over the basket and gave the young man her hand, as they ran she inquired:

"So you think it is going to be a bad storm?"

"Yes, I think so by the looks of the clouds and they seem to grow blacker every minute. I should not wonder if it would do great damage."

They arrived at the house and found Nanny's mother back in the door and she was about to blow the dinner horn to give another warning. The rain came pattering down and almost with the first drops there came a terrific flash of lightning which made the women cry out in alarm. A tree near the strawberry patch was struck and shivered.

As the three took seats the stranger introduced himself as Frank Mayo, and he added to this:

"I have been to Yale College for the last three years, but have finally got thru. I am just looking around, as you might say. I have an automobile at the hotel, but did not bring it with me. I saw Miss Nanny at the fence and had the boldness to warn her of the storm. We are getting it very bad as I told you we would. I never saw it rain harder, and many trees are being blown down."

"I thank you very much for your timely warning" replied Miss Nanny, "and the assistance you have given me."

"And so do I," replied the mother, "and now make yourself at home until the storm is over."

At that moment a man entered the house by the back door. He had hurried up from his work, but, owing to a misfortune, he had to make his way so slowly that he had got wet to the skin. He came stamping in to call out:

"By George, but it is this old game leg again! I saw the storm coming, but could not make haste, and so I got as wet as a rat."

The woman gave him to understand that there was a stranger present, but the old man was not abashed in the least. He came forward and held out his hand and said:

"Neighbor, it's a bad storm, and I'm so glad you found shelter here. I never saw it rain worse than it does now, and the thunder bolts have played hob with our apple trees. Who be you, anyhow?"

The young man introduced himself and told him how he happened to be there, and the old man said in reply:

"I was out in jest sich a storm as this three years ago, when the lightning pitched into me and knocked me about ten feet. It seems as if the lightning struck me in the leg, for I have been lame ever since. Yes, stranger, it's a mighty bad storm, and now let me ask you what you have been doin' at college?"

"Well, it is hard to answer," was the reply. "Of course, one goes to college to learn one particular thing, but in learning that he learns other things. I took up dentistry and have graduated."

"What! What!" almost yelled the old man in his excitement. "You have learned to fix and pull teeth?"

"Yes, I say so," was the laughing reply.

"We had a feller here," continued the old man, "but he was starved out. There was plenty of toothache in this town, but most folks would rather have the toothache than to pay out their hard-earned money. I have had the worst old tooth that you ever saw. I bet I haven't had a sound sleep in a month's time. It don't happen that you have your tools with you."

"But it does happen that way," replied the young man. "I have got my bag of tools with me at the hotel, and altho I am not exactly looking for a place to set up, I did not know but what the tools might come in handy."

"What will you charge me to work at my tooth?"

"As soon as it stops raining I will go after them and won't charge you but a dollar."

"But I can't pay that," said the old man, "but maybe I can scare up fifty cents. That is all the other dentist was going to charge me if he had not gone away."

In an hour the rain stopped and Mr. Mayo was working at the old man's tooth, and he soon fixed it all right, and a thankful customer he had.

You know how these things go because you have read of them and experienced them, perhaps. Mr. Mayo was in no hurry to go on, and almost every day he called at the house to see Miss Nanny. There was no more teeth to be pulled, but lots to talk about, and the end came just as the old man thought it would, and he said to his sister:

"I tell you, these young folks are stuck on each other, and there will be a marriage, and they will live happy ever after."

* * *

The Interlude.

(Concluded From Page 4.)

had sent him an S. O. S. call that she needed to see him as badly as he wanted to see her, that if he failed her this time it would be forever.

When he arrived it was dusk of the second day of his journeying. Doubts began to assail him. What changes might not have come into her life since his departure? He went into a telephone booth and found Aunt Mary's number.

The voice that he had come so far to hear answered. "Mrs. Marshall is out. Any message?"

"Hello, Blanche." Peter's voice trembled so that he was afraid she would not recognize it.

After a pause, "Yes, where are you?"

Peter could make nothing of her tone. "At the station."

"Oh, I thought you were talking on long distance."

"No, I am right here in town. Are you glad?"

"I'm surprised."

"Is that all?"

"Why do you ask?"

Peter could stand this no longer. "When can I see you?"

He could not believe her hesitation.

"I was going out, but I can see you for a few minutes first."

He hung up the receiver in a frenzy of haste. He must see her at once. "A few minutes!" he mocked bitterly when he wanted her for the rest of his life.

He strode down Main street and turned at the familiar corner into the side street where Aunt Mary lived. He thought he saw a flutter of white on the steps but could not be sure until he was within hailing distance.

Blanche waved in return but said nothing until they had shaken hands.

"Why, how thin you've grown, Peter!"

He felt a little better. She had at least noticed him, but he did not like her air of uncertainty, as if she did not expect him to linger.

The soft white frock she wore accentuated her pallor, but Peter had never seen her look lovelier. Her gray eyes held him, the same, yet not the same with their added depth of expression. An afternoon's experience that had nearly cost him his life, on the wind-whipped, gray Atlantic, came vividly to his mind.

"I have it! I never knew before how to describe your eyes. Storm-tossed, is the only word, yet there is a steadiness, too."

Blanche's formality vanished in a smile that made Peter long to take her in his arms, so poignant a reminder was it of other days. "How you've changed! You never used to talk that way."

"Perhaps it would have been better if I had," he responded gloomily, then with a quick change of tone, "I've come to ask you to marry me because I can't live any longer without you."

Blanche sat down suddenly, as if some invisible prop had been removed. Then she laughed mirthlessly, with a hint of hysterical abandon.

Peter was afraid she was not going to be able to stop. He caught her arm and shook it violently. "What is the matter? Tell me," he commanded.

She was silent instantly, but her voice was unsteady when she spoke. "You are just in time to attend my wedding, this week."

Peter was speechless.

"I suppose it's all right," he said at last, "if you love him. I was fool enough to think you once cared a little about me."

"I did, long ago, before I was ill, but then you didn't."

"Ill? Why didn't some one let me know? You never answered my letters."

"For months I was unable to, Peter. I never would have grown well if I had not made up my mind to forget all about you. It wouldn't have helped much to open it all up again—when I was nearly over it."

Peter never felt nearer tears in his life. He could not forgive himself. "I can't bear to think that I caused you so much unhappiness. I was a blind fool! I didn't know until just the other day, what was the matter with me, that I was longing for a sight of you, that I could never be happy until I found you."

"It's a funny world, Peter. I couldn't believe, at first, that you did not really care, that you wouldn't discover some fine day that you did, and come back." She paused. "All the time Tom wanted to marry me, and Aunt Mary and Uncle John wanted me to say yes."

She hesitated again, so long that he was afraid she was not going to finish, but she was only trying to choose words for her thought that would not hurt him. "That was the kind of love I wanted, the kind that means a home, and little children. Tom knew that I cared for you, but he felt sure you would never come back, and he wanted me anyway. He has been so fine, and he has no one else but me, so," she concluded. "I am going to try and make him happy."

Peter's head sank between his hands. "I suppose you are sorry I came back," he suggested hopelessly.

"No, not now," she replied gently. "I think it has done us both good to talk things over. I feel happier than I've felt in a long while just to know that you are really the sort of person I always believed you to be, underneath." She took his hand. "It's helped us both, knowing each other, so let's say good-by and not spoil the beautiful memory we shall always have."

Peter choked as he stood up to go. "I can't tell you how fine and loyal I think you are." He stooped over and brushed the top of her dark hair with his lips, as he had that evening they sat on the porch together, so long ago, it seemed to him now. The soft spring darkness of the night soon swallowed up his hurrying figure.

Blanche stood alone on the topmost step, her clinched hand pressed against her lips so that no sound might escape to call him back. She did not notice a shadowy form detach itself from the greater shadow of a nearby maple tree and hasten down the street after Peter.

At the corner Peter felt a touch on his arm. His heart turned over with reviving hope, only to subside in despair as he saw that it was a man, and not Blanche, as he had unreasonably wanted it to be.

"What do you want?" he asked rather sharply, because of his disappointment.

"See here, if you two think so blooming much of each other, I don't see where I have any call to butt in. You'd better go back, or she'll be thinking you're gone for good. And don't thank me," he protested as he saw symptoms of gratitude on Peter's part, "it's not for you I'm doing it."

* * *

Cafeteria Manners.

THE cafeteria may promote good food at fair prices, but it also promotes bad manners. A prominent educator fears that the self-serve lunch counters in the schools and business districts will finally destroy such vestiges of table manners as hurried America has thus far preserved.

"All the emphasis of the cafeteria," said the teacher, "is for selfishness. It's a case of grab what you want without a thought of the other fellow. You don't have to show the slightest consideration for anybody else.

"You sit down alone to eat. You engage in no table amenities. Nobody asks you to pass the salt, and you do not ask anybody to pass the sugar. There is no such thing as cafeteria good manners in this country if the foreign-born form their ideas of American customs in the cafeterias."

Perhaps the teacher is a little overanxious, yet there is a good deal in what she says. The self-serve lunch counter does tend to promote selfishness and carelessness. But it need not, if every self-server will only watch his behavior as carefully as he does his tray. It will help, too, if the etiquette of the home table is observed all the more carefully in order partly to offset the influence of the sketchy cafeteria meal.

* * *

A surgeon in Dayton, Ohio, advertises that he can cure a black eye in fifteen minutes. Do your fighting down in Dayton.

FORCED SALE!
We need the cash. Lowest prices in history. Rush your order today.
$5.90
25 Cal. 7 Shot
32 Cal. 20 Shot $9.50
BRAND NEW BLUE STEEL AUTOMATICS SHOOTING STANDARD AMMUNITION
THE WILD CAT
Regular Swing Out Hand Ejecting Left-Hand Wheeler Revolver
32.20 or 38 Cal. 6 Shot $14.50
A powerful six shot gun: made specially for Rangers, mountaineers and men working in unprotected places, requiring a safe and efficient weapon. Quick as a flash, with great penetrating power and true marksmanship. Carry this gun with you, and you will feel fully protected. Made of best blue steel, rifled barrel. Hammer with safety. Fires regular, short and long 32.20 or 38 caliber ammunition. $14.50.
Swing-Out Hand Ejector Left-Hand Wheeler REVOLVER
6 SHOT
32 cal. $17.50
32.20 or 38 cal. $19.50
Made of best tool steel, nickel or blue, and highest workmanship, by Beistegui Bros., Spain. Short, medium, or long barrel. A real MAN'S gun. Preferred by Detectives, Police, Secret Service, and Westerners.
SEND NO MONEY
PAY POSTMAN ON ARRIVAL, PLUS POSTAGE
Guaranteed as represented or money back
THE PRICE CUTTING CO.
55 Broadway, New York

30 X 3½ CORD $2.00
NEW TIRE PRICE
GUARANTEED 8 MONTHS AT HALF PRICE
These are Goodrich, Goodyear, Firestone, Fisk and other best known standard make tires. All slightly used, but readily give our customers thousands of miles of splendid service.
LOWEST TIRE PRICES IN AMERICA

	Tires	New Tubes		Tires	New Tubes
30x3	$1.90	$ .90	32x4½	$3.75	$1.65
30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.85
34x4	3.50	1.40	37x5	4.25	1.85

SEND ONLY $1.00 for each tire shipped. Balance C.O.D. Express shipments sent section unwrapped for inspection. Tires guaranteed eight months. Another tire given at half price for any not perfectly satisfactory. Dealers and Agents wanted everywhere. WRITE—RUSH ORDERS.
ROSE TIRE CORPORATION
Dept. G2168. 1526 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Ladies' White Gold Wrist Watch
Adjusted Jeweled Movement
14K-25 Year Gold Filled Case
$6.45
Amazing WATCH OFFER
This Ladies high grade White Gold, beautifully eng'ved Wrist Watch is popular tonneau shape, has silver engraved dial, standard 6-jewel lever movement, an excellent time-keeper, adjusted and regulated. Comes with grosgrain ribbon and white gold filled clasp. Can not be duplicated elsewhere for less than $15.00. Ideal Gift sent in silk lined gift box.
SEND NAME—No Money in Advance Pay postman low introductory price $6.45 plus postage. If not satisfied return watch unused. Money back guaranteed.
STARR & STARR
©1923 S.T.C. Dept. 2020 Chicago, Ill.

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer
Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 25 cents.
W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

Goitre Pay When Well
I have an honest, proven remedy for goitre (big neck). It checks the growth at once, reduces the enlargement, stops pain and distress and relieves in a little while. Pay when well. Tell your friends about this. Write me at once. DR. ROCK, Dept. L Box 737, Milwaukee, Wis.

LADIES! I positively guarantee my great Successful Compound. Safely relieves many abnormal cases in 3 to 9 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.
DR. S. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo

Marcus Does as He Pleases

(Concluded From Page 13)

made him long to grasp her in his arms, then and there, to cuddle her small troubled head upon his ample shoulder.

"Won't you please drive to the curb and stop," she begged. "I want to get out and go home; I must get out—you are making me very, very, unhappy." He was all contrition at once calling himself all sorts of names, mentally.

"Tell me where you live," he compromised, "and I'll drive you there at once; I'm terribly sorry to have made such a perfect fool of myself."

"Fool!" echoed the girl in quick surprise, "why, Mr. Vance, it was so beautiful." Hope came again to Marcus.

"Then you will let me see you—tomorrow?" She hesitated for a long moment, "Yes," she replied finally. He knew at once, instinctively, as well as from her tone, that the tomorrow she was thinking of would never come.

"And your address now," he prompted. She gave him a street and number in the fifties; he silently turned the car about and in a few moments arrived before the house which bore the number she had given. Marcus brought the car to a stop. Without a word she climbed out, took a step or two forward, as tho intending to leave him without a word, then turned, slowly, and retraced her steps. Coming close to the side of the car she looked bravely up into his face. Marcus spoke swiftly, fearful lest she again decide to go with no further word to him:

"Do not imagine that I have given you up. I love you and I warn you I shall not rest until I have found out what is troubling you, for, I think—yes; I am sure, little Iowa mystery, that you love me too—if only just a bit." She did not hesitate.

"I do like you, 'just a little bit,' and I shall never, never, forget this happy, carefree day—and you." Before he could reply she turned and ran lightly up the steps of the darkened house.

MARCUS stamped frantically upon the starter, jerked the car into second, then, almost instantly, into high, and, at risk of life and limb, tore up the short block. Clipping the curb recklessly he rounded the corner of the first cross street, brought the car to an abrupt halt, locked it and jumped out. Hastily he doubled back along the block, pausing at last in the shelter of a doorway.

As he had thought, she had merely gone into the hallway of the house at which he had left her, to wait until he was out of sight for, as he watched, she opened the door and peered out cautiously. A second later she came down the stone steps and turned toward Broadway, walking swiftly. Marcus followed her as closely as he dared. She turned at the next numbered intersection off of Broadway. Watching from the facade of the hotel upon the corner Marcus saw her mount the steps of a dingy, dark, brownstone house. He stopped then to consider. Best thing to do, he thought, rationally, is to go now and tomorrow—but he didn't want to go. He wished mightily to remain near her. He recalled how her attitude thruout the day had plainly indicated that she was in trouble of some kind. Would it not be almost treason, he reasoned, to leave her now, alone, in that dark, drab, ominous looking house? He found himself almost unconsciously walking forward. Feeling positively silly he mounted the steps and turned the knob. The door opened and he passed in and closed it softly behind him. Standing in the inky blackness he wondered what wild, unheard of thing the new, seemingly irrational and yet delightfully free, Marcus was going to do next.

Gradually, as his ears became attuned to the quiet, he realized that there were voices coming from somewhere along the hall. His heart skipped a series of beats as he recognized the voice now so infinitely dear to him in animated, even angry conversation with a decidedly raucous and unpleasant male voice. Almost unconscious of his act he found himself feeling his way along the hall toward the place from which the sounds came. At last he judged he must be directly before her door for the voices had suddenly increased in intensity until the words were plainly intelligible.

"I give you my sacred word of honor," she was saying, "that I do not know who——"

"You're a liar, a dirty, double-crossing liar; who the —— could have done it but you? You were the only one that knew you——"

"Mike, listen to me," continued the girl in a pleading tone. "I did exactly as you asked me to do; I followed out your instructions to the letter—and I have not been near a phone all day. If some one set the police on you—I'm sorry, but it was not me."

"I ought to of known better than to let a —— jane in on a job like that," continued the man in a rising voice. "Of course you'd say you didn't do it—what else could you say? You're nothing but a ——." Marcus' blood boiled as he heard the vile terms. He felt for the knob. The girl's voice went on.

"Let me out of this room instantly," she commanded, attempting bravado with a voice that quivered pathetically. Marcus heard the cruel blow and felt, upon the creaky boards beneath his feet, the impact as a body fell to the floor. He had no doubt, now, as to what was taking place in the room. Drawing back a few feet he lunged at the door with every ounce of weight and strength he possessed. It crashed inward and he lay for a second prostrate, blinking in the sudden light. The girl lay, sobbing, a few feet away. Over her stood the man—it sent a thrill of utter repulsion thru Marcus to think that such an individual might even be in the same room with the gentle, well-bred girl. The suddenness of his entrance had so startled the man within that he made no move until Marcus had got to his feet and sprang at him, pinioning him in a muscular embrace. The girl rose, and, for an instant, a look of pleased surprise came to her face, and then Marcus noted the bluish welt upon her cheek; the sight of it changed his tactics. Releasing his adversary he stepped back swiftly. They exchanged blows with no attempt at science, swinging wildly and cruelly at each other. Once the man, who was evidently "Mike," reached Marcus' face with a blow that sent him crashing to the floor. The girl let out a little cry and he sprang at once to his feet; something about her exclamation sent the blood racing thru his veins as it had never raced before. He returned to the fray positively glorying in the opportunity to hit out at another human in her defense. His attack was irresistible. Gradually the stocky Mike was forced to the wall and slashed unmercifully with quick, stinging blows. At last, however, he succeeded in throwing Marcus off for an instant, and in that instant he whipped out a wicked-looking blue-steel weapon. They grappled for its possesion and the inevitable happened. A shot rang out and both men slid to the floor.

Marcus roze dazedly and looked down at the ugly form huddled at his feet. Turning, his eyes met those of the girl as she watched him in horrified fascination.

"He was your husband?" he questioned. She nodded. As they stared helplessly at each other the significance of the thing was brought home to each. Before the man's startled vision floated myriad boldly typed headlines: "WEALTHY SON OF J. W. VANCE MURDERS FOR LOVE!" "MILLIONAIRE FOUND IN WOMAN'S APARTMENT; HUSBAND DEAD ON FLOOR!" "VANCE, HEAD OF FIRM BY THAT NAME, KILLS FOR WOMAN'S LOVE!"

Crossing to where the girl sat, sobbing, in a rickety chair, he placed his hand upon her shoulder and gripped it firmly as tho he would defy the world to tear her from him.

When the police arrived the officer in charge recognized Vance at once.

"Vance!" he exclaimed in amazement, "well, well, doing a little of your own detecting? Pretty clever, I'd say." Marcus wondered vaguely at the officer's meaning, but wisely kept quiet. A reporter next addressed Marcus familiarly.

"Great stuff, Vance, old man. 'WEALTHY YOUNG CLUBMAN TRACKS DOWN NOTORIOUS GANGSTER,' I'll say that will make a swell spread." Vance smiled mechanically, wondering what it was all about. The reporter and the officer turned to the thing that had been Mike.

"Dead as a doornail," grunted the sergeant. "Wagon be here in a second; no use to call the ambulance for this guy. He'd be no use to a hospital now!"

"Pretty rich," chided the reporter, "that he should have slipped thru you fellows' fingers while Vance, himself, was able to run him down."

"I wasn't sent out here this morning," the officer snapped back.

"Police—alibi," mused the reporter in mock seriousness, "synonymous terms!" and then he fished in his pocket for a truce offering in the form of a mild Havana.

"Just give me a brief outline of the whole thing will you, Cap; I'll run back to the office and get it into the morning edition." The officer droned out what he had heard at headquarters—feeling, at the same time, thru the dead man's pockets, pausing now and then to examine some scrap of paper or scribbled notation. "The flivver squad got a call from some nighbors across the way from the Vance house this morning. When they got there they just caught a glimpse of this bird as he ran toward Fifth avenue and lost himself in the crowd. He had broken into the Vance wine cellar, believing that it was stocked with rare old stuff, ignorant of the fact that young Vance here had disposed of it after his old man died." The reporter turned to Vance who had been listening intently.

"Well, Vance, old man, will you go on from there?"

"Sure," said Marcus, and proceeded to lie whitely.

"I had taken a turn thru Central Park this morning before going downtown and as I came back along Fifth avenue I noticed a commotion near my place and saw this fellow run out. I followed along the curb in the car, but lost track of him. Tonight, as I left the theater, with my lady friend here, I caught sight of him in the crowd and followed him here. When I trailed him to this room he attempted to take a pot shot at me; I grappled with him and the gun went off——"

"That's all right, Mr. Vance," interrupted the officer, "the bird is wanted for the murder of a watchman; he's done time—you'll probably have to come to the inquest, but you'll not be annoyed further. Pretty clever of you I'd say." "The wagon" arrived shortly and the officers unceremoniously carted out the corpse. After the reporter had gone and the officer was about to leave he turned at the door to wink at Marcus.

"That was a peach of a tale, Mr. Vance, sounded true as could be, too, sometime drop in and tell me how you really came to be here. Oh, don't worry," he hastened to add, seeing Marcus' look of apprehension, "mum's the word; I happen to know that Mike's wife there was just an innocent girl that he deceived—I've no intention of involving her in this; as long as the man's dead no witnesses will be needed to prove that fact, and his record is such that any man should receive a bounty for puncturing his miserable hide, so long——"

Marcus assisted the girl out to the car, placed her in the front seat, wrapped a heavy robe carefully about her and headed toward Riverside Drive. It was inky black now; he glanced at the clock upon the dashboard: "One a. m." it grinned back at him. As he inhaled the cool air, blowing in from the Hudson, and toyed fancifully with the gas he felt inclined to hurl the car out along the river drive at the full capacity of its guaranteed ninety per. For one whole day, he reflected, he had followed his own natural inclinations, unrepressed and uninhibited; the result, he decided, was all that could be expected.

For a long time he drove in silence, considerately giving the girl an opportunity to pick up the scattered ends in her mind. When they reached Two Hundred and Forty-second street and the houses began to thin out he spoke to her gently.

"I'm not taking any chances on letting you out of my sight again. I'm going to drive 'round 'till morning, then you and I are going to the Municipal building and thence to the little church around the corner." She did not share his exuberance.

"Perhaps, when I tell you that our meeting this morning was not an accident at all, but a deliberate attempt upon my part to keep you spotted during the day while my husband pilfered your supposedly well-stocked cellar you will not be so anxious to be the first one on hand at the license clerk's office in the morning." She sighed heavily and looked off toward the right in an effort to conceal the tears which had come with this admission.

"The queen could do no wrong," responded Marcus airily. "There is some perfectly reasonable explanation for all that, I am sure, and if it will ease your mind, go ahead and make it, but don't think to escape that way." He grinned irrepressibly—it had just occurred to him how shocked all of his priceless relatives would be when they heard of his lightning nuptials.

"You still believe in me?" asked the girl incredulously.

"More than ever," responded Marcus, warmly.

"As the officer said," she began, slowly, "that man Mike was a notorious crook. While I knew that, in a way, at the time of my marriage to him, I did not understand how bad he really was. He met me, one day, when I was walking along the edge of the East River wharves. Seeing that I was in a mental state that rendered me practically incapable of judgment he made a proposition which I accepted without giving it a moment's thought; he told me that if I would marry him and act as a decoy, much in the capacity I did today, I might be his wife in name only, and in return he would provide me with ample sums of money to send back home. I was desperate; not only was I penniless and hungry myself, but the folks back home were also practically destitute, having squandered everything in order to back my supposed musical talent—letters from mother showed me plainly, as I read between the lines, that they were actually hungry. I stilled my conscience afterward by reasoning that, as he apparently confined his depredations to unlawful liquor stocks, and did not, as I thought, physically harm any one . . . of course it was detestable on my part. Doubtless, if I had been the possessor of any real moral fiber I would have, somehow, managed to find a better way out."

"Oh, be quiet," responded the man, "you're getting silly." He parked the car at the side of the road where they could watch the moon going down over in Jersey. After he had stilled the engine the sounds of the crickets and tree toads in spirited symphonic competition sounded all about them.

"I hope some one will be kind enough to call us about 6," remarked Marcus. The girl laughed for the first time since their ride had begun, then sighed contentedly and he felt the full weight of her head sink down upon his shoulder as she relaxed completely. It occurred to him then that he still did not know her name.

"By the way Miss—Mrs—Mi——" he started to question, and then he, too, dropped off to sleep.

* * *

LEG SORES

The Baylee Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

Something to Make Thinkers Think

Beheadings and Curtailings.

85—1. Behead agreeable and leave a very cold substance.

2. Behead a standard of perfection and have to distribute.

3. Behead tidy and have to devour.

4. Behead to eat into and have to have been married.

5. Behead a color and have an article.

6. Curtail to be gentle and have a piece of Scottish clothing.

7. Curtail a companion and have a rug.

8. Behead not any and have a single amount.

9. Behead a weight and have a proposition.

10. Behead a rod and have a conjunction.

11. Curtail in this place and have a feminine pronoun.

12. Behead a metal pin and have to be ill.

13. Behead an Oriental headdress and have an adjective pertaining to the city.

14. Behead a period of time and have an organ of sense.

The dropped letters will spell the opening years of the decade in which we are now living.

Jumbled Fruits, Flowers.

86—

Fruits.	Flowers.
1. Pep sal.	1. Tears.
2. One Rag.	2. Sore.
3. Reap.	3. O mad girl.
.4 Cheap.	4. Snappy.
5. Tip Cora.	5. Ann Izi.

Four-word Square.

87—1. To incline in a curve.

2. Always.

3. A Roman emperor.

4. A small particle of fluid.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

82—Two Charades.

Holly-hock, chrysanthemum (cris-ann-the-mum).

83—The Value of X.

1, extend; 2, excuse; 3, external; 4, exultant; 5, exhaustless; 6, excel; 7, extravagant; 8, example; 9, examination; 10, exact; 11, excavate.

84—Jumbled Seaside Sights.

Pier, sand, pail, beach, boat, waves, surf.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

* * *

Hard to Tell.

"MOTHER," said little George, thoughtfully, "I saw a poor old lame man today."

"What was the matter with him, dearie?"

"Well, I couldn't 'zactly figure out whether one leg was too long or the other too short."—Judge.

* * *

Light on the Subject.

SIGNOR RICCO, the Italian ambassador, was talking at a dinner about the question of tariffs. "If we know a certain kind of tariff bill will do harm," he said, "let us say so frankly. Don't let us just 'wait and see.' A fire once broke out in a farmouse in Tuscany and the amateur fire brigade rushed to the rescue. They found the farmhouse enveloped in black smoke. No flames were to be seen. Hence the fire's heart or center was difficult to discover.

"The head of the amateur brigade studied the situation for some minutes; then he sat down on a garden bench and filled his pipe. 'We'll just leave her alone, boys,' he said, 'till she burns up a bit. Then we will be able to see what we're doing.'"

* * *

Royalty on Playing Cards.

FOUR holiday makers, playing cards, in the train on their way to a seaside resort, were entertained by an old man in the corner of their compartment, who told them some things they did not know

"Have you any idea whose portraits you hold in your hands?" asked the old man, when one of the players showed him a bumper hand.

"No," came the reply.

And the old man informed him that he held portraits of four of the greatest rulers the world has ever known.

The four kings, when cards were first made, were supposed to represent David, Alexander, Caesar, and Charlemagne. The queens represented Argine, Judith, Esther, and Athene, these standing respectively for the ideas of birth, fortitude, piety, and wisdom. And the knaves were merely unnamed knights, or else knights' servants.

The four suits, also, had special significance, and were designed to stand for different classes of the community. Hearts were ecclesiastics or "choirmen" (the heart originally being a heartshape cape), diamonds were artisans (their sign being a stone tile), clubs were farmers (clover leaf), and spades were nobility and soldiers, the original spade being a pikehead.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. **W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.**

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUtomobile oils, roofing, to consumers from samples. No capital or experience necessary; steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 51 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—MEN OR WOMEN, PART OR full time workers or if you are now selling you can carry my compact samples as a side line. No experience required; enormous profits. Goods sell at sight; your commission is paid in advance with every order. Samples sent free immediately on receipt of post card. Write me at once. Salesmanager, Walter Reed Woolen Co., 502 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS! $5 TO $15 DAILY EASY, INTROducing latest guaranteed hosiery. Must wear, or replaced. 54 styles, 27 colors. No experience or capital needed. Just show samples, take orders. We deliver and collect. Your pay daily in advance. Transportation charges paid, monthly bonus besides. 12-hour service. Elegant outfit furnished; all colors, grades, including silks. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Square 90072, Cincinnati, O.

YOU CAN EARN $30 CASH EXTRA EVERY week during your spare time and get your own clothes free besides, taking tailoring orders. We are the only house that pays double. No experience necessary. Real cloth samples will be sent free. Write today before you forget. Est. 1896. A. E. Stern, Sales Mgr., 161 W. Harrison St., Dept. 828, Chicago.

ACTIVE TAILORING SALESMEN WANTED to sell suits made to measure, $18.50 in territory; big money for you if you can qualify. Our merchants' swatch line has values. Give details of selling and experience in first letter. We furnish sample outfit upon your qualifications free. Eudell Tailors, 40 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—FREE SAMPLE DR. ELLIOTT'S Vegetable Oil Soap; 19 full sized packages right out of stock, tea, coffee, extracts, spices, food products, laundry and toilet soap samples. Everything furnished. Send postal today. Department A-131, Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

$100 TO $300 A WEEK. MEN WITH slight knowledge of motors who can reach car owners can earn $300 weekly without making a single sale. If they can also make sales profits may reach $25,000 yearly. Only proposition of its kind ever offered. A. L. Phillips, 1904 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS MAKE $10 DAILY—BIG LINE guaranteed extracts, food products, perfumes, toilet goods, household necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free sample case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 7, Hastings, Nebr.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

DISTRICT REPRESENTATIVES: START profitable business selling $10 accident and sickness policy. $5,000 death, $25.00 weekly benefits. State protects policy holders. Guaranteed yearly income from renewals. Dept. B, Room 516, 75 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J.

AGENTS—SOMETHING NEW. $8 TO $16 daily easy. New patented cutlery set. You take orders, we deliver and collect. Your pay daily. No experience necessary. Men or women. Full or spare time. M. H. Mathews, 1007 Kennedy Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS — COMPLETE LINE OF TOILET preparations, including Beauty Clay, Hair Gloss, Lemon Creams. Every woman a user. Colonial Chemical Co., 631 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

EARN BIG MONEY FAST APPLYING GOLD initials to autos. Every owner buys—$1.35 profit on $1.50 sale—particulars and samples free. Write quick. Lithogram Co., Dept. 22, East Orange, N. J.

$5 TO $10 A DAY EASILY MADE TAKING orders for 7 bar box fancy, pure assorted toilet soaps. Sells like hot cakes. Sales outfit free. Corydon Reed, 608 N. Oakley Blvd., Chicago.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN. Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 75-BB Front St., New York.

$10.00 A DAY EASILY EARNED, WOMEN, men, taking orders. Quencho fruit drinks, delicious, refreshing, wildfire summer seller. Sales outfit free. Write quick. C. A. Reed, 606 N. Oakley, Chicago.

SELL MADISON "BETTER MADE" SHIRTS direct from our factory to wearer. No capital or experience required. Easily sold. Big profits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, table ware. Complete working outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

MAKE MONEY SILVERING MIRRORS, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You make $1.44 on $1.50 sale. Information and samples free. World Monogram, Dept. 4, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED. SELL HOUSEHOLD necessity. 100 percent profit. Every house a prospect. Easy to sell. Write for particulars. International Novelty Co., 118 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RUMMAGE SALES MAKE $50.00 DAILY. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. Permanent business. Dept. 40, "Wholesale Distributors," 609 Division street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

$11.00 A DAY FOR 5 HOURS WORK. NEW method; no capital required; no deliveries; no delays; just take orders and bank immediate profits. Davis Products Co., Dept. 176, 1307 Carroll Ave., Chicago.

GREATEST SENSATION! ELEVEN PIECE toilet article set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dressmakers shears free to each customer. Spring rush on. Foster Reid Co., 78 Winslow Bldg., Station C, Chicago.

MAKE BIG MONEY SHOWING POPULAR article to friends. No canvassing; no selling. Everybody wants it. Particulars free. Algit, 218 W. 43rd St., New York.

MEN AND WOMEN. 40 CENTS PER CALL paid direct on new advertising hosiery deal. No selling or collecting. Kero Co., 213 Seventh, Louisville, Ky.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED PEOple. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 1333 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

MAKE $10 TO $20 DAILY SELLING GUARanteed silk hosiery, full or part time. Men or women. Syndicate Products Co., Dept. Q, 350 Broadway, New York.

EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line household necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E5, Attica, N. Y.

FREE—MIXING BOWLS WITH CHINAware. Write for agents' proposition. National Pottery, Roseville, Ohio.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO money required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

VACANCIES CONSTANTLY. U. S. GOVERNment positions. $95-$250 month. Men-women 18 up. Steady. Vacations. List positions free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 25, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MALE HELP WANTED

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, EXPENSES paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

MAN WANTED. HANDLE COUNTY BUSIness. Experience unnecessary. Largest concern of its kind in the world. Our men now getting $200 weekly. Lowest mine prices. Guarantee Coal Mining Company, 3621 Wall St., Chicago.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE; large salaries; cities, towns, excellent positions; experience unnecessary; particulars free. Write National Headquarters, 186 East 79th, New York.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards; established 1909; particulars free. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY, travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Columbia, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $150-$250 monthly, railroads everywhere (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government detective, 1964 Broadway, New York.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, 17 TO 60, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Ozment, 106 St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 656 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

$35 WEEK. MEN 15 UP. BECOME AUTOmobile experts. Earn while learning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. A 404, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED, WOMEN, GIRLS. LEARN GOWN making at home. $35.00 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 505, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN $20 WEEKLY SPARE TIME, AT home, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10c for music, information. American Music Co., 1658 Broadway, Dept. 9-X, N. Y.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL PREPAID to your house. Plain sewing, steady work. No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices we pay. Universal Co., Desk 4, Phila., Pa.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATents should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS AND TRADE-MARKS

"PATENTS AND TRADE-MARKS," 64-page book free. Excellent references. 23 years' experience. Robb, Robb & Hill, 1401 Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio. 940 McLachlen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS who invested in Texas lands. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed, interest in well, participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Make no delay. Invest where it pays to win. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

100,000 GERMAN MARKS ONLY $3.50; 1,000,000 Russian rubles only $1.50. Also currency of Poland, Austria. Bonds. Dealer's list free. George Grigoleit, 20 E. Jackson, Chicago.

OIL—$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO land and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

MONEY IN COTTON—$10 BUYS GUARANtee on 20 bales cotton; no further risk. Movement of $10 bale opportunity, take $200, etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors Guide, Room 499, 63 Wall street, New York.

MAKING BIG MONEY? NO? LET'S TRY new stunt; genuine, mutual proposition; trifling cost. Particulars free. Amo Keumer, Esetbay, Olympia, Wash.

INCH DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENT 161 MAGazines thrice $15. Year $50. Wood's Popular Service, Atlantic City.

MEDICAL

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book; symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

SUFFERING MOSES! GUARANTEED GENuine gland tablets. $1.25 per box. Dept. 602, Ward, West Virginia.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

REAL ESTATE LOANS

6% MONEY. BANKERS RESERVE SYStem. 6% loans are made on city or farm property to buy, build, improve, or pay indebtedness. Bankers Reserve Deposit Company, Lathrop Building, Kansas City, Mo.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200, Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

TEXAS LANDS

50c AN ACRE MONTHLY BUYS TEXAS and Arkansas land. Unlimited oil possibilities. Write Gulf Realty Company, 714 Bedell Building, San Antonio, Texas.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

GOOD FARM LANDS! NEAR HUSTLING city in lower Michigan; 20, 40, 80 acre tracts; only $10 to $50 down; balance long time. Write today for free illustrated booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Company, X-1245 First Nat'l. Bank Bldg., Chicago.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS. LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

ONLY $98.00 STARTS YOU IN THIS BUSIness with complete outfit. No experience needed. Openings everywhere for making fortunes. Monarch Theater Supply Co., 726 South Wabash Av., Chicago.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

INCREASE YOUR FAMILY INCOME KNITting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most productive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you $1.75 for every dozen pairs, furnish free yarn with each machine and replace yarn used in socks you send us. Enormous demand. Free instructions anywhere. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co., 852-S Hudson avenue, Rochester, New York.

DOGS

FOR SALE—OORANG AIREDALE TRAINED watch-dogs, automobile dogs, farm dogs, hunting dogs, companions and puppies. Catalog free. Oorang Kennels, Box 116, La Rue Ohio.

TOBACCO

TOBACCO LEAF SELECT CHEWING, 3 LBS., $1.00; 10, $3.00. Smoking, best, 10, $2.50; good, 10, $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Co-operators, Murry, Ky.

PERSONAL

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE SUFFERING from chronic, nervous, blood, skin, kidney or bladder diseases, remember: we have been treating these diseases for over a quarter of a century. Established in 1896. Write; book, symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

HAPPY MARRIAGE; CONFIDENTIAL DEscriptions free in plain sealed envelopes; many wealthy; reliable; established 19 yrs. Bank references. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

LONESOME—WORLD'S GREATEST CLUB for lonesome people, largest, best; established many years. Thousands attractive, congenial, wealthy members everywhere, worth $4,000 to $400,000 willing to correspond. Honorable, sincere people write. I will send you free, hundreds complete descriptions for your approval. One may be your "ideal." Am making many happy. Quick results guaranteed; try me. Old Reliable Successful Club, Hon. Ralph Hyde, 80-A, San Francisco.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WEAK, RUNDOWN, nervous men and women. The glands and the relation they bear to health and happiness. Book of valuable sex knowledge free. Write Standard Pharmacal Corporation, Dept. B, Memphis, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY. HUNDREDS WEALTHY. LARgest, best, most reliable club. Quickest results; write, be convinced. Confidential, descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamme Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN CORREspondence. Information. English or Scandinavian language. Stamp. Peter Hanson, Box 1005, Chicago, Ill.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 14B21, Camden, N. J.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS. DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY HEALTH, WEALTH—MEMBERS everywhere, worth to $50,000. Photos, descriptions, free. Sunflower Club, B-200, Cimarron, Kans.

LEARN CRYSTAL GAZING. MYSTIFY YOUR friends. Make easy money. Complete instructions 30 cents. Box 55, 116 Street Station, New York.

YOUR HOROSCOPE WITH PICTORIAL chart showing character, talents, occupation, life partner, etc. Send 10c, birthdate. St. Germain Society, Dept. 112, Sharpsburg, Pa.

VERY ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY, worth $200,000, very lonesome, would marry at once. Stamp, please. W. L. F., Box 299, Chico, Calif.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

BRITISH GIRLS DESIRE AMERICAN CORrespondents. Proposition 10c. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W., England.

THOUSANDS, MANY WEALTHY, WANT TO marry. Leading matrimonial magazine free. Guide, Denver, Colo.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOKlet free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

EXCHANGE CARDS. HAVE FRIENDS everywhere. Membership 10c. Riverside Club, Dept. 1, Frederick, Md.

YOUNG MAN, WORTH SEVERAL THOUsand, will marry for love. Ladies write. Box 401, South Euclid, Ohio.

HANDSOME LADY OF MEANS; WOULD marry if suited. (Stamp.) Violet, Box 787, Dennison, Ohio.

THERE'S A PAL IN THE WORLD FOR ALL. Nancy Bell, Box 773, Philadelphia, Pa. (Stamp.)

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

MANY VERY WEALTHY WANT TO MARRY. Photos, descriptions free. Mrs. Martin, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

LADIES, IF YOU WISH A WEALTHY, pretty husband, write me. Box 894, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

LADY FARMER, 35, WORTH $60,000, WILL marry. N-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

PRETTY GIRLIE, WEALTHY, BUT OH, SO lonesome. C. Box 65, Oxford, Fla.

CHARMING WIDOW WITH FARM WILL marry soon. Emma, Box 77, Oxford, Fla.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1. your name; 2. your address; 3. relation, if any, to lost person; 4. lost person's name; 5. age; 6. where last heard from; 7. when last heard from; 8. occupation, if any; 9. description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Louise Rubesh, Garnerville, N. Y., wishes to hear from or concerning son, James Rubesh, 48 years old. Last heard from in Beaumont, Texas, in October, 1902. Height, about 5 ft. 6 in.; medium weight; chestnut hair and brown eyes; occupation, carpenter and architectural work. Any information re the whereabouts of this man will be appreciated by mother.

Had to Pay Bill for Goods Never Received

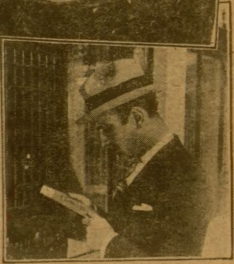
A business man hired a boy and told him to go to the hardware store and have a good lawn mower charged. The storekeeper telephoned to find out if it was all right to let the boy have the lawn mower. But later, at the end of the month, the business man received a bill for implements and supplies he had never received. The boy had disappeared, but the man had to pay the bill in full because the storekeeper had a right to regard the boy as the man's agent.

Gave Away $20,000 Without Knowing It

A well-known woman author once sent a manuscript to a publisher. The publisher accepted it and sent a check, which the author cashed. This act completed the sale and divested her not only of the book rights, but of the serial, dramatic and moving picture rights, worth at least $20,000 additional—which she might easily have retained for herself by sending a properly worded letter with the manuscript.

Unconsciously Signed Away a Valuable Legacy

An old man decided to make his will. Included in it was a bequest of $5,000, payable to his grandson on reaching his majority. When the old man wished to sign the will, he ignorantly asked the grandson to sign also, as one of the witnesses. The young boy did so, thus cutting himself off from receiving the legacy. The grandfather died without knowing that he had disinherited the boy through being ignorant of a simple point of law.



Cheated Himself Out of $500 by Depositing Check

A man lent a supposed friend $1,000, taking the man's note for a year. When the time was up, the friend sent a check for $500, enclosing a new six months' note for the $500 he still owed. The lender deposited the check, but wrote the borrower that he could not accept another note. The borrower could not raise the additional $500, and the lender could not sue him for it, because the law held that the lender's acceptance of the $500 check implied his acceptance of his friend's entire proposal, including his new note.

How much money will YOU lose through mistakes of this kind?

when you do, you won't know it until too late!

EVERY one of these mistakes caused an unexpected loss of money—and every one was made, not through carelessness, but through ignorance of a simple point of law.

Whether we like it or not, we are all subject to legal restrictions and guidance.

You cannot secure employment, rent a house, get married, buy and drive an automobile, have a checking account in a bank, hire a servant or agent, go into business for yourself—without being open to unsuspected legal dangers that can be avoided only by knowing a little about the laws that inevitably govern almost every relationship and activity of your life.

You never know when your turn is coming

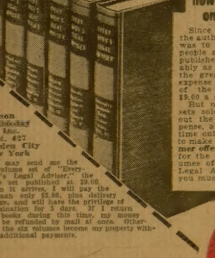
You can never be sure when your ignorance of some simple legal point will cost you time, money and embarrassment.

Your wife may be put on a church committee which is to arrange for a street fair for charity. The chairman of the committee makes the arrangements, hires carpenters, decorators, music and so on. It rains the entire time and the fair is a failure. Do you have to go down in your pocket to pay part of the expenses, simply because your wife was a member of the committee?

Suppose a man owes you $100.00—and one day you receive a check from him for $75.00, marked "payment in full." You cross out these words, deposit the check in your bank and write the man a letter saying that he owes you a balance of $25.00. Can you collect this money legally or does the law regard the debt as fully discharged? It will pay you to find out.

Everybody's Legal Adviser

$2.98



Formerly $9.00 now yours for only $2.98

Since the purpose of the author of this work was to help as many people as possible, we published it as reasonably as we could, but the great preliminary expense made the price of the first edition $9.00 a set.

But now the 85,000 sets sold have wiped out the first big expense, and for a short time only we are able to make a **special Summer offer** of only $2.98 for the entire six volumes of "Everybody's Legal Adviser." But you must act **at once!**

Do you know that in renting a home for *one* year you may, under certain conditions, be held to the lease for another year? That you can bind yourself legally to an employer without a written or oral agreement of any kind? That a tenant is sometimes liable for the rent of his store after it has burned down, although he was in no way negligent? These are only a few points, picked at random from the 1,300 pages of "Everybody's Legal Adviser."

Protects you from loss

These books contain hundreds of such vital facts, any one of which may save you from loss and embarrassment.

The general principles of law which every man needs to know in order to be safe have been stated simply and in plain everyday language by one of the most eminent legal authorities in the country.

You learn every point of law that you are likely to need as a citizen, and as a business man or woman. There are no mystifying technical terms; every explanation is so clear that you have no trouble in understanding it. And the books are written in such a fascinating style that people have written us about staying up until all hours reading them.

Send No Money

So confident are we that you will find these books exactly what you need that we are willing to send them to you for 5 days free examination.

You never know how soon you may need the legal information in these books. One purchaser wrote, "I only wish I could have owned them years ago. I would be worth several thousand dollars more than I am now." Another purchaser was being threatened with a damage suit when the books came. The information they gave showed her she was right, and saved the day.

You owe it to your pocketbook to at least examine "Everybody's Legal Adviser." Just sign and mail the coupon without money, or write a postcard, and the books will be sent you at once—six handy volumes 5⅛x7⅝ inches, bound in tan buckram, with red and gold labels. Over 1300 pages. Pay the postman who delivers the set only $2.98, plus a few cents postage, and examine the books at leisure for five days. If for any reason you are not satisfied, return the set at our expense within this time, and your money will be refunded at once. Otherwise the set becomes your property, without additional payments of any kind.

Remember, for a short time only you can get this valuable set for only $2.98, less than a third of the published price. And you take no risk. Send the coupon now—without money.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. 427, Garden City, N. Y.

Nelson Doubleday Inc.
Dept. 427
Garden City
New York

You may send me the six-volume set of "Everybody's Legal Adviser," the same set published at $9.00. When it arrives, I will pay the postman only $2.98, plus delivery charge, and will have the privilege of examination for 5 days. If I return the books during this time, my money will be refunded by mail at once. Otherwise the six volumes become my property without additional payments.

Name..

Address..

City...................................State..........